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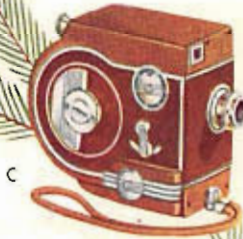
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in the doghouse...



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this



in
your
pipe



and
smoke
it!...

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mellow Briggs. Briggs is fully-aged in
oaken casks for extra flavor... and
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SPORT

The Magazine For Sport Spectators

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BASEBALL • BOXING • FOOTBALL • HOCKEY • GOLF • WRESTLING • SWIMMING

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DECEMBER, 1949

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VOL. 7, NO. 6

NEXT MONTH



Wide World

Who is the Scooter who carried the Yanks to the world championship?

Can you name two short-and-tall players who are the Mutt & Jeff of West Coast basketball?

Which athletes will be chosen as the Top Performers of 1949?

What really happened to the Boston Braves?

Who bears the greatest name in hockey?

These are but a few of the fascinating, timely sports questions to which you'll find answers in the big January 1950 issue of SPORT. In addition to two—count 'em, two—great SPORT SPECIALS (one from Yesterday and one for Today), you'll also want to read the absorbing profile of Phil Rizzuto by Ed Fitzgerald; a great cover-story on those sensational USF engers, Lofgran & Herrierias; great stories and articles by Grantland Rice, Frank Graham, Bill Stern, and a host of others. All this PLUS SPORT'S GIANT QUIZ—hundreds of pictures and questions with which you can test your all-around knowledge of all sports. The huge, all-inclusive Quiz is only one of many features in

SPORT MAGAZINE JANUARY ISSUE

On your newsstand December 16



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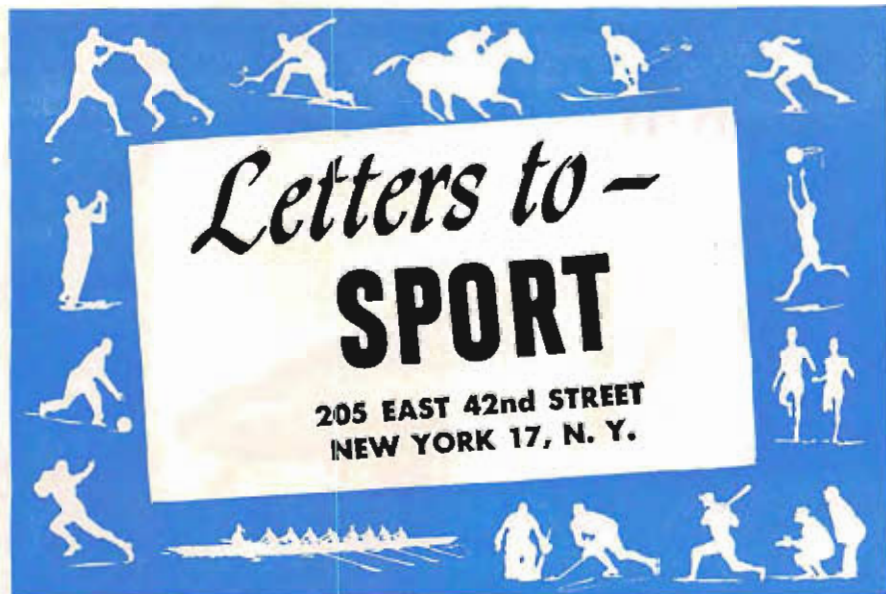
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OBJECTION OVERRULED

EDITORS OF SPORT:

I am a regular follower of your magazine. In fact, I have made a hobby of covering the walls with your great color pictures. Therein lies my gripe.

It seems to me that there are so many stars in the sports world that for you to honor any one of them more than once with a color photo is too much. Why, then, do Ralph Kiner, Joe DiMaggio, Vern Stephens, and Gussie Moran rate this distinction? ...
Chicago, Ill. EDWARD M. LEVIN

Kiner rates it because he is the greatest home-run hitter since Babe Ruth; DiMaggio because of the way his play has captured the hearts of fans everywhere; Stephens because he is a stick-out in an era of fine shortstops; and Gussie—hey, are you kidding?

POOR BUSINESSMAN?

EDITORS OF SPORT:

It beats me how anyone who is given the opportunity to play football and basketball in the Southeastern Conference, plus a car and \$5,000, can turn it down to play in the Big Ten as Vic Janowicz is reported to have done. In Jack Clowser's article, he reported that Janowicz will receive a business appointment in an industry owned by an Ohio State alumnus. Would you want to place a person who made such a poor business deal in your organization?
Jasper, Ind. BUD HELOMAN

Yes.

HE REMEMBERS MATTY

EDITORS OF SPORT:

Having read the beautiful and well-deserved tribute to Christy Mathewson in your October issue, by Mr. Jack Sher, with a great deal of pleasure and interest, I trust that Mr. Sher will pardon me for calling attention to one particular and outstanding incident in Matty's career that he no doubt let slip his mind when preparing his splendid article.

My late, dear old Dad, an ardent fan, and I were present at this particular game, and if my memory serves me

correctly, it was the fifth and final game of the World Series of 1911 between the Giants and Athletics at the Polo Grounds, New York. Matty and Eddie Plank were the opposing pitchers, and two runs were scored by the Athletics and one by the Giants in the early innings. The first or second, I believe, after which there was no more scoring by either team. From then on, Matty did not allow a hit, neither did he pass or strike out a single man, and I do not believe that a ball was hit to the outfield. His famous "fadeaway" was unhittable and his control was perfect and marvelous.

When he had finished pitching to the last man in the ninth inning, probably knowing that a pinch-hitter would hit for him in the Giants' ninth, if necessary, instead of coming to the dugout, he turned and started trotting to the clubhouse in center field. When the huge crowd (for those days) suddenly realized what was happening, they stood with hats off and cheered the big fellow until he disappeared through the door of the clubhouse. It was a grand and glorious tribute to a grand and glorious man and I shall never forget it and I have often told my children about it.

Norfolk, Va.

T. RALPH JONES

NEWS ABOUT RISBERG

EDITORS OF SPORT:

This is no criticism of your fine magazine, but just to update you and Shoeless Joe Jackson on a statement in the October issue of SPORT. Jackson said the last he heard of Swede Risberg, the former White Sox shortstop was working in the fruit business in California.

Swede is proprietor of "Risberg's," a night spot located on U. S. 99 between Mount Shasta and Weed in Siskiyou County, California, and doing well. Klamath Falls, Ore. HALE SCARBROUGH

A VOTE FOR SHOELESS JOE

EDITORS OF SPORT:

I'm not the sentimental type and I don't believe everything I read. But after reading Joe Jackson's story on the Black Sox scandal in the last issue of SPORT, I am inclined to believe a few

things that I have heard about Judge Landis. I don't want to run the old gentleman's reputation down, so don't get me wrong. He was a great man. But I think he was completely wrong in the way he handled Jackson's case because, as Joe himself said many times, "Just look at my record in that Series of 1919."

How any man could banish a player from baseball on the evidence that the Judge had is beyond me.
Hemet, Calif. **DICK MARKS**

ON TOUCHY GOLFERS

EDITORS OF SPORT:

"Golf's Great Circus—The Tam O'Shanter" by J. C. David is very much appreciated by the writer and many others who follow the pro tournaments whenever they are within reach.

Last month, my wife and I followed a few of the top-notch golfers, a few holes at a time, around the Alcoma Golf Course during the last day of the Dapper Dan tourney. We started out following Lloyd Mangrum, Herman Barron, and Bob Hamilton. We didn't travel far before this man Hamilton had us about as nervous as he acted because all the while he thought someone was trying to snap his picture. As much as we wanted to follow Mangrum and Barron, we gave up in disgust and decided to follow Snead, Metz, and Lyons. We have followed Snead before and were surprised when he shook his head at would-be photographers. This threesome was okay, however, because they didn't show their objections too strongly.

Personally, I say more power to George S. May, who puts on a show for the fans . . .

Perhaps the pros who let the click of a camera bother them so much . . . should get into another line of business . . .

Grove City, Pa.

P. J. WORZ

PLUG FOR HOOT EVERS

EDITORS OF SPORT:

Does a ballplayer have to thrive on comic books, quit school at grammar school age, or be a bonus baby to rate an article in your magazine? How about a story on just a normal, sincere, better-than-average ballplayer, and a college man, at that? Walter (Hoot) Evers of the Detroit Tigers, by name. It seems to me that Hoot holds his own in the majors today. . . . How about it? Why not give a toot for Hoot?

Detroit, Mich. **JOAN KINGER**

We touted him as a rookie way back in '46, Joan, and still have our eye on him.

LEAVE PANCHO ALONE!

EDITORS OF SPORT:

I read John Ross' article on Pancho Gonzales in your September issue. I meant to write sooner, but I thought it best to wait for the Davis Cup team to be selected and see what Pancho could do. He licked Sedgman and Sidwell faster than Schroeder did. He didn't lose a set. Is that a "cheese champion" to you? Before I could write, I read that Schroeder would compete in the national championships, so I again waited for the results. Pancho waxed Schroeder.

It seems that when the chips are down, a real champ will prove himself. Pancho did just that. . . . Mr. Ross should have waited for the completion

of the Davis Cup and national tournaments before criticizing him. Now he can take back what he said and eat it.
Los Angeles, Calif.

TINO R. BALLESTEROS

Johnny Ross, the editor of *American Lawn Tennis Magazine*, is a good friend of Pancho's. Like any honest reporter, he told in his article the things that people were saying about Gonzales as a result of Pancho's poor tournament start last Summer. He intended no slur on Pancho's reputation. They're pals.

THANKS FROM BRENDA



Acme

EDITORS OF SPORT:

For the first time in 13 years of competitive swimming, and good press and bad press, I want to thank a magazine very much for the wonderful story in July and the nice plug in October.

I'd like very much to have the address of Johnny Cummings, who wrote "Barbara And Brenda Want The Curtis Crown." Actually, I guess I wanted it back . . . since I had it long before she did . . . but, ah well, age!

This "Who Is The Prettiest Gal In Sport?" thing pleased me, too. I'm glad I'm not forgotten. In fact, your attention this Summer, plus the perfectly awful times the girls made at San Antonio, have made up my mind to go back to swimming next year.

Paris, France

BRENDA HELSER

If we helped you decide to stay in competitive swimming, Brenda, we're tickled to death. It wouldn't be the same without you. (See above.)

SPELLING BEE

EDITORS OF SPORT:

I wish to congratulate your valued publication on maintaining the solidity of the fourth estate. A roller skater named Toughie Brasuhn has been mentioned in 184 newspapers and magazines to date, and in each case her name has been spelled Brashun. I used the name 11 times in my interesting story for SPORT, each time using the old-fashioned, or correct, spelling employed by the Brasuhns of St. Paul, Minnesota; I observe that in publication, the spelling has been changed each time to Brashun. The whole thing is an attractive study in the mass psy-

chology of copy-readers. It would seem that the only recourse left to Miss Brasuhn (which rhymes with June, moon, and spittoon) is to change her name legally to Brashun, in which case the copy-readers of the nation, as one man, will begin to print it Brashun.

P.S.—An exception to the national press rule of spelling Brasuhn as Brashun was *Newsweek*, in a piece by this columnist, Lardner. There I was in a position to sit over the copy-reader with a Luger in my hand.
New York, N. Y. **JOHN LARDNER**

We apologize to (a) Miss Brasuhn and (b) Mr. Lardner for falling into the common error of misspelling Toughie's last name. We couldn't get hold of John at the time and decided, unhappily, to follow the majority rule. Let this be a lesson to everyone. The majority is not necessarily right.

BIRD DOG'S LAMENT

EDITORS OF SPORT:

I will give you the true story of the discovery and signing of Dale Mitchell, because I am the former Cleveland scout that discovered Dale and signed him for Cleveland in 1939. Hugh Alexander was sent to assist me . . . I haven't been paid a dime for the signing of Dale . . . I am filing suit in Cleveland against C. C. Slapnicka and the Cleveland Baseball Corporation . . . I am suing for my commission . . . Hugh Alexander has received full credit for the discovery and signing of Dale Mitchell . . . Here's the true story . . .

I was scouting for C. C. Slapnicka, former vice-president of the Cleveland club, for nothing, to prove that I could be a major-league scout . . . I was released by Slapnicka for trying to help Dale Mitchell get a measly \$225 that Hugh Alexander had promised him in the presence of Dale's mother and myself in the kitchen of Dale's farm home at Cloud Chief, Oklahoma.

I was watching a high school baseball tournament at Clinton, Oklahoma. Dale Mitchell was playing first base and pitching in the tournament. This was Dale's junior year in high school. I talked to Dale later and asked him how he would like to sign a big-league contract. He said he would like to sign but he had another year in school. I told him that I would see him later. In a few days, school was out and Dale started playing baseball for the Weatherford, Oklahoma, town team, and working in a bottling works.

I decided to sign Dale. I wrote to C. C. Slapnicka in Cleveland and stated that I had discovered a fine prospect. He sent scout Hugh Alexander to see me. Hugh and I drove to Weatherford, Oklahoma, and went into the bottling plant where Dale was working. I introduced Dale to Alexander . . . As he was pretty busy, we made a date to talk to him when he was through working for the day. That was the first time Hugh Alexander ever saw Dale Mitchell.

We picked Dale up as we promised, talked to him, and he said that he would sign a contract with the Cleveland Baseball club. We drove from Weatherford to the Mitchell farm at Cloud Chief, and met Dale's mother. We all went in and sat down at the dining table in the kitchen and talked a while. Dale said he was going to need some money to finish high school this Winter. That is when Dale was (—> TO PAGE 84)

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SPORTalk

What football coaches have the best locker-room manners? . . . Barney Ross on stale fighters . . . When Branch Rickey was outfoxed . . . The latest sports gossip

By

BIFF BENNETT



International

SPORT's annual Top Performer Dinner is on everybody's calendar for the night of January 19, 1950. The top stars in 12 sports will get trophies like the one Jack Kramer received from O. J. Elder last year.

Jockey Gordon Glisson (*shown before spill*) believes in keeping mum. He says that track feuds always lead to bloodshed.

ALTHOUGH there's still some mileage left in the football season, the 1949 sports year is well into the last lap. And the end of the season starts Biff thinking about Sport's annual Top Performer Dinner at which the standout athletes in 12 major sports are awarded Oscars. We don't have to remind you about the gala shindig at the Hotel Astor in New York last January. Biff is still taking down quotes on that one.

The '49 stars and heroes are going to be feted and feasted under the same roof on January 19, 1950, and you can be sure Biff will be one of the first ones in the door that night. Ballots from most of the nominating subcommittees are already in and it doesn't take much guess work to name a few of the great performers who've undoubtedly won recommendations. The crop of top performers in baseball, pro and college basketball, boxing, college and pro football, golf, hockey, horse racing, swimming, tennis and track seems to be bigger and more exciting than a year ago. Just start naming a few of them!

ONE of the fascinating facets of sport is the names who follow names. A sports personage is a name within himself but invariably you will find there is also a "name" tagging along as mascot. Frankie Sinatra, for instance, has disrupted the composure of bobby soxers from coast to coast, yet the crooner himself is a Joe DiMaggio fan.

When the Yankee Clipper was nipped with virus pneumonia just before the febrile American League pennant race closed, Sinatra called Joe from Hollywood. DiMag explained that he thought he would be able to play in the last two games of the season against the Red Sox and also in the World Series, providing the Yankees made it.

Later that day Sinatra relayed this heartening information to the members of his Beverly Hills staff. They scoffed at Frankie, told him he was merely dropping names.

"You think so?" demanded Sinatra. "Listen to this!" And then the crooner turned on his dictation play-back. Out came the reassuring voice of DiMaggio repeating what he already had told Sinatra. Frankie was promptly absolved of the charge of being a name-dropper.

TONY MORABITO, owner of the San Francisco 49ers, informs Biff's West Coast agent that all the headaches in pro football aren't caused by the NFL's refusal to make peace with the All-America Conference. College players who take advantage of the situation, says Tony, are a worse worry.

"And I'm not talking about the huge sums the boys are

nicking us for," says Morabito. "You don't mind paying for a good pro—if you know he'll show up when the season starts."

For example, the 49ers signed a well-known halfback who had received All-America mention in college. The club duly reported the signing to the AAC commissioner's office. Almost at once, the Brooklyn club (New York-Brooklyn this season) was on the league teletype with this message: "Player you claim just signed was signed by us one month ago for \$500 bonus."

The confused 49ers were about to ask for more details when the Buffalo Bills got into the act with: "So what? We signed the same player two months ago for \$500 bonus!"

All three clubs, in fact, had signed the young financial genius. Yes, he's still in the league, but he's not drawing salary from any of these three indignant teams!

IT took a bit of doing but Mrs. Bennett's boy Biff finally found a man who actually "shot" a round of golf. He was Colonel Henry Marsh, who went over the famed Winged Foot course in Mamaroneck, New York, armed with nothing beyond a shotgun and a putter. And scored—shot, that is—a 75.

Colonel Marsh negotiates his way around the course, from fairway to trap and back to green, merely by changing his powder charge and elevation according to the terrain. His weapon is a sawed-off shotgun with a six-inch brass barrel large enough to hold a golf ball. It has an advantage which the Biffer often wished was his—it gets 300 yards from the tee, straight as an arrow. Beg pardon, straight as a bullet.

THE newspaper business is a funny dodge, as anybody with sense enough to escape from it will admit. One of Biff's fondest recollections is the story of the copy-reader who edited a press association story about a criminal who, overcome by remorse, surrendered to the police. Press copy comes over the printer in capital letters and the copy-reader carefully edited the sentence to read "Overcome by R. E. MORSE." In the opening game of the World Series, Joe Reichler, who was doing the play-by-play for the Associated Press, reported that Joe DiMaggio (that guy again?) was called out on strikes by Umpire Cal Hubbard



Radio sports reporter Stan Lomax and a PAL all-star baseball team were recently honored by station WOR. In this group: Catcher Bill Fleming, Yogi Berra, Lomax, pitcher Dick Bissett, and Vic Raschi.



When a son was born to Lt. and Mrs. Felix (Doc) Blanchard, grid fans asked if Junior was built like a fullback.

Wide World

AROUND THE

TV—RADIO CIRCUIT



By Ted Vernon

MEL ALLEN (right), the golden-tongued Southerner who became famous rooting for the Yankees, is this column's choice for Sportscenter of the Year. No voice since the days of Graham McNamee has dominated the sports field as does Mel's. And the competition is a lot stiffer these days, too. With his broadcasts of the Rose Bowl game, Yankee baseball, the World Series, the telecasts of Notre Dame football, Allen led the league in all departments. Personality, voice, sports knowledge, informal language and real down-to-earth enthusiasm are all part of Mel's success formula.



Wake World

Pacific Coast grid fans still talk about the incomparable Ernie Nevers (left), great Stanford fullback of 1925, and Nevers is still talking football. He's a sports announcer at KNBC, San Francisco. . . . Another Golden Gate radio reporter, Ernie Smith, kicked off on his 25th consecutive year as a football announcer this Fall.

DURING the past football weekends, more than one grid coach has investigated the possibilities of scouting an opponent via television from the living room sofa. The general reaction is that to turn in satisfactory spy reports you have to be at the scene of action. The TV cameras don't show the important spacing of linemen, miss most final defensive shifts, and concentrate too heavily on the ball and ball-carrier to satisfy the scouts. . . . The Boston Bruins of the NHL show no fear of video as a box-office opponent. . . . The Bruins, who regularly play to sellout crowds at the Boston Garden, are screening all 35 home games over WBZ-TV. Frank Ryan, who aired his first major-league hockey battle in December, 1924, does the play-by-play. His partner is Bump Hadley, the former American League hurler, who did the telecasts of Braves and Red Sox games this past Summer. . . . Home-run king Ralph Kiner is taking his radio future seriously. Confirmed reports indicate he is investing in radio station WMCK, McKeesport, Pa. . . . Jim Gibbons, who has been assisting Harry Wismer on college football this Fall, owns what is probably the longest sponsored television program in sports. He has been running his Sport Cartoon-A-Quiz over Washington ABC outlet WMAL for over two years. . . . Ivan Williamson, new football coach at the University of Wisconsin, made a popular good-will move by doing a weekly radio series with Lon Landman over Madison's WIBA during the season. . . . Back in 1939-41 a fellow named Curt Cowdy was a basketball whiz at the University of Wyoming and was named all-league guard in the Mountain States Conference. Today, he's Mel Allen's radio sidekick on station WINS. . . . Mike Uline, owner of the Washington Caps in the NBA, got \$300 for television rights to 30 games in 1948. This year, his reported asking price was \$75,000.

One of the fastest spiclers in radio sports reporting, Marty Glickman (right), who voices the N. Y. Giant football games and Madison Square Garden basketball double-headers, used to be just as swift on his feet. The WMGM sportscaster was a track and grid star at Syracuse University and is credited with running the 100 in 9.5 in a 1938 meet.



International

because he "broke his wrists" on the swing. A Baltimore paper carried this startling headline: "DiMaggio Breaks Wrists in World Series Opener."

ACCORDING to Gordon Glisson, badly injured when his mount stumbled at Jamaica in October, it's a wise rider who speaks no evil of his competitors. The tiny, freckled-faced Glisson has been riding only two years, but he's the most close-mouthed lad in any jock room when it comes to popping off about race grievances. "Jock feuds only lead to bloodshed," Glisson believes, with a wisdom not shown by many older booters. "Me. I'm everybody's pal. I don't want some red-hot riding up my neck just to get even for a smart crack."

One of Biff's agents, hearing of Glisson's attitude, tried to catch him by surprise. "What's the worst foul you ever had pulled on you?" he asked Glisson.

The youngster gave the details of a horrible experience on a West Coast track in which he was whip-struck, ridden into the rail, and almost killed.

"And the other jock's name?" casually asked the agent.

Glisson grinned. "Call the blankie blank so-and-so 'Mr. X' for the spot he put me on," he said and quietly strolled away.

FRANK LEAHY, the Notre Dame maestro, is a person who rarely gets ruffled. His composure was somewhat shaken, however, when Charlie Callahan, the press agent of the Irish, handed him a telegram from an acquaintance (not a friend) who wanted a dozen tickets for the ND-North Carolina game in New York, four hotel suites, and six tickets for the musical comedy sellout hit, South Pacific. The writer specified that it didn't matter whether the tickets for South Pacific were for the night of the game or the night before.

"Ask him," said Frank to Charlie, "whether or not he wants to have us meet him at the station with a hired car."

MENTIONING Leahy, the successful coach, recalls that he came from a town which was aptly named to produce a top coach—Winner, South Dakota. Biff has compiled a list of towns which are aptly named, such as Defeated, Tennessee, a fitting counterpart to Leahy's home town. You could actually get a fairly complete game of baseball from them, as viz:

Ball Ground, Georgia; Fence, Wisconsin; Gates, North Carolina; Section, Alabama; Mascot, Tennessee; Uniform, Alabama; Unpire, Arkansas; Diamond, Pennsylvania; Home, Pennsylvania; Mound, Louisiana; Pitcher, New York; Signal, Ohio; Curve, Tennessee; Fly, Ohio; Fielding, Utah; Pitchin, Ohio; Hooks, Texas; Homer, Nebraska; Yellowville, Arkansas; Licking, Missouri, and Victory, New York.

Naturally if a team recruited from the above cities won the pennant it would play all its games at Flagstaff, Arizona.

AT this late hour in the football season, coaches reach their highest oratorical peaks as they go gunning for the big, season-capping victories. Which reminds Gene Beatie, manager of the Los Angeles Coliseum dressing rooms, of some famed mentors he has seen and heard in pre-game and half-time action. Beatie, after 20 years at the Coliseum, can identify most of the country's big-time coaches by the rasp, wheedle, squawk, moan, frantic shrill, or thunderclap in their voices.

"Take Knute Rockne, bless him," says Beatie. "He used to start real slowly and quietly, then increase the tempo until he was rattling off his fight talk like a tobacco auctioneer. He'd finish with a sensational burst of inspirational language. Made me want to run out and line up with the Irish." Once, a Rockne-aroused Notre Dame student manager did just that. He had to be forcibly removed from the field!

Beatie gives Jimmy Phelan, of the Los Angeles Dons, his top rating for locker-room craftiness. Phelan peeks into showers and behind lockers, then sees that all windows are closed, before going into his spiel. "Spies," explains Beatie, "are liable to pop out of the plumbing around here."

The roughest-talking coach? Ed McKeever, when he led the Chicago Rockets, gets that label. Coliseum listeners agree that McKeever's blasts at the hapless Rockets peeled the very paint from the walls. Clark Shaughnessy and Bo McMillin get Beatie's professional vote for the quietest, most gentlemanly coaches. "Why, when Bo blew a tough one to the L.A. Rams this season, 27-24, he came in smiling and congratulated his Detroit Lions on a nice ball game," says Beatie. "More coaches ought to be that way. I've noticed that the wild actors get the poorest results."

NO matter what the sport, all of us have heard the expression about this guy or that who won the game "single-handed." Well, Biff finally came up with a guy who did just that. On March 16, 1937, the seniors of St. Peter's High, Fairmont, West Virginia, played against the sophomores. Pat McGee, playing with the seniors, found himself all alone on the court with four minutes to go. All the players on his team had been banished on personal fouls. The score was tied 32-32. All alone Pat scored a field goal and a foul, held the opposition scoreless, and the seniors beat the sophs, 35-32.

This is an authenticated case but all Biff has to say is that the sophomores must have been lousy shots!

THE diffidence with which Earl (Red) Blaik, Army's great football coach, treats his own son, Bob, who is a member of the West Point squad already has been explained at great length in *SPORT*. Biff has a footnote to add to it, however. He was up at the Point after Army won one of its early games and had dinner with Blaik afterwards. The Biffer, always a forthright guy (ahem!), asked Red what he thought of his squad. Red declined comment. Then Biff asked him what his son thought of the team.

"I really don't know," said Blaik without batting an eye. "We never talk football around this house."

It was then Mr. Bennett asked for his hat.

BARNEY ROSS, who had his ups and downs in and out of the ring, always has been one of Biff's favorites. A couple of months ago when Jake LaMotta announced that he had injured his shoulder and couldn't defend his middleweight championship against Marcel Cerdan, there was a great deal of eyebrow raising among the fight mob. Nobody believed the announced reason for the cancellation of the fight. One writer said it was called off because Jake had gone stale in training, and didn't feel he could do a good job.

"I'm sure of one thing," declared Ross when he heard of the rumor. "LaMotta did not go stale in training. Jake is an old pro. When you've fought often enough, as LaMotta has and as I did, you

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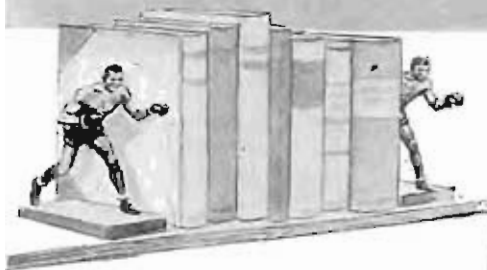
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THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



Here's a critical look at the latest in sport publications



LUCKMAN AT QUARTERBACK. By Sid Luckman. Ziff Davis Publishing Company, Chicago. (\$3.00).

There are a great many reasons why a football autobiography of Sid Luckman should have been written—among them his unprecedented record-smashing in the National Football League and in championship playoff games. Along with his teammate, Johnny Lujack, and his friendly rival, Sammy Baugh, the quarterback of the Chicago Bears ranks high for contributing to pro football such elements as intelligence and dignity in addition to passing skill and field generalship.

If the book seems almost top-heavy with football information, that can be explained by the concentration required of a man who becomes famous as a professional, concentration that affects every other facet of his life. So serious is Luckman about the game, he is bringing up his nine-year-old son, Bobby, to follow the same career—even to the extent of grooming him for his father's alma mater, Columbia. And this despite countless injuries, most frequently to the Luckman nose!

Assisted by sportswriter Norman Reissman of Chicago, Sid Luckman has produced an exciting football book which every aspirant to football fame should read and consider carefully. Although football has rewarded Luckman kindly with fame and wealth, the hazards involved make it a risky profession-prospect even for the better college players. He wants every young player to realize this. As for himself, football is a disease he caught while he was a boy in Brooklyn and for which he is grateful.

SHORT CUTS TO BETTER GOLF. By Johnny Revolta and Charles B. Cleveland. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Illustrations by Jerry Gibbons. (\$2.95).

Based on the premise that "every-one must groove his swing to fit his physique," Johnny Revolta has worked out a system of teaching golf that should eliminate many aggravations for the beginner. "Short Cuts to Better Golf" is a simply-written, straightforward instructional book with illustrations showing right and wrong swinging and putting positions. Although it may not make the reader a Hogan overnight, on paper at least,

it makes learning sound easy and maybe even fun!

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL—THE "T" FORMATION. By Frank Leahy. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. (\$3.00.)

It is difficult to conceive of any textbook on football having more value to students of the game than one written by the Notre Dame coach. Frank Leahy typifies football coaching at its highest degree of efficiency. He is a master of all phases of play. You cannot say of him that he is a specialist at defense, or offense, or developing spirit, or any other one thing. He is the well-rounded coach raised to the highest power.

Therefore, it should follow naturally that any book he published expounding the arts of coaching football would be of tremendous value. That is exactly the case. If you are a coach or a player, you will be a better coach or a better player after absorbing the lessons in Frank Leahy's book. A coach who lifts this volume off the shelf in his favorite bookstore is very likely to feel he has gotten his money's worth out of the first chapter alone. There, in a discussion entitled, "Get To Know Your Players," Leahy scatters a whole barrage of wise and helpful tips to the coach. The rest of the book is broken down into various technical departments.

This is not, of course, an autobiography. It is a "how to" book, but a fascinating and instructive one.

YOU CAN'T WIN. By Ernest E. Blanche. Public Affairs Press, Washington, D. C. (\$2.00).

In addition to 14 chapters in which he exposes various gambling and numbers rackets, Dr. Blanche devotes chapter 6 to a subject of particular interest to sports fans, "Betting on the Horses." He blasts popular faith in mathematical chances which he says are ruled out because of the elements of uncertainty contained in the temperaments of the horses and the personalities of the jockeys. Carefully explaining such practices as show betting, the touting racket, and betting systems, the author leaves one wondering if there is ever a "sure thing" at the tracks.

just don't go stale in training.

"Remember when Henry Armstrong beat the daylighters out of me and won the lightweight championship? (Biff did.) A lot of people asked me whether or not I was out of shape. Well, I was in as good shape as I ever had been. I simply didn't have it any more. Experienced fighters never go stale, even when they put up a lousy fight and get licked, as I did against Armstrong. I was in shape that night but just couldn't execute the things I wanted to do."

Anyway, the Cerdan-LaMotta scrap was moved from an outdoor date to an indoor date and cost the promoters and the principals thousands of dollars. Then a horrible thought struck Biff. Is there any law against taking a fighter, or a promoter, at his announced word? Could be, you know, that LaMotta had actually injured his shoulder.

RACETRACK promoters like to surround their customers with extra touches which show they aren't nickel-nurses—such items as swans floating around infield lakes, abundant flowers, fine statuary, and swanky bars. But down at Agua Caliente in Mexico, the management has hit upon something both new and highly practical. Caliente is putting in a couple of ponds stocked with game fish.

Biff's peso-plunging Mexican reporter figures that this is the greatest thing for racing since the saliva test. Instead of going home both broke and hungry, punctured bettors will now leave the track only broke. After the last race, all holders of losing tickets can rush to the fish-ponds and, with the aid of a handy portable fishpole catch their dinner.

Sort of a sucker-after-sucker affair, eh, senior?

MOE BERG, the former catcher and coach who could talk baseball in eight languages but couldn't hit in any of them, tells this yarn about the late John McGraw. Moe came to the Dodgers as a shortstop from Princeton University after his graduation in 1923. He finished out the season with Brooklyn, not playing in too many games. That Winter, Moe went to Paris to take some courses at the Sorbonne.

"I was walking down a street in Paris one afternoon when I saw John McGraw and Hughey Jennings, who was Mac's coach with the Gints at the time," related Berg. "I wanted awfully much to introduce myself to them but didn't know how to go about it. And then McGraw spotted me and called. 'You're Berg of Brooklyn, aren't you?' he asked.

"I said I was and he invited me to have dinner with him. When I got a chance alone with Jennings, I told Hughey how remarkable I thought it was that McGraw should know my name and recognize me, an obscure rookie.

"'Kid,' said Hughey, 'McGraw not only knows your name but how to pitch to you, too.'

"I guess Jennings was right because I never remember getting a hit against the Giants."

HERE are a couple of coaches who had something to boast about! When Bobby Daniels of Denfield High School won the 220-yard dash at the high school track championships in Minnesota he wore the same pair of spiked shoes that his coach, Sig Ode, used as a college sprinter at Luther College in Iowa in 1930. The other coach Lisle Blackburn, assistant grid tutor at Marquette, was proud, but not exactly happy, when he saw his son, Lisle, Jr.,

playing for Wisconsin against Marquette, set up one touchdown, pass for another, and convert five extra points as Wisconsin beat Marquette, 41 to 0.

O. B. KEELER, the golfingest author of them all, was recently asked what was the best shot he ever had seen made in golf. Considering the amount of golf shots O. B. has seen, it left him quite a range but he never hesitated.

"The best shot I ever saw in golf was a 12-foot putt," was the amazing answer of the dean of Dixie's sportswriters.

"It was at Mamaroneck, N. Y., on the old Winged Foot course. Bobby Jones was playing Al Watrous and had to sink a 12-footer to tie Al Espinosa for the tournament lead and go into a playoff.

"It was a good 12-footer, with a 15-inch fadeoff and Bobby sank it and then went on to beat Espinosa by 23 strokes in the playoff next day."

"Which one of the grand slam tournaments was that?" some wanted to know.

"It wasn't any of them," replied O. B. "It was the year before his grand slam, but I'm convinced that if he hadn't sunk that putt there never would have been any grand slam. If Bobby hadn't won that tournament at Mamaroneck, it would have broken his heart and he never would have played the next year."

BIFF feels that any tale about someone outsmarting Branch Rickey is worth repeating. Here's one we ran into from Harry Niles, who was Rickey's roommate when Branch was playing with the Browns some 40 years ago.

Although the Mahatma of Montague Street doesn't pay too much attention to his haberdashery these days, he was quite a clotheshorse when he was a ballplayer. One day he turned up with a suit which set him back about \$50—about as high as you could go for an outfit in those days.

Niles liked the suit very much, so much that he would like to have had it himself. Playing it smart, Harry said, "Branch, I hate to say this but that suit isn't at all becoming to you."

Taken aback, Rickey never wore the suit again. One day Niles asked him what had become of it. "I'll tell you, Harry," confessed Branch. "I can't bring myself to wear it. You yourself said it didn't look good on me and there is no use in wearing a suit which doesn't become you. However, with a bit of alteration, it might fit you."

The upshot of the deal was that Branch sold his roomie the suit for \$15.

WEST COAST newspapers are struggling with the problem of expanding their sport sections at a time when newsprint was never more costly. The year 1949 was one of the biggest yet for Pacific athletes, who cleaned up national titles and honors whirlwind style. The University of San Francisco, a rank outsider, started the rush by winning the National Invitational basketball title. Mel Patton set track bugs buzzing by erasing the old .09.4 world 100-yard dash record and Bob Mathias defended his national decathlon crown with little trouble.

Zoe Ann Olsen continued to be Miss Diving. Some gents named Ted Schroeder and Pancho Gonzales led the tennis field and Lloyd Mangrum and Jimmy Denuaret had a big year in golf. The Oakland Bittners were national AAU basketball conquerors. And the world champion New York Yankees were led by Casey Stengel, who lives in Glendale and has a city full of friends in Oakland.

West Coasters stopped the presses in '49.

DENVER, COLORADO, has long been famous for its scenery and rarefied atmosphere but only lately has it stepped up front as the hottest minor-league baseball town in the country. Although a number of larger cities with minor-league clubs outdrew Denver in total attendance, none of them could match the Rocky Mountain metropolis in average gate.

The Denver Bears of the Class A Western League attracted an average of 6,615 customers to their 70 home games, even though they spent much of the season in the bottom half of the league standings. At least one major-league team would have been well satisfied with such a turnstile report.

WHEN Jackie Jensen, former University of California football whiz and now a promising candidate for the New York Yankee baseball club, got married to diving champ Zoe Ann Olsen, invitations to the ceremony went at scalpers' prices on the Berkeley campus. . . . And speaking of California, it is no secret that Notre Dame would like to arrange a grid series with the Bears. The Irish are anxious to play in the Golden State every fall, alternating between Northern and Southern California, where they have a home-and-home agreement with USC. However, it doesn't look as if ND can arrange a match with Cal for some years to come.

AT a publicity luncheon for the Kramer-Gonzales tennis tour, an inquisitive diner heckled promoter Bobby Riggs about the sad state of professional tennis that finds only a handful of top players able to command any real dough. "Why not set up some real competitive tournaments instead of just these exhibitions?" asked the critic.

Bobby grabbed the mike and let him have it. "All right," he said, "I'm glad you asked that question. Exhibitions, huh? You think these boys are going out there and playing just for fun, without worrying about who wins? You think they may lay down once in a while? Well, I want to tell you you're crazy. They're playing for one of the biggest purses in sport. They're playing for the privilege of staying in the tour next year. It means almost \$100,000 to win. The loser, you know, gets bounced out of the next tour. You think that's not competitive?" Then Bobby applied the clincher. "You know," he said, "it doesn't necessarily follow that the loser is always going to get to promote the next tour!"

AND that leaves the Biffer with the monthly SPORTeaser. On the last day of the 1949 season, Ted Williams was shut out at the plate by Vic Raschi of the Yanks and George Kell of the Tigers passed the Red Sox slugger for the American League batting championship. Batters have lost championships on the last day before but what made Kell's triumph unusual? The answer is that Kell is the first third-base man in history to win the American League batting championship. And, incidentally, only one National League third-base man ever won the batting crown. Heinie Zimmerman took the honor playing for the Cubs in 1912.

Don't forget, Biff's always in the market for usable items about the great and near-great of sport. He pays \$5 for each one he uses. Items cannot be returned, nor can Biff enter into correspondence about them. Shoot yours in to Biff Bennett, c/o SPORT, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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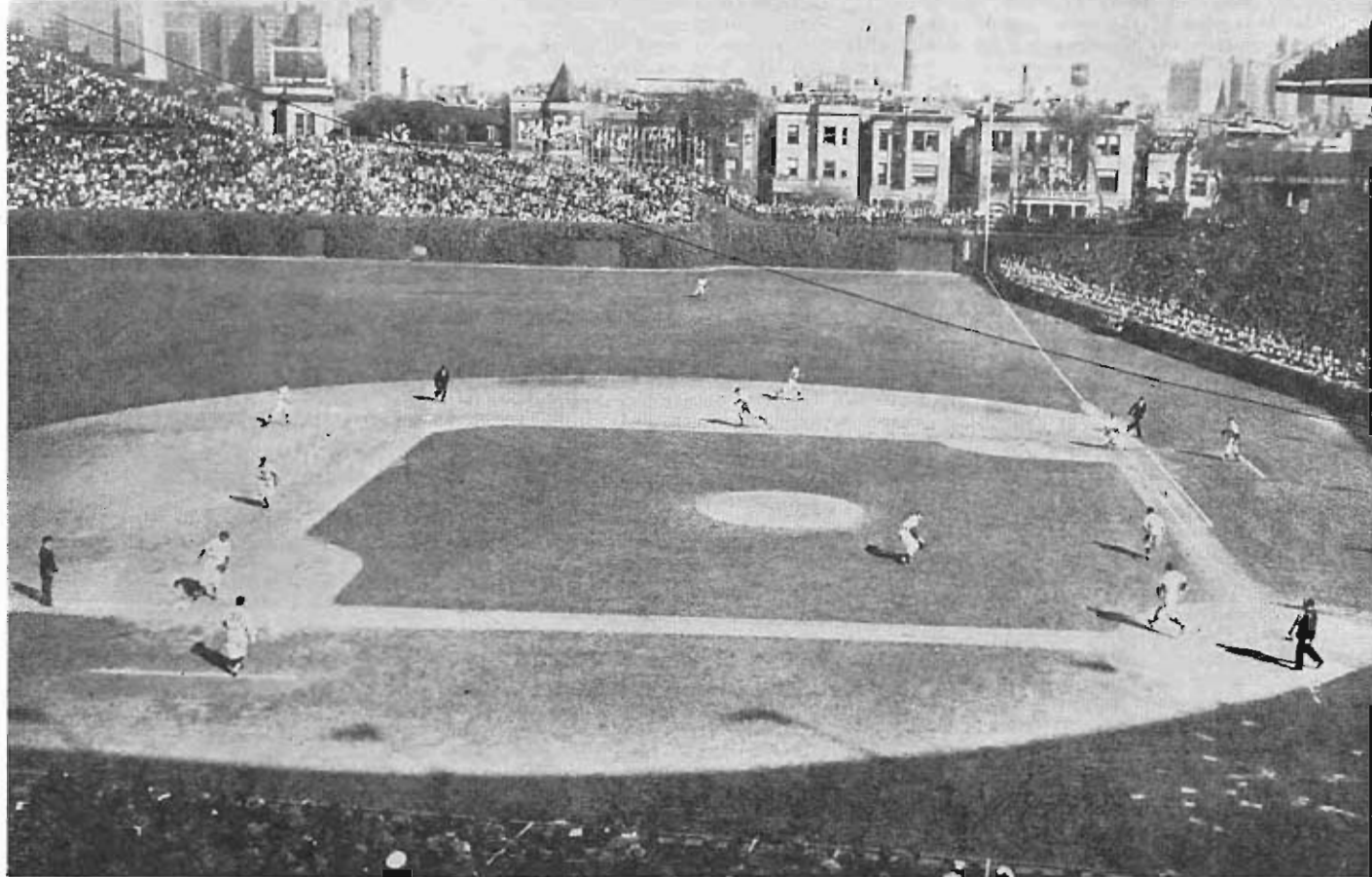
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Although they finished in last place in the 1949 NL pennant race, the Cubs attracted more than a million fans into Wrigley Field.



For two successive years the wealthy Bruins have lived in the cellar and kept the turnstiles humming. Can they keep it up?

By ED BURNS

THE still rich and erstwhile proud, skilled, and spirited Chicago Cubs were the only 1948 major-league title-holders who retained their laurels at the end of the 1949 baseball season. The Cleveland Indians, American League and world champions in 1948, had to sweep their last series of the campaign to finish third; the Boston Braves, National League kings in 1948, eked out a 2-1 victory in their final 1949 game to sneak into the first division. The Chicago White Sox, who joined with the Cubs in 1948 to give the otherwise grand city of Chicago its only double dose of major league nadir in history, soared from the American League cellar clear up to sixth place, yielding the AL booby prize to a team from our nation's capital.

But, when all the returns were in on October 2, last day of the 1949 regular season, the Chicago Cubs were

still wallowing in the mudhole, a filthy environment which seems to have enchanted them permanently ever since they skidded into it midway through the 1948 season.

The Cubs' 1949 windup in the National League sink was their third in the 20th Century. This wouldn't be too painful, as contrasted with the brilliant tradition the organization has recorded in the same century, if the span between the second and third failures had been as great as that between the first, in 1925, and the second, in 1948. But two successive years of holding up the National League, with prospects for more of the same in 1950, may yet prove exhausting to Owner-President Phillip Knight Wrigley, Vice-President-Business Manager James Timothy Gallagher, Vice-President-Talent Perceiver Charles John Grimm, and one Frank Francis

STAND THE CUBS?

Frisch, who succeeded Grimm as field manager on June 11, 1949. When Frisch took over, the Cubs had won 19 and lost 31 in their drive to the 61 victories and 93 defeats with which they defended their dungeon title, a record discouraging enough to put Frankie in line for a consoling vice-presidency, too.

The fact the Cubs continue to draw droves of customers becomes increasingly mystifying as the team becomes progressively less capable and former personality favorites pass on through hysterical deals or old age. Mr. Wrigley apparently is one of the few who attempt to answer the question, "How Can Chicago Stand the Cubs?"

P. K., the Cubs' main stockholder and genial, but sometimes very stubborn boss man, takes pleasure in the crowds that are attracted to "Beautiful Wrigley Field," because the turnouts support his pet theories anent making his ball park a comfortable and otherwise pleasing place to spend an afternoon.

But I have never heard him say the gate or the concessions profits have soothed him in his knowledge that Chicago National League fans have been served artistically inferior baseball fare. Grossly inferior, I may add, whatever the charm of the ivy-covered outfield walls, the wide seats, the ladies' immaculate powder rooms, the warm peanuts, the hot frankfurters, the cold lemonade and beer, the full-sized candy bar, souvenir baseball caps designed to fit every head from four and seven-eighths to eight and one-fourth, the horde of well-tailored ushers who can toss out a drunk in a dignified way, or field announcer Pat Pieper's thriving nursery for little lost kiddies whose names Pat bawls out over the public address system after he reads the identification slips tiny Minnie, et al, have clutched in their pudgy baby hands.

Among the evidences that Boss Man Wrigley is not consoled by attendance and receipts is an outlay of \$2,000,000 spent ("sunk" is an unpleasant word) on what is called a "far-flung farm system," and a lot of other things, but which has produced nothing like \$2,000,000 worth of talent for the parent club. In addition to being an almost sterile talent producer, the Cubs' farm system is said to have been the main reason for the well-advertised rift between Vice-President Gallagher and Vice-President Grimm in the months when Gallagher's title was General Manager as well as Vice-President and Grimm was field manager.

Gallagher wanted to grow the Cubs' Humpty Dump-ties on the walls of the Cubs' own farm system while Grimm insisted he couldn't suffer the agonies of breaking in beardless bargains without at least a few years' experience in Triple A leagues. Charley preferred stars from the talent stores of more resourceful baseball builders than are to be found in the Cub organization, not mentioning names like Branch Rickey or Bill Veeck, Jr., for instance.

Things had become pretty strained between Gallagher and Grimm, according to obvious appearances, and later according to the public admission of Wrigley, as the Cubs plummeted to the cellar in 1948. A month before the close of the 1948 season, Mr. Wrigley caused a two-column display ad to be printed in Chicago dailies.



Owner P. K. Wrigley can boast of his pretty park, if not the ballplayers. *Acme*



General Manager Jim Gallagher was a severe Cub critic as a sportswriter. *Wide World*



Frankie Frisch, field boss, replaced Charley Grimm in middle of '49 race. *Acme*

Addressed, in large blackface type, "To Chicago Cub Fans," the advertisement said:

The Club Management wants you to know we appreciate the wonderful support you are giving the ball club. We want you fans and Charlie Grimm to have a team that can be up at the top—the kind of winning team both of you deserve.

We also know that this year's rebuilding job has been a flop. But we are not content—and never have been—to just go along with an eye on attendance only. We want a winner, just as you do, and will do everything possible to get one.

If one system does not work, we will try another. Your loyal support when we are down is a real incentive for us to try even harder to do everything in our power to give all of us a winner.

Thanks,
The Chicago Cubs.

The foregoing text was printed on August 30, 1948. A month later the season ended. The Cubs' 1948 home attendance was announced as 1,237,792, in the only major-league park playing a schedule entirely in broad daylight, with no Negro stars, auto raffles, or extra-curricular whoopla.

The Bruins finished last in '48, 27 and one-half games away from the pennant.

Fans who had read the Cub ad on August 30, wondered what form the promised "rebuilding for a winner for all of us" was going to take. Many of them were shocked, come Autumn's frosts and Winter's snows. It seemed that Grimm had at least made Gallagher move over on the driver's seat.

First indication of how matters were going came on October 4 when Bill Nicholson, former National League homer king, was traded for Harry Walker, former surprise National League batting champ. The bobby-soxers were sad at Nick's passing, but other fans opined Nick had been pretty slumful for several seasons. Maybe Walker would be a help.

On October 11, pitcher Russ Meyer (a 17-game winner this season for the Phillies) was sold to Philadelphia. The fans remembered Russ had pitched two one-hitters in the first half of 1948 but they also recalled he had been adjudged hard to handle and had been given 10 starts without a victory in the second half of the season. There was not too much chagrin about his passing.

On December 8, Clyde McCullough, a hard-working catcher who blamed his tenancy in the Grimm doghouse to the fact "he no longer could laugh at Grimm's jokes," and pitcher Cliff Chambers, were traded to Pittsburgh for Frankie Gustine, a long-popular Chicagoan, and Cal McLish, undistinguished pitcher. The fans have noted that McCullough caught more games than any other Pirate catcher and that Chambers won 13 games, but at the time it seemed a good deal, though Gustine was shipped to Los Angeles in mid-season.

On December 14 came the transaction they still talk about. Grimm swapped Eddie Waitkus, spectacular first-baseman (shot in June by a mentally distressed Chicago girl fan) and Hank Borowy, pitcher whom Gallagher had purchased from the Yankees in mid-season of 1945 for \$90,500. Borowy is generally credited as being the main factor in the Cubs' pennant success in 1945, a gent who narrowly missed pitching the Cubs to their first world championship since 1908. Hank beat the Cubs the first five times he faced them this year and six times in his first seven tries. For Waitkus and Borowy, the Cubs got the veterans, Dutch Leonard, who won seven and lost 16 this season, and Walt Dubiel, who won six and lost nine.

During Spring training, there was great confidence that Grimm had made a slick trade in obtaining experienced pitchers, but Johnny Schmitz, who had won 18 of the Cubs' 64 victories in 1948 still was looked upon as the holdover ace. Johnny, a fine, albeit naive young country boy from Wisconsin, was pampered to the extent that he was supplied with a personal trainer named Freddie Schwartz, and a Japanese valet, Yosh Kawana. This year, Johnny won 11 and lost 13, including the final game of the season. After the Cubs had beaten the Cardinals in the first two days of the

final three-game series to wreck the Cards' pennant chances, Schmitz might have put the Cubs in a seventh-place tie, but he was knocked out in the second inning of a 13-5 defeat, in a parade of seven Chicago pitchers.

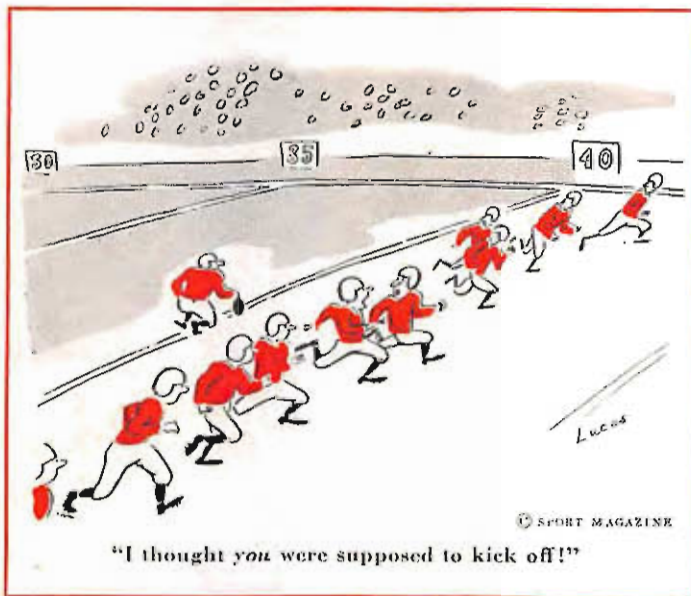
As recited earlier in this annotation, Frisch succeeded Grimm as manager on June 11, with the Cubs holding a record of 19 victories and 31 defeats.

Two days earlier, Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley and Mr. and Mrs. Grimm glided into Boston in the Wrigley private plane. We of the press had been told to stand by for the arrival of the party. Traveling Secretary Bob Lewis had corraled us in his suite.

He provided us with needle-sharp pencils and pads. All at once the multimillionaire owner of the Cubs, greatly admired friend of all of us, burst into the suite. Fortright, as always, he told us without delay that Grimm, for the second time had been made a vice-president and that Frisch had been lured, with permission of Horace Stoneham, from his job as coach of the N. Y. Giants.

Frisch has a country estate in New Rochelle, and long has been fascinated by the petunias and other beauties thereon. But, it was explained, he had found the lure of the game he loves irresistible and had given up radio broadcasting to return to his monkey suit. No mention was made of the fact that though Frankie is a rich man, he also is as famous a lover of money as he is as a former great switch-hitter and infielder. He may have been influenced somewhat by his desire to dip his only slightly gnarled digits into the fabulous Wrigley sugar bowl.

At any rate, Frisch rode from (→ TO PAGE 81)



OPEN LETTER TO TIM MARA



Wide World

A blunt, hard-hitting sports editor, shocked by the wanton waste of the pro football war, singles out one of the most influential NFL owners and tells him a few harsh truths. "It is a time of crisis," he says. "What you're doing is suicide!"

By Jimmy Powers



DEAR TIM:

Unless the Nizam of Hyderabad comes along with a wheelbarrow of emeralds to pay for its mounting losses, professional football today is approaching a crisis that may well ruin the sport across the nation, blast several franchises right out of existence, and set post-graduate ball back at least a decade—all because of your Irish stubbornness!

The tragic part is that it is all so unnecessary. If the rival leagues would get together on a businesslike basis the way the baseball leagues do, set up a common player draft, reduce the overhead, and stop the suicidal conflict in schedules, the sport would prosper under intelligent cooperation.

Tim, you and I both know the fans want a "World Series in Football." They would enjoy its thrills just as they do in baseball. A grid Series would draw 100,000 at \$5 a head to the Los Angeles Coliseum during the Christmas holiday week. A repeat contest to tee-off the schedule the following Autumn would swell the cash boxes of both leagues.

Right today, Tim, I'd be willing to recommend or endorse such a clash between the best clubs in each league as a *Daily News* promotion guaranteeing each club \$100,000!

You may wonder why I'm writing to you.

Well, Tim, as one Irishman to another, let's not kid the public. You're the key man. The majority of owners in your own National Football League want to get together with the All-America Conference and set up a businesslike agreement ending in a mutually profitable World Series. The last vote was 8-2 to do so. You and George Marshall of the Washington Redskins blocked it. Under your league rule, it had to be unanimous. We feel that you are the dominant man and that if you make peace, Marshall will go along rather than cause sacrifice sales of many of his own circuit franchises or be responsible for any bankruptcies.

Look, Tim, you weren't the only one to underestimate the All-America Conference back in 1946. But I wonder if you realize what your arbitrary stand is doing to professional football now? The All-America Conference is here to stay—at least as long as there (→ TO PAGE 88)

SID LUCKMAN—

HAIL and FAREWELL

Mister Quarterback, they call him, and it's a title he has richly earned. But there's a lot more to the man from Columbia than just the knack of throwing passes for touchdowns

By ED FITZGERALD



EDITORS' NOTE: In Johnny Lujack and Sid Luckman, who are featured on **SPORT's** cover this month (*replica at left*), the Chicago Bears have the two men considered by most experts to be the finest T-formation quarterbacks in football history. Sid, at 33, may not play a great deal longer. Lujack, at 24, may be expected to pick up wherever his distinguished partner leaves off. He has already proved his ability to do so. But not even the great Lujack can ever obscure Sid Luckman's glory.

IT HAS taken many different kinds of men to raise the field of professional sport to the high place it occupies in our national life today. Right away, you think of fierce, no-holds-barred performers like Ty Cobb and Jack Dempsey, slashing and crashing their way to success over the ripped bodies of their victims, and great-hearted, swashbuckling heroes like Babe Ruth, Jim Thorpe, and Walter Hagen, bursting not only with raw talent but with a rich, human love of life and its pleasures, too. You don't always think of them so quickly, but still another type of man has been prominent in the rise of sport from the cheap carnival stage to its present eminence. These are the men like Christy Mathewson and Walter John-

son, like Bobby Jones and Don Budge, like Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio—men of rare ability and equally rare character, men who have lent to their profession not merely tremendous flashes of electric excitement but a sense of dignity and usefulness as well.

Such a man is Sid Luckman, the incomparable quarterback of the Chicago Bears, an athlete who has done as much as any other and far more than most to elevate pro football to an equal social footing with its older and richer brother, baseball. When you think of Luckman, you naturally think instinctively of matchless forward-passing skill, but you also think of Sid—whether you know him personally or not— (→ TO PAGE 18)

Acme

Luckman holds the NFL record for touchdown passes in both playoff and regular season games.

Kodachrome portrait exclusively for SPORT by Ossie Sussel





International

Sid and his wife, Estelle, shown with their son, Robert Charles, in 1942, are now bringing up three children in their Chicago home.



International

Here Luckman runs for the first touchdown of his college career, against Maine, in Fall of 1936.

(—> FROM PAGE 16) as one of the outstanding sportsmen of his day, as an exciting figure who proved that success could be achieved in even a rough-and-tumble game like pro football without requiring the sacrifice of the qualities of a gentleman. If you are wondering why that should qualify him as unusual, you are merely confessing that you do not know many pro football players. There are, happily, more Luckmans coming into the game all the time, but the chances are that many of them never would have done so if it hadn't been for the advance work of men like Sid, who paved the way.

The good-looking, black-haired, solid citizen of the Bears is so much a part of American football history that it is startling to discover that on two separate occasions—once when he was just starting and once when he had just finished college—he came

within a hair's breadth of quitting the game. Studying what lay behind those fateful turning points in his brilliant career, and what human qualities are possessed by this genius at operating a football scoring machine, can be every bit as fascinating as replaying in memory the spectacular games that earned him his rating as one of the greatest players who ever stepped on the gridiron.

That he is one of the greatest scarcely requires proof. The name of Luckman is repeated on page after page of the National Football League's record book. Through 1948, in nine and a fraction seasons of league play (the fraction occurred in 1944, when he was in the Merchant Marine for part of the season), Sid completed 869 passes out of 1,657 attempts for a glittering 52.4 average. It is safe to say that an average of better than 50% for a football passer may properly be compared to a .400-plus average for a hitter in baseball. Luckman's aeriols gained 14,303 yards for the Bears in that time and were directly responsible for 137 touchdowns. How many more touchdowns Sid's passes set up is not readily learned from a search of the records, but it is instantly apparent in the size of his salary and in the respect with which he is regarded by everyone in his trade.

Frank Leahy, a close personal friend of Luckman's, once said: "The grimmest assignment in football belongs to the passer who is getting ready to throw and knows he is going to be smothered as soon as the ball leaves his hand. It takes a man with steel nerves. It's the test of greatness on a football field." Sid Luckman has met that test squarely several thousand times and has never been known to flinch. Speaking of the poise with which he cradles the ball and scans the field to pick out his receiver, meanwhile weighing carefully what chance the onrushing behemoths of the opposing line have of belting him on the seat of his pants before he can

throw, a Chicago newspaperman remarked in the press box that, "he looks like he was playing catch in his back yard." Like all truly great athletes, Sid has the capacity to make it look easy.

There is, of course, no desire here to paint Luckman as an untouchable whirling dervish, a ghost equipped with some magical power to avoid sharp physical contact with those sworn to drive him into the dirt. On the contrary, Sid gets hit hard—and often. There is a legend in the National League that the Bears never have to send his pants to the dry cleaners, but that's strictly apocryphal. The sad truth is that Sid has had his nose broken no fewer than seven times, twice in college and five times as a pro. But just as the bravest soldier is the one who is most frightened of all but refuses to give in to his panic and sticks it out under fire, so the great T-quarterbacks are the ones who can take brutal punishment and bounce back undisturbed, who can remain cool and collected in the face of a leaping horde of monstrously big enemy tackles, guards, and ends, and wait until the last second before acting. When your quarterback can do that, as Luckman can, your blockers get every chance to execute their assignments and carry the play through successfully. They are not hurried. The pivotal move is not made prematurely because a nervous ball-handler didn't want to be buried under an avalanche of tacklers.

INCIDENTALLY, when the Bears are on the road, Sid rooms with a huge young man named Fred Davis, a bruising tackle from Alabama whose size is not merely unusual but downright awesome. "When Fred came to us from the Redskins," says Luckman, "I picked him out for my roommate because I figured he'd be wonderful to have around for protection." And Sid isn't just guessing when he gauges the Alabama youth's strength. When he was roving the line for Washington, Davis had the honor of being the seventh person to shatter the tender Luckman proboscis.

Despite the appalling number of times that his nose has been broken, Sid actually has been quite fortunate in the injury department. When you consider all the years he has been playing football, in high school, in college, and as a professional, you are inclined to agree with him when he says he has been very lucky to have suffered nothing worse than a few cracked ribs and a bad shoulder. As far as the nose is concerned, Sid expects to have it straightened after he retires from active play. "There's no sense having it done before then," he will tell you cheerfully, and it is difficult to argue with him.

Sid's dark, rugged good looks are damaged very little by the slight dents visible in his nose. He has thick, curly black hair which he wears combed back, and his features are both regular and strong. He is handsome, but that word has come to be so closely associated with the too-perfect Hollywood type of male beauty that one is reluctant to use it in connection with Sid. When he stops playing, and gets his one facial defect cleared up, he will be ready to take over Spencer

Tracy roles in the movies. Sid could probably do it, too. He has a rich, resonant voice that he employs skillfully in speaking engagements and radio and television appearances. He has the same poise on the platform that distinguishes him on the field.

Although he has escaped grievous injury playing football, Sid underwent a long hospital siege just last Winter. He had trouble with his thyroid gland—his weight dropped all the way down to 178 pounds from a normal 200—and he had to submit to a delicate operation at St. Mary's Hospital, which is part of the Mayo Clinic set-up at Rochester, Minnesota. Two-thirds of his thyroid gland was removed and the operation was so successful that Sid's weight shot back up to its accustomed level with astonishing swiftness. When he reported to the Bears' training camp last August, he was looking like his old self again and had to worry only about a natural tendency to grow tired quickly. He had to condition himself gradually, working his way back into shape cautiously. The doctors who had feared that he would have to give up the game, however, knew their textbooks better than their Luckman. He refused to believe that he was ready for the boneyard and he proved his point.

SID'S 11-day stay in the Mayo Clinic was a singular and moving experience to him. It is unlikely that he will ever forget it. Telling me about it, his voice grew low and husky and charged with emotion. He was obviously deeply grateful for the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated by the medical staff of the institution. But, even more important, he was visibly affected by an extraordinary friendship that had been welded between him and Sister Mary William, an elderly Roman Catholic nun on the staff of St. Mary's. Sid is an articulate man, well able under normal circumstances to express his thoughts with the utmost clarity, but he had trouble finding the right words to tell me how he felt about Sister Mary William...

"I'm telling you, I love her," he said, sitting on the edge of his chair in the hotel room. "I actually fell in love with her. So help me, she means more to me now than anybody in the world outside of my own wife and my mother and my family. What a wonderful person. She'd come to see me all the time, before the operation and after. She sat and held my hand all during the operation, when they cut into my throat. My wife couldn't come, you know. She had our three children to worry about at home. And I wouldn't let my mother stay, although she came out for a couple of days. Sister Mary William took care of me like I was her son. She had me put in this beautiful suite, I'm telling you it was like the Waldorf Astoria, and she and half a dozen other sisters kept me busy all the time. I'll never forget the way she talked to me. You know, about people and about life, and about God..."

"Are you a religious man, Sid?" I asked him, thoughtfully.

"Well, yes," he said gravely. "I go to the temple regularly and I observe the high holidays and I never go to bed at night without saying a little



George Halas (left) campaigned long and hard to get Sid to sign with the Bears in 1939, the year Luckman graduated from college.

prayer." He grinned in an embarrassed way. "I suppose that sounds silly coming from a football player," he said, "but that's the way I've always been." He sat back and thought for a while, as though he were wondering whether or not he ought to tell me. "The day Eddie Waitkus was shot—he's a good friend of mine—I told Sister Mary William about it and she took me down to a little chapel in the hospital. There wasn't anybody in it but us. And we prayed for a whole hour for Eddie, that he wouldn't die, that he'd be able to play ball again..."

There's a scene for the most embittered iconoclast. The big, strong, Jewish boy from the streets of Brooklyn kneeling at the altar rail next to the frail, calm, black-habited nun, praying together for the ballplayer's life. Certainly the world is richer for having people like these in it.

Sid Luckman was born on November 21, 1916, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. His father, Meyer Luckman, was a trucker, in business for himself. When Sid was only five years old, the family moved out of its Bushwick Avenue apartment into a comfortable private house close to Prospect Park. Sid has an older brother, Leo, an older sister, Blanche, and a younger brother, Dave. Every one of the four Luckman children is a college graduate—Leo of Syracuse, Blanche of New York University, Sid of Columbia, and Dave of the University of Pennsylvania. The Luckmans were, and still are, a tightly-knit family. They have known good times and bad, and more of the latter than is the fair portion of any one family, but they have always been able to come up from adversity and claim their share of the good things of life, too.

As far back as he can remember, Sid has always been crazy about football. The kids in his gang played a wild game of touch on the street in front of his house when they were little. It was almost entirely a passing



During a 56-7 rout of the Giants in 1943, Sid set a new record by throwing seven touchdown passes.

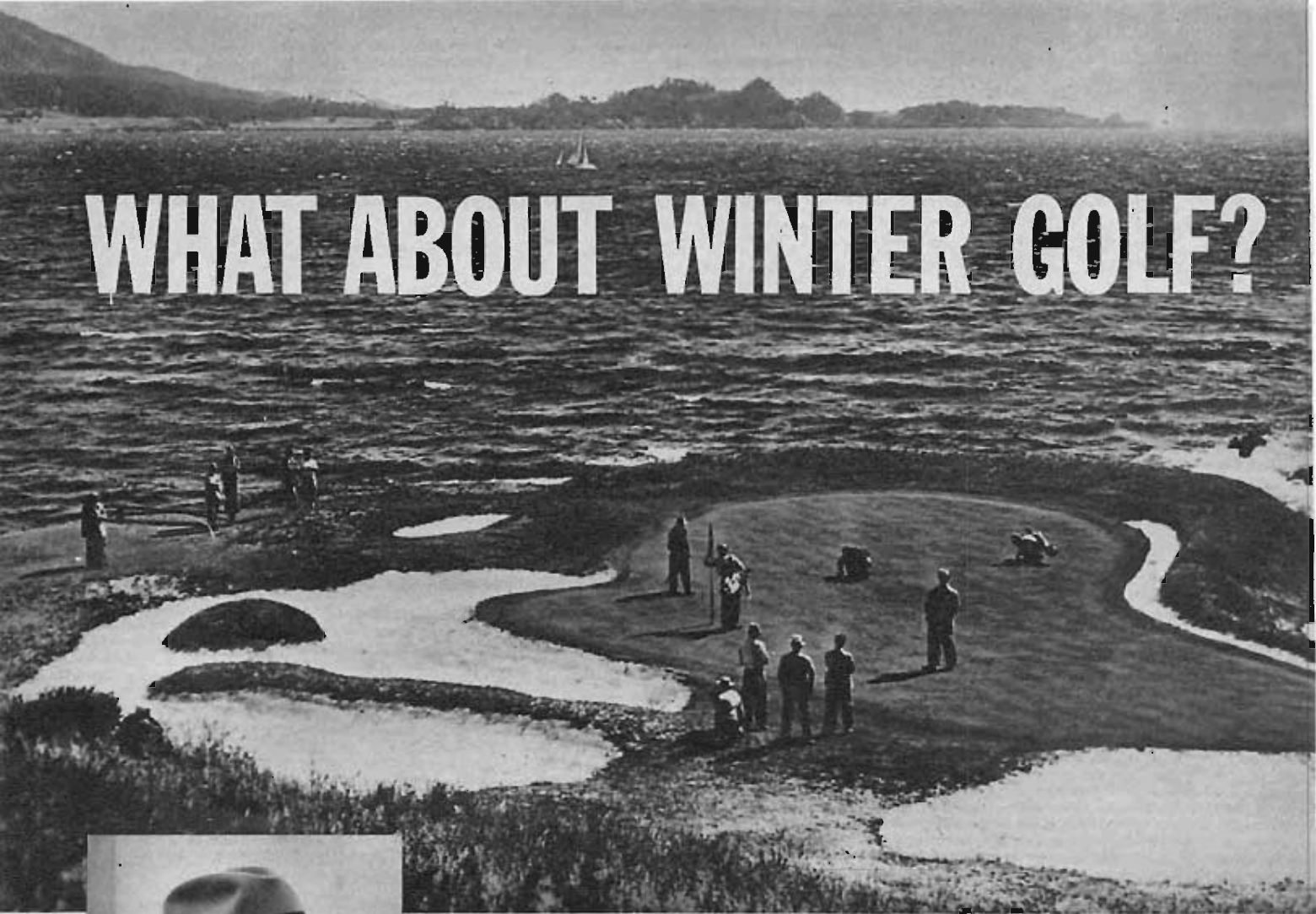
game, with line play at a minimum and the receivers forced to worry more about the hedges and curbs and iron railings than about the defending players. Sid could throw the ball farther and straighter than anybody else, so he spent almost all his time on offense heaving passes. He has been doing it ever since.

"Mostly," he says, "I was a big man in the gang because I owned the only football on the block. My father gave me one when I was eight years old. He saw how much I liked the game and he decided I should have my own ball. That fixed things so the kids couldn't leave me out of a game even if they

(—> TO PAGE 72)



WHAT ABOUT WINTER GOLF?



Acme



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If you can't play during the chilly season, try to study the pros on the tournament circuit. It's a good way to improve your game

By Grantland Rice

JUST one year ago, in December, 1948, before his accident, Ben Hogan was the big man of golf. But he had known a long, hard season, and he decided that he needed a month's rest. So he took the month off in order to start the 1949 season fresh and keen. By January, he thought all staleness had left him. But in the \$15,000 Los Angeles Open, which he had won the year before at Riviera, Ben didn't play his top game. He finished well down.

"I made a mistake," Hogan told me after the tournament. "In fact, I've just discovered that two weeks is all that one can stay away from this game. A month is too long."

"Just what did the month's layoff do to you?" I asked him.

"Well, first," he said, "I found my concentration was

spotty. It would come and go. Again my judgment of distance and the right club was off. I might also add that my confidence was jarred. If you want to win at golf, you must believe you will hit every shot straight on the pin. When you are playing well, I suppose most of your mental activity is subconscious. But after a layoff, you begin to call too much on your conscious effort, which isn't nearly so dependable."

It was in California last January that Byron Nelson decided to return for a few competitive rounds. Nelson has been one of the all-time greats, a magnificent player and a great competitor.

But he found his year's absence had cut him down, just as Bobby Jones' long absence had affected his play when he returned once a year to the Masters at Augusta.

Nelson could still play every shot with fine skill. In

One of the tougher and more picturesque courses on the Winter golf circuit is Pebble Beach (left) at Del Monte, California.

practice, he looked unbeatable. But when the cold test came against a field that was tournament-tough, he could no longer maintain the swift and continuous pace of those hardened to the continuous strain.

As Bobby Jones said, "There is a big difference between tournament golf and friendly golf. They are two entirely separate games." This is why the ways of the average player and the star pro are so far apart, particularly during cold weather.

As Winter comes on each year, the average golfer who lives above the M. and D. (Mashie and Divot) Line gets little chance for either practice or play outdoors. If he's lucky, he can go to indoor schools and swing a club two or three times a week. He can practice club swinging in his own house or apartment while his wife looks apprehensively at the bric a brac.

As some poet put it:

*"The heights by winning golfers kept
Were not attained by daylight fight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were breaking chandeliers at night."*

There are cork balls available today at which the duffer can smash viciously and knock them only a few feet. There are tumblers in which one can practice putting, using the tumbler for the hole. But in general the Northern run-of-the-club amateur is not too keen for golf in any form until the snows leave the scene and Spring finally arrives.

Meantime, he has missed several valuable months of play, especially the type of play that calls for concentration and determination. A few thousand fortunate golf addicts can leave their Northern or Midwestern homes after Christmas for visits to the sun-filled courses of California, Florida, Texas, and Arizona. This gives your golf an added touch, since you have the happy feeling you are putting something over on the unhappy brother who's still back home freezing in the upland zones. But most amateurs can't afford to hit the Winter golf trail. The professional golfer, on the other hand, is in a Winter dilemma that's the exact reverse of the duffer's. As Ben Hogan says, the pro who wants to keep winning can't afford the luxury of a Winter layoff. There's important money waiting for him at every stand along the circuit . . . cash awards that may mean a cool \$10,000 or \$15,000 on his income tax statement. So this time of the Fall finds the pro getting ready for the hardest workouts of his golf year.

His bruising Winter tour begins in Southern California, at the now-famous Los Angeles Open. From there, he moves along through the other California tourneys and then heads for Phoenix and Tucson in the sovereign state of Arizona. From Arizona, the trail leads to Texas, and then on through the bottom rim of the South by way of New Orleans into Florida. From Florida, the wandering caravan slips into North and South Carolina, and then into Georgia where the dogwood blooms and the wisteria blossoms of the Augusta National are waiting. Thus ends the Winter and early Spring tramp, preamble to the long Summer trek later on through the North, East, and West, that will take in the U. S. Open at Merion, the PGA, the rich Chicago harvest at Promoter May's Tam o' Shanter, and the four-ball matches at Toledo, now a big annual feature.

In practical terms, this means there's a big golf tourna-



Acme

Pro golfers like Cary Middlecoff must be on their mettle in the Winter tourneys. One careless stroke can cost them plenty.

ment every week-end somewhere, the year 'round. Now this is more than flesh, blood, and bone can quite endure. Naturally, each town or city wants the top stars—Snead, Demaret, Mangrum, Middlecoff, Alexander, Harbert, Haefner, Harrison, and the like. The demand for their services is terrific. Each golfer must make his own decision as to when he can afford a lay-off and how long he can safely stay away from the game.

Endless hours of practice are needed by the touring pro to keep his game sharpened and his subconscious mind at work. But there is a big difference between the practice play of the pro and that of the average player.

The pro, as a rule, knows exactly what he is doing. He knows the relation of his hands to the club head. He knows the fault he is out to cure. And once he has his swing grooved, he keeps (→ TO PAGE 90)

A COUPLE OF CLEVELAND ENDS



With elastic in their legs and glue on their fingers, the "track stars" of the Browns have spread destruction throughout the AAFC

By GORDON COBBLEDICK



IT WAS the fashion a generation ago to compare all baseball players above the sub-stumblebum level with Ty Cobb. In similar manner, all football ends who can snag a spiraling pigskin without the aid of a butterfly net are likened to Don Hutson, the lean Alabamian who made pass-catching a refined art when he was a member of the Green Bay Packers.

Paul Brown, who gave his name as well as his distinguished talents as a coach to Cleveland's professional football team, three-time champion of the three-year-old All-America Conference, once was invited to do just that—compare Mac Speedie with Hutson. After careful consideration, he spoke as follows:

"Speedie has practically everything Hutson had and several things besides—including Lavelli."

When the spectacular success of the Cleveland Browns is subjected to analytical examination, four individuals stand out. They are Otto Graham, T-quarterback and passmaster; Marion Motley, the giant Negro fullback whose forays up the middle dissuade opposing linemen and line-backers from rushing Graham too vigorously; and Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli, the ends who catch Graham's passes. To grant that these four are the Browns' big men is, admittedly, to deny their proper recognition to the bulwarks of the line and to the half-backs who share the ball-carrying burden with Motley. It may not be strictly fair, but it is the way the public thinks of the Browns. There is a considerable mass of evidence that it is also the way opponents think of the Browns.

In one sense, it marks a refreshing departure from the tradition that only backs can be glamorous. Hutson, Speedie, and Lavelli probably are the only ends since Bennie Oosterbaan's day at Michigan who have out-glamored the halfbacks of their own teams. "Those two track stars," as Ray Flaherty, former coach of the New York Yankees and now of the Chicago Hornets, once called them with ill-concealed loathing, have been twin thorns in the side of opponents for four years, or since the All-America Conference was founded—Speedie at the Cleveland left end, Lavelli at the right. Between them, they hold most of the league's pass-receiving records. In 1946, Lavelli established a standard which still endures by snatching eight aerials for gains aggregating 183 yards in a single game. A year later, Speedie came within 17 yards of equalling that mark. Speedie was undisputed pass-catching champion of the league in 1947 and '48, despite a shoulder separation that caused him to miss two games of the latter season.

In 1946, Lavelli was named at end on the official All-Conference team, with Speedie on the second eleven. In

1947, Speedie and Lavelli were the two all-star ends. In '48, Speedie was named to the first team, Lavelli to the second.

It has been pointed out that, in their persistent domination of the field in which they operate, they have the advantage of working with the man whom many rate the best T-formation quarterback in the business. But attention has also been called to the fact—and Otto Graham cheerfully grins concurrence—that he enjoys a large bulge on his sharpshooting rivals by having Speedie and Lavelli to throw to. "All I have to do," he says, "is heave the ball into the air. One of those guys will go and get it."

Cleveland football addicts show little disposition to settle the question of who makes who great. They agree that it is a fortunate combination.

Both ends leaped from rather obscure collegiate beginnings to instantaneous fame in pro football. Speedie—but before we go any further, let's get straight on his first name. That "Mac" isn't a nickname or an abbreviation. He was christened Mac at the insistence of a Scottish grandfather. Not McTavish or McDougall or McGregor. Just plain Mac. He has long since outgrown his annoyance at being addressed as Max. He has even accepted with resignation Paul Brown's habit of introducing him as Max McSpeedie.

Speedie, as we started to say, was educated at the University of Utah, a worthy institution which has never been admitted to membership in the select association of colleges from which All-American football players are chosen. In his undergraduate days, he was famed more widely as a hurdler than as a football player. He ran a good second to Fred Wolcott (→ TO PAGE 94)

Mac Speedie (left in color photo) and Dante Lavelli (right) rank as the most devastating end team in pro football. When Lavelli (56 in action photo) isn't scoring, Speedie (58) is.

Exclusive Kodachrome SPORTrait by Acme



MAURICE McDERMOTT -





HOT SHOT OF THE RED SOX

With his skinny frame, toothy grin, snappy clothes, and maddening inability to get the ball over the plate, the Boston lefty qualifies as the typical rookie. What makes him unusual is that his fast one can blow your head off

By AL HIRSHBERG

THE very latest thing in southpaws is peeking at baseball fame over a horizon of wide-spread collars and Windsor ties up around Fenway Park in Boston. Maurice (Lefty) McDermott is the name, and if you do not hear a great deal about him in the years to come, every expert who has seen him in action will throw in the towel.

McDermott, the epitome of modern youth, is the new Hal Newhouser, if you ask Birdie Tebbetts, the veteran Red Sox catcher. Tebbetts, you may recall, broke in Newhouser at Detroit.

He's the new Lefty Grove, if you ask general manager Joe Cronin. Cronin faced Grove in his prime.

He's the new Rube Waddell, if you ask vice-president Eddie Collins. Collins was a teammate of Waddell's.

He's the new Lefty Gomez, if you ask farm director John Murphy, the old Yanks' fireman. Murphy spent half his time watching Gomez blind opposing batters

and the other half dashing out to relieve him.

Actually, McDermott is McDermott, the most refreshing personality to walk into a baseball camp since the day Ted Williams first reported to the Red Sox in Sarasota, Florida, back in the Spring of 1938. Practically beardless, the cadaverous youngster from Poughkeepsie, New York, via Elizabeth, New Jersey, was 21 last August 29. He has a left arm three times as big as his right, and with it, he can throw the most blazing fast ball and the most baffling curve that baseball has seen in years. But he's as wild as a South African bushman, and that's the thing that kept him out of the major leagues so long. If he could have controlled the ball, the Red Sox might have won the '49 pennant.

During the first two months of the 1948 season, when he was with the Red Sox, McDermott lived with the Johnny Peskys in nearby Lynn. Every night, he picked up a baseball, stood in the center of the living room,

In his relatively few appearances in the big-time last season, McDermott had the most conservative observers comparing him with Grove, Gomez, and Feller. His wildness kept the hitters loose, and his fast ball looked like a tiny white pill zooming up there.

Exclusive Kodachrome SPORTrait by Acme





Lefty, who is very clothes-conscious, has a large assortment of suits. His main weakness is shirts.

Wide World



Joe McCarthy (right), who knows a good thing when he sees one, gave McDermott plenty of seasoning.

Wide World

held it in front of him like a microphone, and, swaying slightly, crooned, "L'il boy, why can't you go over that plate?" The "l'il boy" couldn't go over the plate and Lefty finished the season at Scranton. All he did there was average 14 strike-outs a game, winding up the season with a no-hitter against Utica in the playoffs. "And you know what?" he exulted later. "I averaged only three walks a game. Old Mac is growing up."

McDermott looks as if he hasn't a bone in his body. He's so loose that he can twist himself up like a pretzel. He does it sometimes, just to scare people. Like Ewell Blackwell, he's all arms and legs and Adam's apple. He wears a size 16 collar, and it looks too big for him.

His collection of shirts is appalling. He's never counted them and won't estimate how many there are, but, according to Ruth Pesky, Johnny's little blonde wife, he must have 35 in his wardrobe. They all have sweeping, wide collars with points that reach halfway to his tummy.

He changes his shirt three times a day. He wears one to the ball park. He wears the second coming home. The third makes its appearance in time for dinner. Lefty wouldn't be caught dead in a shirt that had the slightest suspicion of a blemish on it. When he first moved in with the Peskys, Ruth's mother said she would launder his shirts for him. She gave up after a week. The owner of the Lynn laundry which got McDermott's business switched his allegiance to the Braves when the Red Sox sent Lefty to Scranton.

Clothes and food are his only extravagances. He sends the bulk of his salary home to Poughkeepsie, where his father, a former ballplayer and umpire, is now in the recreation department of the Hudson River State Hospital. The rest of the money goes into shirts, ties, slacks, suits, jackets, accessories, shoes, and food. McDermott owns 13 pairs of shoes and shudders at the very thought of wearing the same pair twice in one week.

Lefty dislikes bow ties because he hasn't figured out a way to maneuver them into Windsor knots, for which he has a passion. He is an ardent devotee of the grand-manner-in-cravats school of thought, and he has nothing but pity and contempt for older fools who use the

ancient four-in-hand method. However, he is willing to crusade generously in the camp of his elders. For instance, one day in '48, Johnny Murphy pulled into Scranton. The Sox farm boss said to McDermott, "Kid, I hear you're getting that control. Keep it up and you'll be back in the big leagues for good."

To which McDermott answered, "Kid, your tie is too small. I thought I gave you the word once. Here, let me fix it for you." Reaching out, he calmly pulled Murphy's tie loose and re-knotted it in the Windsor tradition.

"There," said Lefty. "Now, if you had a wider collar with longer points, you'd really look like something."

"When you get to be my age," commented Johnny, "you won't care much how you look." McDermott keeps after him, but Murphy can't tie a Windsor knot yet. He can't quite make himself forsake conventional shirts with conventional collars, either.

"That Murphy," McDermott always mourns. "He'll never learn."

LEFETY spends a small fortune for food, but he doesn't eat much, a fact which Tom Dowd, the traveling secretary of the Red Sox, flatly refuses to believe. Dowd, who sees only his meal checks, insists that McDermott eats more than any man in the history of civilization. "He loves pastry and pie a la mode," Dowd announces. Then he adds, somewhat dolefully: "It makes everyone fat but McDermott."

Actually, Dowd, besides being jealous because he can't eat that sort of thing himself without swelling up like a yeast cake, is maligning Lefty a little, but Tom can't be blamed for that. Every night, when the team is on a train, Dowd walks into the dining car around nine o'clock to settle the accounts. Among other items, there is nearly always a \$6 tab for McDermott's dinner. Tom blows up only slightly when he sees Lefty calmly sitting at a table munching on pastry and sipping coffee.

"That's on you," Dowd always insists.

"Because Yawkey can't afford it?" asks McDermott.

"Because you had the biggest dinner of anyone on the ball club an hour ago."

McDermott eats often because he doesn't eat much at a time. Here Mrs. Ruth Hatch fixes his cereal.

Wide World



What Tom may not know is that Lefty is a picker at food. Mrs. Pesky, who gives McDermott the full maternal treatment, even though she is only a few years older herself, is always after him to eat more. "He tries everything," she says, "but he never finishes anything. He could buy a couple of shirts a day on the money he spends for food he doesn't eat."

McDermott, built like a movable toothpick, since he stands six feet, two and a half inches tall and weighs only 164 pounds, invariably gets indignant over the whole situation. "Somebody is always giving me a bad time," he complains. "Dowd gives me a bad time because I eat too much. Ruth gives me a bad time because I don't eat enough. They're both wrong. I'm a moderate, average eater. The only difference between me and other people is that I don't have any patience with that barbarous custom of eating three times a day. I eat when I'm hungry."

Since he's a little hungry all the time, he eats a little all the time.

He had to switch his Boston abode during the latter stages of the '49 season when Johnny Pesky's parents came on from Portland for a visit. When that happened, Lefty moved in with the gang of Red Sox single men in Mrs. Ruth Hatch's boarding house on Bay State Road. Mrs. Hatch runs a famous establishment frequented in the Summer time by unmarried Red Sox ballplayers and in the Winter by unmarried Boston Bruin hockey players. Struggling with two gangs like that, Mrs. Hatch gets accustomed to huge appetites, but she doesn't regard McDermott as a demanding boarder at all.

Lefty sleeps the way he eats. When he's tired, he pops off, regardless of the hour. When he isn't, he prowls around, or sits in bed reading half the night. During the season, he rarely drops off to a sound sleep much before two A.M.

From a training standpoint, however, he's a Pollyanna of virtue. He's always in his room by midnight. He smokes cigarettes from sheer nervousness, but he wastes tobacco as freely as he wastes food. He takes three or four puffs and then crushes the butt. Occasionally, he will try a cigar, which he smokes self-consciously. He



Wide World

It would be hard to find a more relaxed young man than young Lefty. He believes in taking life easy.

holds a cigar like a cigarette and, when he forgets himself and inhales, he goes into a frightful coughing spasm which gives him the appearance of a hopeless asthmatic.

He has a constant, engaging grin on his long, thin face, and his blue eyes are never without a twinkle. A perfect mimic, he can go into any routine after he's seen it once. He also plays a pretty sharp harmonica and hasn't a bad singing voice.

Among his other extra-curricular achievements is a complete mastery of double talk. On the train to Florida a year ago, he convulsed a carload of newspapermen when he acquired a conductor's cap several sizes too big for him and, rolling his eyes, mouthed a mess of mumbo-jumbo for hours. He had no alternative. The boys were playing poker in the section under his upper berth.

AN ardent devotee of swing music, McDermott, with his loose joints and lithe build, is one of the most graceful dancers in the baseball business. He likes to jive about occasionally, but he's much happier in an atmosphere of very soft lights and very sweet music. "Somebody once wrote that I like be-bop," Lefty indignantly bleated one day. "I definitely don't like be-bop. I think it stinks. I'm really an old-fashioned guy. I like to listen to Benny Goodman play and Perry Como sing. But be-bop? Phooey! That's for the younger generation."

He goes out with teen-age girls and always gets them home before midnight. Wherever he goes, he is mobbed by the younger set which hangs around the clubhouse entrance every day, ignoring the likes of Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Vern Stephens, and even handsome Jack Kramer. When the lanky McDermott emerges, usually with a hot dog in his hand and a toothy grin on his face, the girls howl and scream.

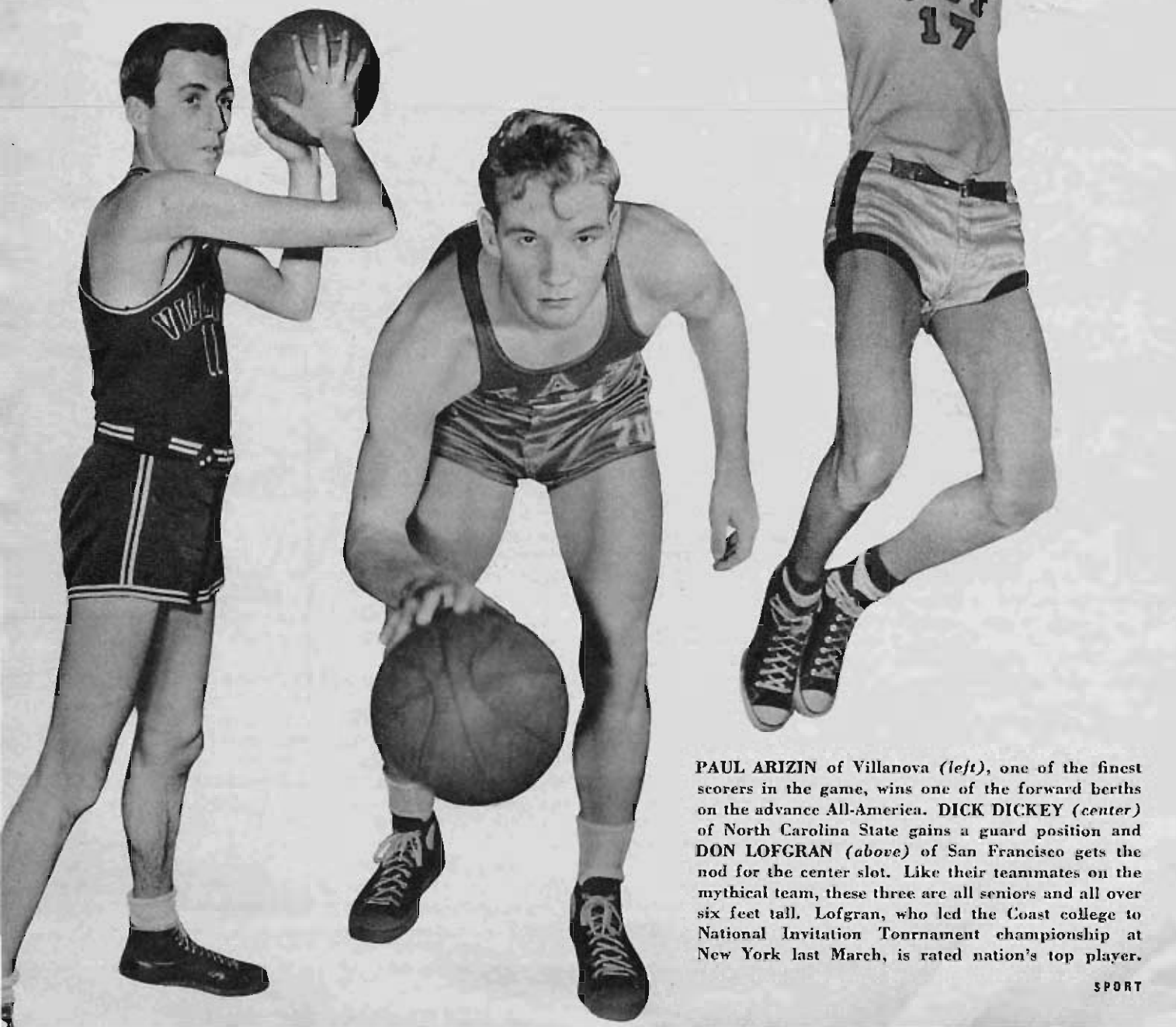
"Sometimes," Lefty says, laconically, "they faint."

Actually, McDermott isn't really interested in any of them, because he's been going with the same girl ever since his sophomore year at St. Patrick's High School in Elizabeth. She's a little brunette, more than a foot shorter than he is. Her name is (→ TO PAGE 85)

CRYSTAL-BALLING THE BASKETEERS

Sifting all the reports handed him by coaches and sportswriters from all parts of the country, a top radio expert predicts the new college cage heroes

By STAN LOMAX



PAUL ARIZIN of Villanova (*left*), one of the finest scorers in the game, wins one of the forward berths on the advance All-America. **DICK DICKEY** (*center*) of North Carolina State gains a guard position and **DON LOFGAN** (*above*) of San Francisco gets the nod for the center slot. Like their teammates on the mythical team, these three are all seniors and all over six feet tall. Lofgran, who led the Coast college to National Invitation Tournament championship at New York last March, is rated nation's top player.

NOBODY who is human can foretell accurately just what will happen in the future, but it's very human to try. Especially in the field of sport.

The success with which you can guess what the future holds is another matter, but this department's confidence was bolstered considerably by the results of last year's peek in the dark. You may recall that our first five crystal-ball choices for the '48-'49 season—Ed Macauley, Ralph Beard, Alex Groza, Kevin O'Shea, and George Kaftan—turned out pretty well. So why not, we reasoned, risk it again?

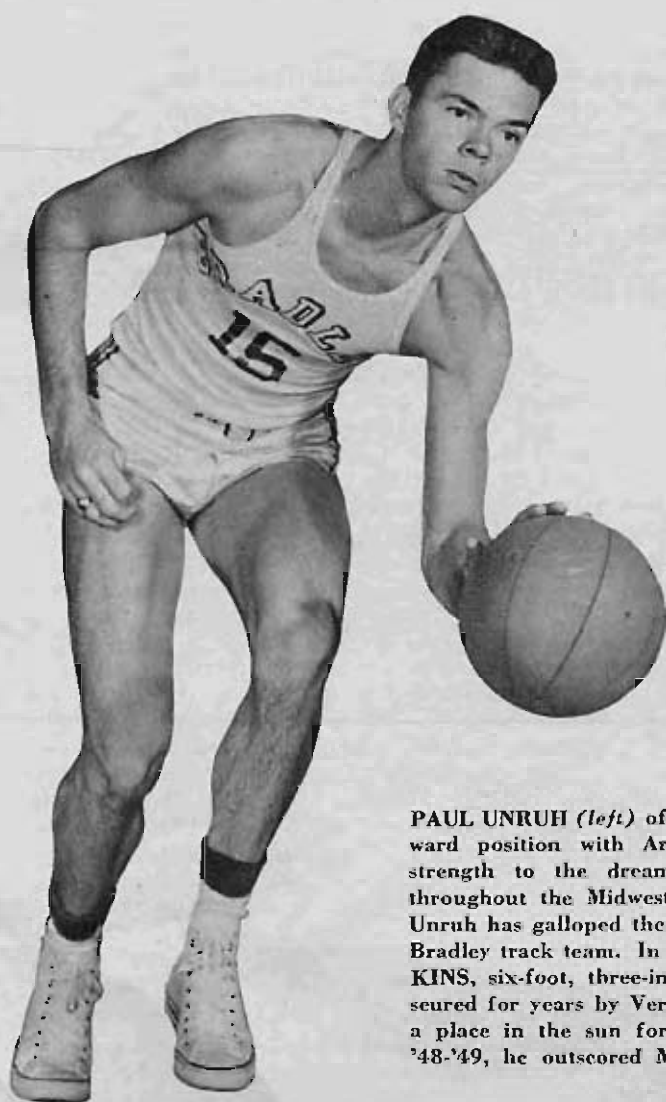
As was the case last year, the diligent researcher quickly discovers that the ranks of outstanding college basketball players are heavily loaded with centers. Like it or not, basketball today is primarily a tall man's game, and the the players with the greatest amount of physical equipment and natural talent tend to become centers. Take a look at last season's crop, for instance. Among the outstanding centers of the country were Macauley, Groza, Jack Kerris of Loyola, Don Lofgran of San Francisco, Charlie Share of Bowling Green, Vern Gardner of Utah, Ernie Vandeweghe of Colgate, and Vern Mikkelsen of Hamline. That's a tremendous array of talent to have competing for the same All-America berth.

The only solution (the one we used last year and intend to use again this year) is to deploy the centers throughout the lineup. If you were a coach, asked to pick an all-star lineup on which to risk your own

reputation, you certainly would not hesitate to choose more than one good big man just because of a distaste for stuffing your roster with centers. Our motto must, therefore, be that it's talent that counts.

Searching for that talent, our eyes fell upon five six-footers who appear to have everything a basketball coach could possibly want. Each man is tall, agile, sharp of eye, and (all of them are seniors) experienced. Each has proved himself to be not only a dangerous scorer but a steady, aggressive guard as well.

Take Paul Arizin, for instance. Six feet, three and a half inches tall, weighing 180 pounds, 21 years old, he is the mainstay of the fine Villanova College team that was good enough to be invited to the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden in New York last March. Arizin is in most respects a typical modern basketball star—rangy, fast, able to get the ball away in a hurry, possessing an uncanny gift for hitting the basket from every possible angle. In one regard, however, he is distinctly unusual. He never played basketball in high school, having made a school team for the



PAUL UNRUH (*left*) of Bradley Tech shares the forward position with Arizin and adds considerable strength to the dream squad's offense. Famous throughout the Midwest as an extremely fast man, Unruh has galloped the quarter-mile in 49.7 for the Bradley track team. In a guard station is **HAL HASKINS**, six-foot, three-inch star from Hamline. Obscured for years by Vern Mikkelsen, Haskins earned a place in the sun for his last college season. In '48-'49, he outscored Mikkelsen by a slim margin.



first time when he was a sophomore player in college.

Arizin is best known as a scorer of phenomenal proportions. He hit the headlines all over the country when he threw in the staggering total of 85 points for Villanova in an early-season game against the Philadelphia Naval Air quintet last year. That's the all-time one-game scoring record for a college player, although some critics do not like to count it as such because it was compiled against a non-collegiate opponent. With or without that record, however, Arizin compels attention. He had the second highest scoring average of any collegiate player in America last season, finishing right behind Tony Lavelli of Yale with a mark of 22 points per game in 27 games. Lavelli's average was 22.4.

Another Paul shares the forward positions with Arizin. He is Paul Unruh of Bradley Tech. Six feet, four inches tall, with 181 pounds distributed over all that length, Unruh has been one of Bradley's steadiest scorers. An Illinois native, coming from the town of Toulon, he is one of the fastest men playing college basketball today. He holds the all-time record for running the quarter-mile at Bradley, having hung up a sizzling 49.7 for the distance. Despite his speed, Paul is best known at Bradley for his amazing endurance. He plays almost all of every game—the "40-minute man," they call him—and never shows any signs of slowing up. Unruh's point total for the '48-'49 season was a fat 509. Broken down, it shows he averaged 14.5 points per game for 35 games. Not sensational, perhaps—but wouldn't you like to have him on *your* team?

The boy who holds down the center position on our dream team is, in our opinion, the No. 1 player in America today. He is Don Lofgran, the loose-limbed, high-tension powerhouse of the University of San Francisco. The coaches on the West Coast are unanimous in naming him as the best there is, and the Eastern coaches to whom I talked were equally convinced of the big fellow's value. Lofgran is six feet, six inches tall. He looks a bit on the stringbean side, being only 183 pounds heavy. He went to San Francisco from Grant

EDITORS' NOTE:

Radio and sports fans all over America are familiar with both the voice and the face of Stan Lomax. Ace WOR reporter, he is a specialist in basketball who rarely misses a major contest.



Tech in Oakland, California, where he had made a notable reputation as an all-around athlete. He hit the big time with an explosive bang last season when he led the Dons to the National Invitation Tournament championship—what an upset that was!—and was picked as the most valuable player in the competition.

Although he is a fiery, emotional competitor, Lofgran plays the game with astonishing poise. He is graceful, too, despite his exceedingly long frame, and his uncanny ability to throw the ball into the basket is matched by his deft touch on defense. Don doesn't foul out very often, which is a terrific asset. Nothing hurts a ball club more than the loss of its "big" man in the last hectic minutes of a crucial game. A major in Physical Education, Don wants to coach or play pro ball after he graduates. But the chances are that the pros will make him wait a while before he starts coaching.

The fourth member of our all-star quintet is a young man whose name must sound as familiar to college basketball fans as the name of Charlie Justice does to followers of football. He is Dick Dickey of North Carolina State, currently playing his fourth—that's right, fourth—season of varsity ball for Ev Case's talented Wolfpack. Around the State campus, they call Dickey "The Blond Bombshell" and they are not referring merely to his fair-haired good looks. Dickey can do everything on a basketball court and do it superlatively well. He didn't get the attention last year that he did in his freshman and sophomore campaigns, but that was due largely to the unfortunate fact that he was laid low by a virus infection just before State took off on one of its most important road trips. But Dickey and his one-hand jump shot will be heard from this year.

Rounding out the personnel of our mythical team is Hal Haskins of Hamline, a six-foot, three-inch, 190 pound athlete whose genius has been hidden under the shadow of Vern Mikkelsen for the last few years. Mikkelsen, the brilliant Pied Piper center who is now playing for the professional Minneapolis Lakers, was Hamline's principal publicity magnet. Rarely was there any black ink left over for Haskins. Yet, believe it or not, Haskins outscored his more illustrious teammate last year, 389 points to 328. Averaging 19.5 points per game, Hal proved himself a contortionist who could throw accurate shots from any angle, from any position. He is a grim, relentless competitor whose teammates nicknamed him "Emotionless." He is so good that the Lakers, who already have an arm out for him, are bragging at this early date that he will be the sensation of the pro league when they bring him up. He is, beyond any doubt, good enough to play on anybody's All-America team. I know he's good enough for mine, and then some.

The only trouble with picking a Crystal Ball team like this one is that it has room for only five men, and you can't possibly give places on one team to all the fine basketball players you have seen or have received



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"Your grades seem okay. What sport do you want to try?"

SECOND TEAM

JOHNNY
PILCH



WYOMING

JIM RIFFEY



TULANE

CHARLIE
SHARE



BOWLING
GREEN

BOB
COUSY



HOLY CROSS

BILLY JOE
ADCOCK



VANDERBILT

THIRD TEAM

WHITEY SKOOG	MINNESOTA
JOEL KAUFMAN	NYU
JACK SHELTON	OKLAHOMA A. and M.
KEVIN O'SHEA	NOTRE DAME
BILL SHARMAN	USC

FOURTH TEAM

JACK BROWN	SMU
BILL ERICKSON	ILLINOIS
LARRY FOUST	LA SALLE
CHARLIE COOPER	DUQUESNE
JIM LINE	KENTUCKY

HONORABLE MENTION

Sherman White, Long Island University; Jim Spivey, Kentucky; Gene Schnittker, Ohio State; Abe Becker, NYU; Jack McMahon, St. John's; Bob Lavoy, Western Kentucky; Zeke Sinicola, Niagara; Marcus Freiburger, Oklahoma; George Yardley, Stanford; Ed Gayda, Washington State; Paul Senesky, St. Joseph's; John Azary, Columbia; Don Rehfeldt, Wisconsin; Wally Osterkorn, Illinois; Bob Ambler, Arkansas.

reports on. Just look, if you will, at the talent on what we must for form's sake—call our second team—Johnny Pilch of Wyoming, tabbed by Oklahoma A. and M.'s wise Hank Iba as the very best in the country; Jim Riffey of Tulane; huge Charlie Share of perennially tough Bowling Green; Bob Cousy, the prestidigitator of Holy Cross; and Billy Joe Adcock, the Vanderbilt ace who is the No. 1 player in the Deep South.

Cousy, in particular, is hard to leave off the first team. Wiry, quick-moving, he is blessed with a sure pair of hands, and a furious will to win that makes him a formidable opponent. Under the graceful shadow of George Kaftan during his first two years at the Cross, Cousy emerged as a full-fledged star in his own right last year after Kaftan graduated in mid-term and joined the Boston Celtics. Cousy's forte is scoring. He is a good man in all departments but he excels on the attack. He gets rid of the ball in a hurry and he owns a repertoire of trick shots that bewilders everybody in the house—especially the weary guards who are trying to hang on his uniform shirt.

Holy Cross is not expected to be the powerhouse it used to be when Doggy Julian, now running the pro Celtics in Boston, had Kaftan, Cousy, O'Connell, and the others—but with Cousy, it will be tough.

Even the third and fourth team—and the honorable mention list—contain players of such undisputed brilliance that it seems shameful to differentiate between them. Look at Kevin O'Shea of Notre Dame, for instance. O'Shea is placed on the third team only because his trick knees make him such a doubtful quantity for all-season service. When you are measuring talent, O'Shea is just

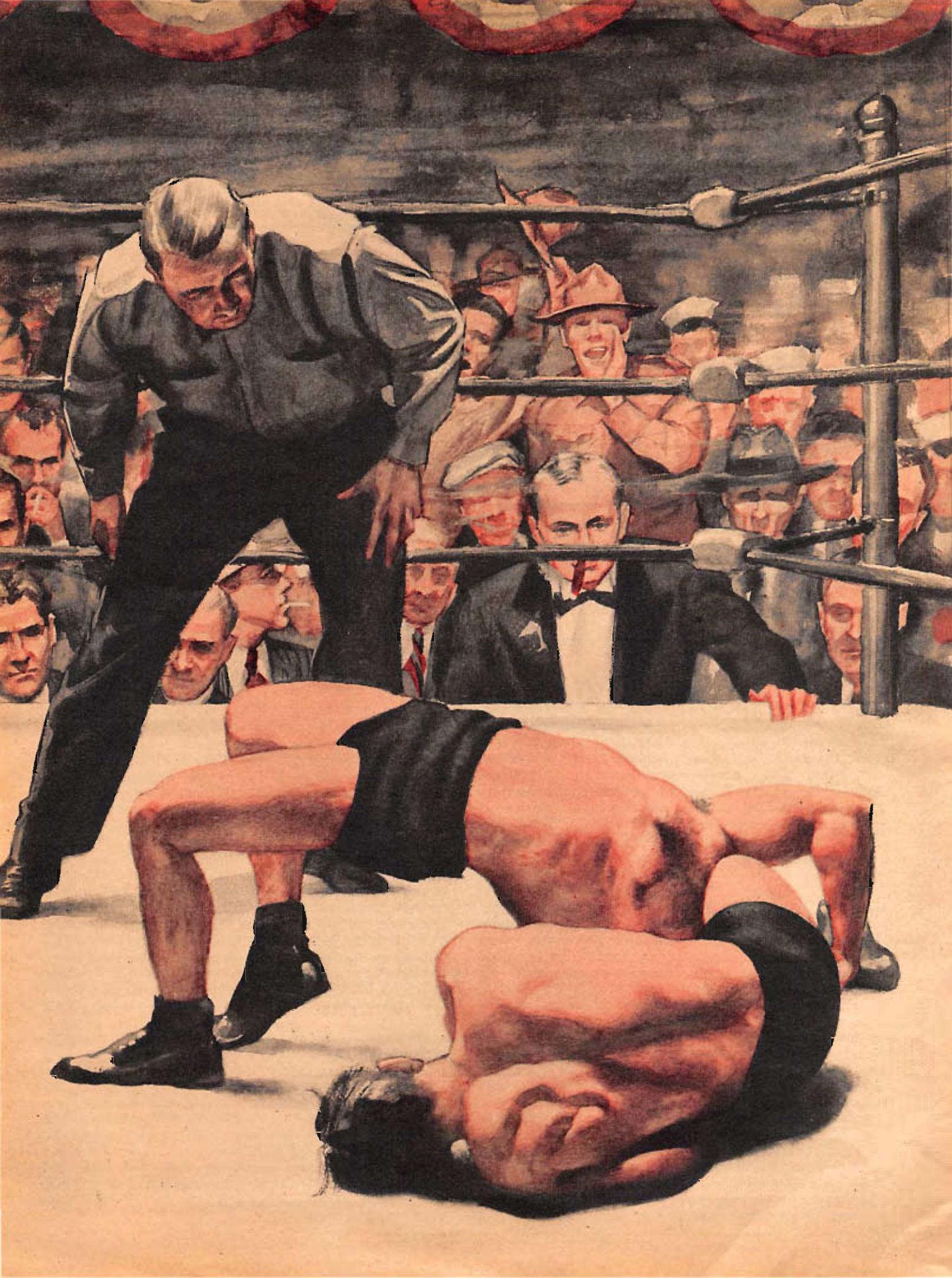
as big as the next guy. When his knees don't give him trouble, he can run away with your ball game before you realize it.

The point is, it doesn't really matter which team they happen to be put on in this wholly arbitrary lineup—these boys are the best. Watch them in action and keep an eye on the box scores of the games in which they are involved, and see if they don't hold up.

It is becoming increasingly possible each year to get a good line on the country's collegiate basketball talent. This is because the professional scouts do such a thorough job of combing the cities, the plains, and the hills for new blood. In the old days, before the professional version of the game became so popular (and so profitable) it was often difficult to find out much about the players on the smaller college teams. That's no longer the case. Now a classy forward on Inland State Teachers has every bit as good a chance of making All-America as the high-scoring center of Kentucky or Long Island University.

Furthermore, as you will notice when you study the personnel of the four teams we have selected, the small-college players do pretty well when it comes to grabbing their share of the honors. Which is as it should be. The All-America designation should be handed out for talent, not in recognition of the work of a high-powered publicity department. We have tried to the best of our ability to stick to that principle.

One thing we know for sure is that next year we're going to have to turn in the old crystal ball on a bigger one. These basketball players are so tall they stick right out the top!



ONE FOR THE BOOK

Wrestling has been under a dark cloud for such a long time that you tend to forget its great days. But anyone who remembers the spectacular Jack Curley can easily recall mat promotions that rivaled anything ever done in boxing. He operated on an international scale with flags waving, headlines shrieking, and customers storming the gates



By FRANK GRAHAM

JACK CURLEY, you could say without letting yourself in for contradiction, was a man of many parts. He was, among other things, a carnival guy, a copy boy in a newspaper office, a sparring partner for bum fighters, a press agent, a sportswriter, and a fight promoter. He began the promotional phase of his career with a small club in Chicago at the turn of the century and topped it off with the Johnson-Willard bout for the heavyweight championship at Havana in 1915. He promoted wrestling on an international scale and, by way of demonstrating his versatility as a showman, conducted three highly successful nationwide tours—one with Rudolph Valentino, one with Georges Carpentier, and one with the Vatican Choir.

Among his friends were Warren Harding; William Jennings Bryan; the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose assassination at Sarajevo touched off World War I; the Prince of Wales who now is called the Duke of Windsor; Pancho Villa, the affable but often trigger-happy Mexican brigand turned revolutionist; innumerable governors, generals, senators, and diplomats in this and many other countries; and hundreds of fighters, managers, newspapermen, cops, robbers, and, of course, wrestlers.

Many, varied, and far-flung though his activities were, he is best remembered as a wrestling promoter, and his association with this sport was one for the book. It

began in Chicago in 1894 and ended only with his death in New York on July 12, 1937. Although other interests claimed him from time to time, the grapplers were his favorites, always. In that field, he was so much the best at his peak that none of the others could be compared to him. Yet he was to know the day, more's the pity, when the hungry, greedy little men who crawled about him would drag him down almost—but never quite—to their level.

In the time when Curley first knew it, wrestling was not the shoddy burlesque it is today. It was taken as seriously as prize-fighting and the great wrestlers were public heroes, even as were the fighters. William Muldoon . . . Ernest Roeber . . . Frank Gotch . . . Tom Jenkins . . . Evan (the original Strangler) Lewis . . . Farmer Burns . . . George Bothner . . . Harvey Parker . . . George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion . . . Yussif the Turk . . . these were wrestlers, not buffoons. Every great city had its favorites and Chicago had many. Curley, although he may be said to have grown up in prize-fighting, saw an opportunity for a young and imaginative promoter in wrestling and seized it.

Ten years of successful operations in and about Chicago and he was looking for new and broader fields in which to operate. What was more natural than that, being young and imaginative, he should go to Europe, where the sport was ages old and (→ TO PAGE 92)

The peak of Curley's career as a wrestling promoter came in 1920 when he packed the old Garden for the Caddock-Stecher match.

MEET THE RED-HOT

Struggling to fight their way out of the rut in which they've been mired for so long, New York's embattled ice legions are following the lead of a couple of kids—Allan Stanley and Pentti Lund

LET'S say you are the manager of a big-league hockey team—the New York Rangers, for example—and you are rooting for one of your constituents to win the Calder Trophy as the year's outstanding rookie in the National Hockey League. Your candidate is Allan Herbert Stanley, who is big and blue-eyed and handsome, and something remarkable as a defenseman. He comes to town amid hoopla and hurrah because he is the central figure in the biggest hockey deal since 1930. The Rangers shell out some \$60,000 in loot and players to gain his presence in the lineup. It proves worthwhile too, for the Rangers go on a spree and win five of their next six games. As sure as your name is Frank Boucher, pilot of the Rangers, you tell the gentlemen of the press:

"There's nobody can touch him. He's a natural. He may rank with the great back-line men of hockey history. If he doesn't win the Calder Trophy, I will demand a recount."

Boucher says this straight-faced, without the slightest trace of bluff. He means it too. But when the season ends and the boys cast their Calder Trophy ballots, something goes wrong. A fellow named Pentti Lund wins the cup,

ALLAN STANLEY

Key man in the biggest hockey deal of the decade, the 190-pound defenseman lived up to most of his press notices.

RANGERS' ROOKIES

By
BARNEY NAGLER

plus the \$1,000 that goes with it. And the strangest part of it is that Boucher really can't say a thing because, lo and behold, Mr. Pentti Lund is also a member of his team, a 24-year-old left wing who gathered 31 points in the balloting. The man in second place? Allan Herbert Stanley, of course, with 19 points.

All this came to pass at the end of the 1948-'49 season. It was only natural that it should happen this way. Fate, in its singular way, has paired Stanley and Lund for some time. They are an odd combination, a symbolical Prince Charming and the Ugly Duckling. There's Stanley, confident, quick-witted, sharp. And then there's Lund, Finnish-born, deliberate of manner, refined of language. Yet they go together, like Scotch and soda. They were in the Canadian Navy as training mates, played on the Boston Olympics together, and came up to the New York Rangers in the same season.

Lund came along quietly at the beginning of the season, left over from the nasty bit of by-play which ended with Billy Taylor of the Rangers expelled from hockey forever because he had bet on the outcome of

PENTTI LUND

Though his arrival in the Ranger camp caused much less of a stir, he romped off with the rookie-of-the-year award.



a few games. Taylor had been acquired from the Boston Bruins the year before in exchange for Knobby Warwick. The Bruins, gracious in their dealings, had promised to send along a lesser player. They shipped Lund, who was their property, to the Rangers from the Hershey Bears. He went quietly, all 190 pounds of him, and arrived the same way. Nobody paid him much mind.

It wasn't so when brawny, blond, bright-eyed Mr. Stanley came upon the New York scene. The date was December 9, 1948. The day before, in Providence, Rhode Island, where he was playing with the Reds, Stanley was called to the Auditorium by coach Terry Reardon. As he walked into the Auditorium, Reardon welcomed him.

"H'ya, big-leaguer!" Reardon shouted.

"What's that?" Stanley demanded. "What's this big-leaguer business?"

Reardon gave Stanley the details. The Rangers had given Louis A. R. Pieri, owner of the Providence Reds, two players, forward Eddie Kullman and defenseman Elwin Morris, plus cash estimated at \$30,000, in exchange for Stanley. Four other players from the Ranger lists were to go to Providence later as part of the same transaction.

Stanley said goodbye to Reardon and rushed to get the first plane to New York. On the way out of town, he met a friend. "You know," he said, "it's funny, but ever since I was a kid in Timmins, I've been dreaming about going up to the National League. I wanted it, never had any doubt about it. Now that it's happened, the zing I expected is gone. It's funny, you want something for years and when you get it, you aren't so sure you want it very much after all."

With his valedictory finished, Stanley left Providence to shift for itself. He went down to New York town and, half an hour after his arrival, was rushed to speak at a meeting of the New York Hockey Writers' Association in a spaghetti parlor off Broadway. Another lad would have faltered in the stretch. Not Mr. Stanley. Not only was his appetite unimpaired, but so were his tonsils. He spoke right out to the writin' folk.

"I'm going to work hard for my parents, for myself, and for the Rangers," he said. The words were touching indeed. So moved were the sports reporters, who are generally given to the stiletto and the snide retort, that one of the toughest of them reported the next day: "If Stanley can play as well as he speaks, Frank Boucher has a prize package in his possession today."

He wasn't far from right. As the Rangers trained for the current season at Lake Placid, New York, this Fall, Stanley was being called "Second Prize." The accolade of "First Prize" went to Mr. Lund. The Finn from Port Arthur, Ontario, took it in all good grace, as he does most everything else.

Lund, who is three months older than Stanley, learned early in life to take it calmly. At six, when most kids

are toddling to school, he traveled 5,000 miles from Finland to Montreal, Canada, where he joined his emigrant parents. In his care on the long journey was his four-year-old brother, Meikko, or Conrad, now a forward with the Indianapolis Caps.

While Lund was on this Odyssey, Stanley was on the verge of learning to ice skate in Timmins, Ontario, a town of 30,000 population, 500 miles due North by land from Toronto and midway to Hudson Bay.

In time, the Lund family made its way to Port Arthur, Ontario, another town of 30,000 population, also 500 miles from Toronto, but across Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Pentti soon caught up to Stanley in so far as ice-skating was concerned. He smiles when he tells how he learned to skate. "The kid next door—a girl—had skates and outgrew them. I took them over," he

recalls. "They were at least a size too big and they were the high-button type, lacing above the ankles. But they served me well. I used them for two years and got the fundamentals of hockey on them. That girl really was a good skate to let me have them."

In line with the inevitable worship of the classroom, both Stanley and Lund were exposed to education. Stanley got through secondary school, graduating from the Timmins High and Vocational School. Lund didn't make it. He doesn't speak about it, either, preferring instead merely to say he attended the Port Arthur Technical and Commercial High School.

Stanley got into upper-crust hockey before Lund. In 1945, chief scout Baldy Cotton of the Boston

hockey hierarchy, discovered Stanley in Timmins. It was only natural, inasmuch as Stanley's uncle was Barney Stanley, a star in the fabulous days of big-league hockey in Western Canada. Young Stanley, then only 17, was tapped for the Boston Olympics. He was in Beantown for two years and then was measured for a new uniform—the blue of His Majesty's Canadian Navy. He was assigned for training to HMCS Griffon. It was at this time that he met Lund.

They had more than hockey as their denominator. Their other common meeting-ground was gin rummy. Stanley was Lund's private fall guy. "It was wonderful how regularly he beat me," Stanley remembers. "I was a bold guy. I never said die. I kept going in there with him every chance I had. It was always the same. I came out bloody but unbowed. Generally, I also was broke. Boy, could he play gin rummy!"

Stanley's regard for Lund wasn't confined to the pasteboards. The two played on the Griffon's hockey team in all-Canada junior competition for the Memorial Cup, which goes to the best junior sextet in the Dominion. The Griffon's team was a well-coordinated outfit, sparked mostly by Lund's stick-handling. It won its district championship and was on the verge of playing in the sectional elimination when the (→ TO PAGE 80)



IT HAPPENED IN

December



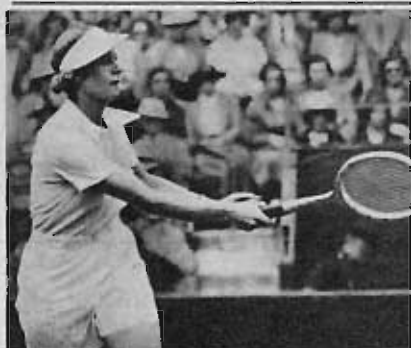
Wide World
Arthur (Dizzy) Vance, sensational hurler for the Brooklyn Dodgers, was voted Most Valuable Player in the NL.



International
Arne Borg, Swedish swimmer, covered 500 meters in the world record time of six minutes, 19 and three-fourth seconds.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (1924)

At Madison Square Garden before 13,000, Tommy Gibbons knocked out Kid Norfolk in the sixth round. . . . Reggie McNamara, vet Australian rider, and Peter Van Kempen of Holland were the winners in the 37th six-day bicycle race at New York. . . . In basketball, the Passaic (N. J.) High School team scored its 149th straight victory by whipping Jamaica (L.I.) High, 63-36.



Acme
Alice Marble was named leading woman athlete of the year after her victories in both the National singles and doubles.



International
Nile Kinnick, U. of Iowa star, was awarded the Heisman Memorial Trophy, won by Davey O'Brien in 1938.

TEN YEARS AGO (1939)

The Green Bay Packers won their fifth professional football title by trouncing the New York Giants, 27-0, before 32,000 at Milwaukee. . . . Sammy Snead took the \$10,000 Miami Open golf tourney with a nine-under-par 271. . . . Santa Clara whipped CCNY, 52-30, in basketball. . . . Tennessee beat Auburn, 7-0, to finish its grid season unbeaten, untied, and unscored on.



Acme
Harold Green (left) defeated Rocky Graziano in 10 rounds before a crowd of 10,237 at Madison Square Garden.



Wide World
Maurice Richard set a NHL record, scoring five goals and three assists as the Canadiens whipped Detroit, 9-1.

FIVE YEARS AGO (1944)

Glenn Davis raced 50 yards to score one of the touchdowns as Army walloped Navy, 23-7, for its ninth victory of the year. . . . Welker Cochran took the three-cushion billiard title from Willie Hoppe by a 50-44 margin at the Hotel Capitol in New York. . . . Happy Issue won the fifth running of the \$75,000 added Hollywood Gold Cup at Inglewood, California.



International
Captain Tom Hamilton accepted the post as athletic director at University of Pittsburgh after a 25-year Navy career.

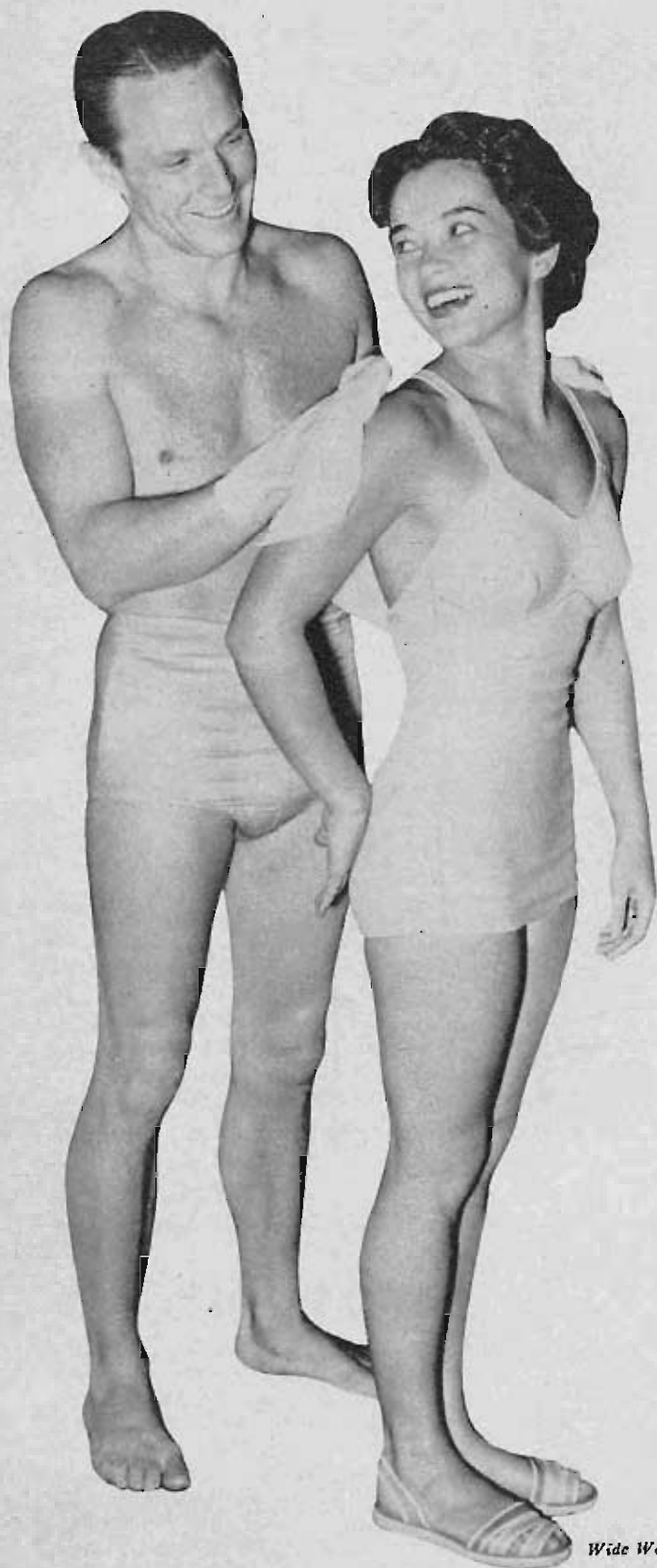


Acme
Southern Cal held Notre Dame's unbeaten, untied team to a 14-14 deadlock at the Coliseum in Los Angeles.

ONE YEAR AGO (1948)

In a driving snowstorm at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, the Eagles won the NFL title over the Chicago Cardinals by a 7-0 margin. Steve Van Buren scored in the fourth quarter. . . . Bruce Woodcock was declared the winner on a foul claim in his bout with Lee Savold at Harringay Arena in London. . . . Stan Musial was named the NL's Most Valuable for the third time.

THE UPHILL FIGHT



Vicki and Lyle Draves started out as a pupil-coach combination.



Acme

In her early days of AAU competition, Vicki did her training for most swim meets after an eight-hour day as a stenographer.

By JOHNNY CUMMINGS

Behind the heralded Olympic victories and exhibition appearances of America's beautiful diving queen is an untold story of her long battle with prejudice in amateur swimming

As a sports critic, Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante has all the qualifications of a plumber trying to fix a pipe organ. But The Nose knows an amazing situation when he sees one. Recently, Durante was lounging beside a Hollywood pool, where photographers were shooting some fancy-diving sequences. What he saw left the comedian baffled.

"It's confusin'!" he grated, pointing to the high-diving tower. "Tell me, gents, howzat puny little thing gonna jump off that percipice widout breakin' her neck? Why, she's only a piece of brac-a-bric! We're about to witness a catastroscope!"

They explained to Durante, who was more serious than clowning, that Vicki Draves doesn't need a double. "She's the best high-diver in the business," they told him. "She's the Olympic champion."

While the crowd watched goggle-eyed, Vicki poised on her tiny toes. She was two stories above water-level. In her bandana-size swim suit, she looked about as rugged as a creampuff. But when she flung her rhyth-

Wide World

OF VICKI DRAVES



International

By winning the springboard and tower events in the '48 Olympics, Vicki became the first girl to take both diving crowns.



Wide World

Vicki (left) is the star attraction of Buster Crabbe's Aqua Parade which also features her sister, Connie, Lyle, and Crabbe.

mically-curved five feet, one and five-eighths inches and 108 pounds off the tower, she seemed to explode in midair. She did an intricate series of flips, spins, and twists that no eye could completely follow. She seemed sure to hit the tank contorted like a pretzel. But at the last second, she snapped out of it and cut the water as smoothly as an otter diving for a fish.

"That's a cutaway two-and-one-half somersault," explained one of the legitimate experts. "Vicki is the only woman in the world who can do that dive."

Durante blinked and wagged his head. "Whaddaya know?" he ejaculated. "I'm agog! Why, say, I betya she could make a livin' doing that!"

For once that afternoon, Schnozz was correct. She can make a living at it. In fact, the living is such that the present women's springboard and tower-diving world's champion, now turned professional, is collecting the highest salary ever paid a feminine splash artist. Feature attraction of Buster Crabbe's nationally-touring Aqua Parade, the petite beauty, who looks as if a light breeze would whisk her off the platform, is close to the \$1000-a-week category. And, with something like thirty weeks of barnstorming from the Atlantic Coast to Hawaii on her 1949 slate, she is a dead cinch to finish the season this Winter a rich young woman.

In every way—competitively, financially, and sentimentally—little Victoria Manalo Draves, the dusky-skinned outsider they once laughed at and said could never make the grade, is the year's biggest story in water sports. Fans know that she was a sensation in the 1948 Olympics, the first woman in the history of the games to win both diving crowns. Aside from young Bob Mathias, she was the most colorful personality the U.S. team produced. But few people know the hushed-up story behind her astonishing victories. There is far more to the tale than just the Olympic gold medals, the

prized Crabbe contract, and the lucrative bids to endorse everything from toenail polish to toilet water.

Today, inside the aquatic world, Vicki's friends are doing ecstatic nip-ups. They'll tell you that never before in AAU history has anyone had such a delightful last laugh as versatile Vicki. Shy, demure, unpretentious, she is too good a winner ever to rejoice publicly over her poetic revenge. "She's as sweet inside as she is outside," say the Draves rooters. "You'll never hear her crow. But we will, brother, because it's long overdue."

To state the facts, big-time AAU swimming and diving is shot through with deep-seated jealousies. Politics enters, too. For one thing, girl performers need chaperones, which sets up brisk behind-scenes battling for juicy free trips around the country and abroad. Coaches of famous clubs raid each other's rosters. Officials wrangle over honors. And, with the potential professional dough always temptingly dangled, the girls sometimes pull hair in the showers and spread unlovely stories about each other. Their mammas, ambitious matrons, have sharp claws, too, when national titles are at stake.

Vicki never pulled hair in her life, or even stepped on anyone's toes. The most she ever asked was a fair shake in coaching and the same pool privileges given the other girls. For a lot of bitter, disillusioning years, she got neither.

Why was that? The answer may come as a jolt to those who see in aquatic carnivals only things of charm and grace. Vicki Draves, born Vicki Manalo, is half-Filipino. That fact, alone, was almost enough to wreck her diving career. Only the lucky accident of her meeting with Lyle Draves and their subsequent marriage in 1946 prevented it. At one morbid period, she was ready to junk her talents on the 14-foot plank and be satisfied with a small-paying job as a stenographer.

Though it is often roundly denied, the social barrier is there in swimming, as much as in any sport. Jealousy and politics are only minor hazards. The toughest one is that of class distinction. Ever see a Negro or a Japanese girl making off with the hardware in a national meet? True, there's no specific rule that states you must be 100 percent Anglo-Saxon to compete. But try to get the proper coaching, conditioning, and facilities if you're from the wrong side of the color line. Vicki found that out. How she licked the barrier and emerged a \$1000-a-week star is both a triumph for the American system and one of the most satisfying stories in swim history.

Vicki's parents formed a combination not uncommon on the Pacific Coast. Her father, a hard-working, well-liked chef at such establishments as the Presidio of San Francisco, was a Filipino. He died in 1946, before he could see his daughter vindicated. Vicki's mother, whose maiden name is Taylor, was an English immigrant. The family, composed of three girls and a boy, fell below the medium-income bracket.

TWIN DAUGHTERS were born to the Manalos on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1924. Consuelo (Connie) was born about 15 minutes ahead of Vicki. The girls grew up to be raving beauties—dark, shapely, and athletic. Connie, four inches taller than Vicki, was so exotic-looking that she was mobbed by suitors. Now Connie Hoover, she is married to an Air Force pilot who flew the Berlin airlift. She's the mother of a beautiful, blonde-haired girl—named Vicki, in honor of her celebrated aunt. While twin sister Vicki loved diving, Connie became a stellar backstroker. Today, she performs in a tandem act with Lyle Draves in the Aqua Parade.

"But Vicki had all the ambition for both of us," says Connie. "I was too lazy to work hard. Vicki couldn't get enough of the diving board from the very first."

Of all those who best know and most admire Vicki Draves, the foremost spot must go to Captain (also Doctor) Sammy Lee. He is a fabulous mite who is the men's Olympic tower-diving champ, a captain and ear-nose-throat specialist in the U. S. Army Medical Corps, and a lad who had to combat precisely the same basic problem as Vicki. One of the greatest male plungers of them all, Lee is a Korean. And he comes from a poor family. Outspokenly, angrily, he tells you of what

that meant to him, and what it meant to his close friend, Vicki, to be half-Filipino.

"I know the story best because I lived it with her," Sammy told the writer in a Los Angeles hotel room not long ago. "The kid went through hell. So did I. Now she's the champ and they're all coming around to pat her back and say, 'See, I told you you'd make it.' Like hell they did! Plenty of them were against Vicki, because they saw she would be dangerous once she developed and might upset the established stars. She was blocked, shoved aside, discouraged, and even advised to quit. Thank God she didn't, because what she accomplished proves that this is still a great country we're living in."

Typically, Captain Lee doesn't add that he matched Vicki in proving the point with brilliant national and Olympic wins in 1948. He does cite one of his own experiences as an example of what Vicki encountered in trying to get ahead.

"The first time they gave me the business was when I was just beginning to win in the big meets," divulges Sammy. "I was invited to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, a swank spot, to do an exhibition. Later, they called up and advised me not to come. I asked why. They said that some of their guests might—ah—object."

"Later, when I became national champ, they invited me back, this time without reservations. I told 'em what to do with their invitation. I told 'em that I was still the same old Chinaman and some of the guests might object. They blubbered apologies all over the place, but they never got Lee to do an exhibition."

Lee is authority for this parallel incident:

"There is a well-known athletic club in San Francisco which is controlled by wealthy men of social importance. Vicki once put on an exhibition there. It drew a packed house. Her father tried to get standing room that night. He wasn't dressed up and he was a non-white. They turned him away. From his own daughter's show! Vicki has never since dived there and the same goes for me."

It was in San Francisco in 1941 that Vicki broke into diving and learned some ugly truths about life. A Commerce High student there, she had always been popular, accepted by everyone. At parties, she did a tricky little adagio number that required unusual balance and timing. Jack Lavery, a local college diver, saw it and introduced her as possible springboard (→ TO PAGE 91)

Wide World



As a professional, Vicki now collects the highest salary ever paid a female diver. Her beauty and talent are a big draw.



In the show, Vicki executes the difficult cutaway two-and-one-half somersault into the big portable pool used by the troupe.



Vicki's graceful charm and her pretty face and figure make her the most glamorous water queen since the days of Eleanor Holm.

Exclusive Kodachrome for SPORT by Jack Zehrt

A HEAVYWEIGHT NAMED

A non-belligerent first name and a touch of college education aren't going to stand in LaStarza's way. He's determined to wear the most coveted crown in the prize ring

By LEWIS BURTON

IT'S morning—any morning—at a nondescript corner grocery in the Italian-populated Van Nest section of the Bronx in New York. The store is the forerunner of the modern super-market, with butcher shop, dairy, packaged foods, vegetable bins all crowded together. Behind a heavily laden counter, a solid-looking young man with rumped brown hair and alert brown eyes asks, "What can I do for you?"

No matter what you answer, he can oblige. He can do anything from sawing off a T-bone steak to socking your head loose.

This is the young fellow to whom some boxing writers turned their thoughts the June night in Chicago when Ezzard Charles outlasted Jersey Joe Walcott and gained the National Boxing Association's recognition as world heavyweight champion. The next day, one of the more

Roland (below) helps out in the family grocery in the Bronx section of New York City when he's not training for a bout.

International



famous, Bill Corum, said in his column which appears in the *New York Journal-American* and elsewhere: "I must feel that a kid in N. Y. named Roland LaStarza would . . . have knocked both fighters . . . flatter than a flapjack."

Suggesting the idea of a heavyweight ruler named Roland is, of course, revolutionary. Jim, John, Jack, Gene, Bob, Joe—yes. But Roland? Maybe yes, maybe no. Probably no. Nevertheless, by that time LaStarza had run up 31 straight victories. Since then, he has added a few more. He is about to graduate from the role of prospect to that of factor. He attained the status of a Madison Square Garden headliner last Winter. Generally, he has realized some of the future forecast for him a year ago in *SPORT*.

Can LaStarza, contaminated by two years of college education, become heavyweight titleholder—succeed to the throne held by Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey, Tunney, and Louis—but never by a college man? The odds are against it, as they almost always are for heavyweight contenders. Still, Roland demands special study because he is being freely nominated and cautiously handled. Whether he succeeds or fails, there may be lessons future aspirants can learn from him.

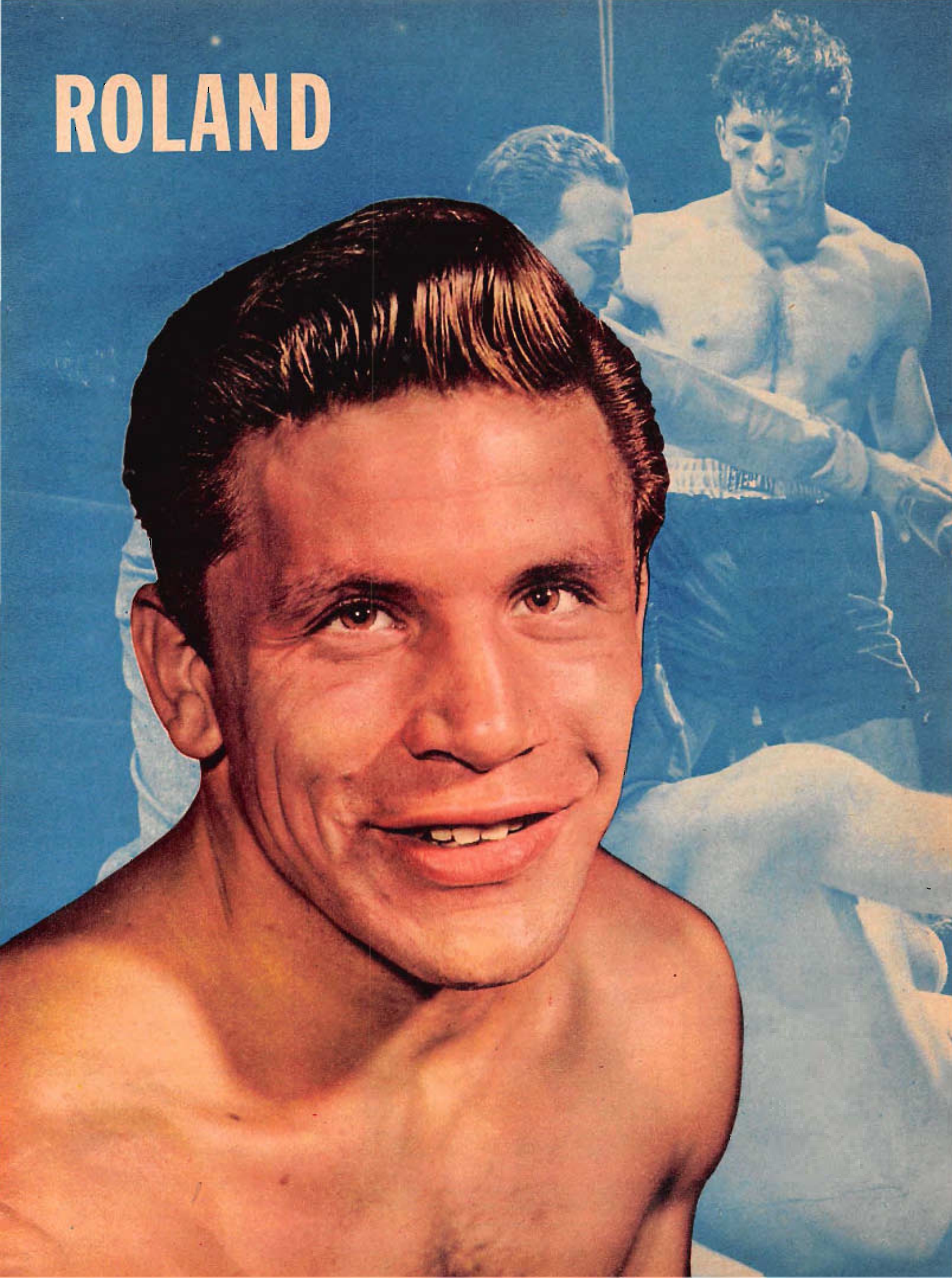
Dismiss for a moment the moods and complexes that help make a man, and this is LaStarza: He is aged 22, a son of Italian-born parents, the "baby" in a family of three children. He's a well-proportioned, bulgy-muscled 185 pounds, give or take a couple; stands five feet, ten and a half inches. He takes care of his body proudly. He's a powerful puncher, fast with both hands. He won 35 of 36 amateur bouts. He is unbeaten in a similar number of pro bouts. He attended the College of the City of New York two years, interrupted by 18 months in the Army. He isn't married and he hasn't got a girl.

I canvassed opinion on his chances. The view I liked best was offered by heavyweight Lee Oma of Detroit, a constantly reforming renegade. Oma, with 16 years experience, is just about as smart in the ring as any fighter to be found. Last Spring, LaStarza began a regular diet of boxing with him to pick up whatever he could from the ring-wise Oma's vast fund of tricks. (→ TO PAGE 44)

After two years at CCNY, LaStarza quit when his fight pay started to grow. He's a kayo puncher but lacks experience.

Exclusive Kodachrome SPORTrait by International

ROLAND



(—> FROM PAGE 42) "When he gets through boxing me the first day," Oma complained, "he says, 'Thanks very much, Lee.' What sort of a guy is that? He must have an inferiority complex. He should feel he's better than me if he's any sort of a fighter. He should expect me to come over and say thanks. He don't have to play second fiddle to anyone.

"What he needs is more meanness. You got to be mean to be a great fighter.

"But he's got enough stuff to beat Lee Savold, Joe Baksi, and Bruce Woodcock. I'll stack him up against Woodcock any time. It'll take a very fast man who can box to beat him. Ezzard Charles is too fast for him—but if this kid keeps getting more ferocious and gets mean and gets over that 'thank you' stuff, he can be world's champion."

After three months, Oma announced that his pupil's rights over the heart threatened to reactivate an old injury and he decreed that the tutelage was over. LaStarza was able to look back on the post-graduate course in clout with a chuckle of delight. He had learned something of the art of feinting and pushing. When he started with Oma, his first reaction was discouragement. He'd fire away, miss, and wonder why. Then he observed how Oma would tip him off balance with a flick of a glove on the shoulder, and do it so subtly that it went unnoticed by the victim. LaStarza can do that, too, now.

Ray Arcel, an astute man-about-rings who seconded almost half of Joe Louis' challengers, faults LaStarza on two counts: first, he isn't tall enough; second, he hasn't yet developed keen "ring sense." Arcel added that they were handicaps which could be overcome and expressed a belief Roland can surmount them.

The quality known as "ring sense"—resourcefulness, trickery, and the ability to "use the ring"—can be developed only through experience. Some have more to start with than others, and some learn quicker than others, but it is chiefly a product of seasoning. Excellent prospects too often pay the penalty of being rushed into top-flight competition before they've had that essential background. Jimmy DeAngelo, LaStarza's ardent manager, is to be given credit for not making that mistake, so far, in the face of accusations that he's rearing Roland on pop-downs. On the whole, they've been set-ups only because LaStarza made them so.

Although height is a desirable advantage for a heavyweight, Bob Fitzsimmons, champion from 1897 to 1899, measured exactly the same as Roland and was 10 pounds lighter. Tommy Burns, the title claimant between Jeffries and Johnson, stood only five feet, seven inches. In more modern days, Mickey Walker demonstrated that ability can be an offset to inches for campaigning effectively among the heavies. But it is true that Fitzsimmons and Burns, have been the only heavyweight bosses since Sullivan to measure less than six feet.

There are people who hold that politeness is an incurable disease for a fistfighter. LaStarza is not among them.

As a man exposed to two years of CCNY before turning professional, he has the college student's attitude toward many things. No heavyweight since the days of Gene Tunney has been more systematic in preparation to become a ring success. He believes meanness can be acquired and he is working at it.

For a while, he reserved the possibility of returning to college and completing work for a bachelor's degree in physical education. He reasoned that you go to college to learn how to make a living, but he found his fists doing the trick. In two years up to the start of last Summer, he cleared \$7,000 from boxing after payment of managerial and training expenses. A \$3,600 purse for stopping Gino Buonvino at Madison Square Garden had been his peak gross pay.

With the prospect of much better days in the ring, he gave up thoughts of resuming formal education. He found that ferocity began to come easier because the die was cast. There was no going back. Each opponent suddenly became an obstacle bent on making him a failure—a menace to his future that must be beaten down.

Last June 27, at Coney Island Stadium in New York, he found he actually could hate an opponent. He met Herschel Haft, a refugee from an Austrian concentration camp whose fierce determination made up for a lack of ring savvy. To Haft, hardened in a school where death was the price of softness, a fight was a fight. He flew out of his corner and rammed LaStarza with his head. His arms whirled like a windmill. In a clinch, with Roland's left arm out straight, he yanked at the elbow in a manner suggesting he wouldn't mind breaking it.

For two rounds, LaStarza's efforts were paralyzed by his anger. Then he proceeded to rip and tear. By the fourth, when he landed with a stiff left jab, a crunching right cross, and a sharp hook, Haft could take no more. He crumpled, arose at the count of four, and went down again. The referee stopped the brawl. Haft and his manager argued that he voluntarily went down the second time to take full advantage of the nine seconds allowed him. They said they wanted it to continue.

The suggestion galvanized LaStarza. He began to shed his ring robe with the ardor of a kid yanking off his jacket for a street fight. His handlers had to hurry him out of the ring. The grapevine between dressing rooms

brought word that Haft wanted to battle it out in private. Enraged again, Roland was plowing through the door before DeAngelo applied a restraining arm-lock and pacified him with threats of disciplinary action by the New York State Athletic Commission.

Such a typically Latin display of temper isn't normal for LaStarza. He needs more deep-down villainy, and there's a question whether it can be acquired, since he is a good-natured, disciplined product of a well-ordered home.

Actually, he is only one step removed from the delivery-boy days in his parents' store. The day before last Christmas, Manager DeAngelo visited their little market to extend his holiday (—> TO PAGE 86)



"He's pounded some sense into me.
Ten minutes ago I wasn't afraid of him."

F — R — N — K — A

spells power at Tulane



Wide World

Frnka's players appreciate his passion for winning football games.

Behind the construction work that built the new Green Wave football dynasty is a quiet, efficient coach with an unpronounceable name

By
TOM SILER
and
STAN OPOTOWSKY

IN cosmopolitan New Orleans, Louisiana, some four years ago, the football faithful picked up their newspapers one day and read that Tulane University had signed a new coach, fellow by the name of Henry Frnka. It looked like a typographical error. It wasn't. And the victory-hungry satellites of Tulane discovered, in due time, that there was no mistake in the move.

Tulane expected miracles, or, rather the alumni did. And Henry, who throws an extra "a" into that weird surname to make it "Franka" when he pronounces it, was fresh out of miracles. The football assignment was tough enough, but the reconstruction project was barely underway when Frnka was knocked down on his own goal line by a staggering personal tragedy—the death of his eldest son, Henry, Jr., 17-year-old prep school star, who died, ironically, of head injuries received in a football game.

At first, Frnka, considered giving up the profession, the game he loved so much. Everything he did on the practice field, every game, every maneuver, the atmosphere in which he worked day and night brought back the agonizing reminder of his loss. Meanwhile, Southeastern Conference rivals, as well as outsiders, were eating his team alive. It was a ghastly ordeal—that Autumn of 1946—in the life of Henry Frnka.

And no one could blame him for wondering if he hadn't blundered when he gave up a secure job at Tulsa for the prestige and money (\$15,000 a year) at Tulane. The Green Wave's '46 record showed only three victories against six bruising defeats, some of them by humiliating margins. The next year, after another diet of unhappy Saturdays in New Orleans, the impatient wolves were gnawing at the coach's heels with "Fire Frnka" clubs.

But the tacit tactician was due to pay off, just as Frnka always pays off. And last season, Tulane soared back into football prominence with a real powerhouse that lost only one game. It was shunted out of an Orange Bowl invitation only because Georgia refused to accept Frnka's team as a New Year's Day opponent. And they had a national hero in fullback Eddie Price to cheer about. Price, a stocky, hard-running ball carrier, was second among the collegians in rushing last Fall. He piled up 1178 yards in 10 games. And in Tulane's convincing 28-14 triumph over Alabama in the '49 opener, the rugged fullback put on a spectacular show of running power, bulling his way 149 yards against the Tide.

Frnka's success is not simply the case of a shrewd professor of football developing all of his students into *cum laudes*. Rather, it's that (—→ TO PAGE 47)



(—> FROM PAGE 45) of a great industrialist—in the South they take football seriously; you know—marshalling every available force to build a better elephant trap. When this fellow Frnka buckles down to work, he really works.

The pudgy man with the grey-speckled brown hair reached national prominence during five years as head coach at Tulsa University. Five bowl games in five years was his record there, and it didn't take long for bigger offers to filter his way. But Frnka knows what he wants, and needs, to make a football team win games, so he was meticulous in sifting the job invitations. He must be able to collect and direct his players in his own efficient way. He cannot be trussed up by ivy.

Consequently, Frnka turned down one offer from Yale and another from Cornell. Then Tulane came around with the kind of deal that sounded right. The New Orleans folk had seen Frnka's Tulsa teams in two Sugar Bowls, and, although the Oklahomans lost both, they had made quite an impression on the victory-starved Tulane alumni.

Coach Frnka was offered the right to hire a full staff of assistants of his own choosing. As for what methods he used to win games, he was given a reasonably green light, subject to the superior authority of president Rufus C. Harris and director of public relations Horace Renegar.

He moved into New Orleans with the efficiency and organizational bustle of a Seabee battalion. First, he brought a crew of carefully picked aides from Tulsa and from Texas. Then he built an impressive suite of offices for them underneath the Tulane stadium.

The Frnka Football Foundry was ready for business. First, there was the matter of raw materials. The best supply was in the Southwest, Frnka thought, and he knew the territory well. He started his coaching career at Lubbock, Texas, high school, where the gridirons seethe with activity from September through December.

Came the Fall of 1946 and the Tulane campus echoed to the clatter of those ersatz cowboy boots Texans from seven to 70 wear everywhere but in Texas. Just for variety, there was a smattering of Oklahomans and a few choice hometown products from the New Orleans high schools.

The result is to be found on this year's squad. There are 18 players from Texas and five from Oklahoma. Most of them were freshmen during Frnka's first season at Tulane. These Southwesterners form the backbone of a power-laden team that is all the more impressive because it is so deep in reserves at every position.

All of this may give the impression that Frnka is a crude purchasing agent for football talent, one who tours the countryside with bulky bundles of greenbacks to lure the likely prospects. This is far from the truth. Frnka is too smart for that. On the other hand, Tulane officials, their left hands solemnly on the NCAA Sanity Code, will deny that any of their faculty would ever participate in that vulgar business of

recruiting. And that's not quite gospel either.

The real truth is to be found at the halfway mark. When Frnka seeks a high school prospect, that prospect must first want to play football for Frnka at Tulane. Then, if he expresses such a desire, and he passes appraisal, he will not find it difficult to wind up in New Orleans at the start of the school year.

Many of these prospects somehow find their way to the campus in the Spring, before their high school graduation. They are on hand to "look over the school," and to be looked over. Frnka is a warm but frank personnel director on these occasions, quite willing to tell the would-be halfback just what is expected of him at Tulane. Frnka himself does little of the actual recruiting. That is a job for his assistants. But Frnka will move in personally "to clinch a deal" if necessary.

There are no dormitories for men students on the campus at Tulane—none, that is, except for football players. This is not a Frnka innovation, but he has effected an improvement in it. The old football dormitory was strictly that, rooms and community baths for the muscle men who lived in a world apart from the book-toting variety of student. Under the Frnka regime, a new dormitory was built—a sort of football hotel with a private cafeteria, recreation room, and reception lobby.

THE secret of Frnka's success is power. He believes in amassing material, material, and more material until he overwhelms his opponent through sheer weight of numbers. Formerly a single-wing devotee, Henry finally settled upon the T-formation, and few college elevens employ the T to greater advantage than does Tulane.

His principles are simple, totally devoid of any gambling instincts. The runners get steamroller blocking, the passers Wall-of-China protection. It was this passer protection which accounted for the success of Glenn Dobbs, a lean Tulsa star who stands out as the greatest player Frnka has developed. Dobbs was so sheltered from enemy linemen he could, without a qualm, wait for excruciatingly long moments until his receiver was in exactly the perfect position to catch the ball. Play such as this stems from great attention to fundamentals, so Frnka's Tulane football practices are devoted to more than the usual amount of bruising, unglamorous blocking and tackling sessions.

Hand in hand with power and (—> TO PAGE 64)

Wide World

Fullback Ed Price (left) is the top individual example of the hard-hitting power of Frnka-coached teams. Tulane's attack (right) is T-formation variety.

Kodachrome exclusively for SPORT by Wide World





JIM THORPE

GREATEST OF THEM ALL

You know his fame as the all-time champ, but do you know his story? Incredibly strong of body, the legendary Indian was too weak for his own good when it came to resisting the temptations thrown at him by success. Unable to cope with the complexities of big-city life, he was cheated and robbed of the rewards that should have been his. But he will always have the love of all America

By AL STUMP

"The sun rose dim on us in the morning and at night it sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. My sun is setting and will rise no more."—Chief Black Hawk, Sac and Fox Indians, at his last stand, August 3, 1832.

THE month is October, 1949. The place is a small, dimly lit bar-and-grill on a noise-ridden street in midtown Los Angeles, shadowed by teeming Pershing Square. It is easily missed. The busy buildings of the boulevard wedge it in, and the hurrying sidewalk throng sweeps you past the door. At night, the name flickers in brilliant neon—"Sports Club"—and the crowd starts to come. By 10 P.M., the place is usually packed. Most of the customers come with a single purpose.

They come because one man makes the Sports Club unique among the taprooms of the world. In a clean, white shirt, thick arms passively folded on the table, he sits in a booth against the wall and silently watches the shifting crowd. He makes little conversation. Men and women walk by to peer at him curiously, to shake his hand, to slap his back, but he rarely sees them.

His broad, almost ugly face gives you no hint of the vagrant memories that stir him. Even when a well-dressed, middle-aged man, obviously gripped by emotion, approaches to murmur, "This is a big moment for me—I've wanted to meet you since I was a kid," he sits stolidly unmoved. "Thanks," says Jim Thorpe, automatically. "Thanks."

He seldom laughs. If you wait long enough, you might see him grin fleet-

ingly at some antic of a ballplayer mirrored in the television screen at the end of the bar. But mostly a stoic sadness hangs over the furrowed face that, with its huge prognathous jaw, would be recognized almost anywhere he might go on earth.

There, in the dimness, amid the bottles and the barmaids, a vanished champion sits out the long, steaming days and the noisy nights. And there you must go to learn the truth about a living legend unmatched anywhere in the long chronicle of American sport. It is not a cheering assignment. Times have been tough for this man, off and on, for the last 20 years, and his luck is little better today. Though you knew this before you went looking for him, and like everyone else, accepted his decline, you cannot escape a deep unease as he speaks of his troubles. You feel sick as he says, gravely, that he is glad to have this job. Because he is not just on exhibition, like a freak, in Suey Welch's Sports Club. The big, old guy is earning his money.

"Guess you'd call me the bouncer here," says Jim heavily. "Not that we have much trouble. But if we do, I settle it."

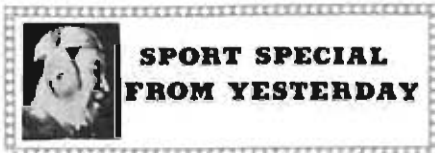
To slim, dapper Suey, a friend dating to his pro football days in Ohio, aging Indian Jim is grateful. He had

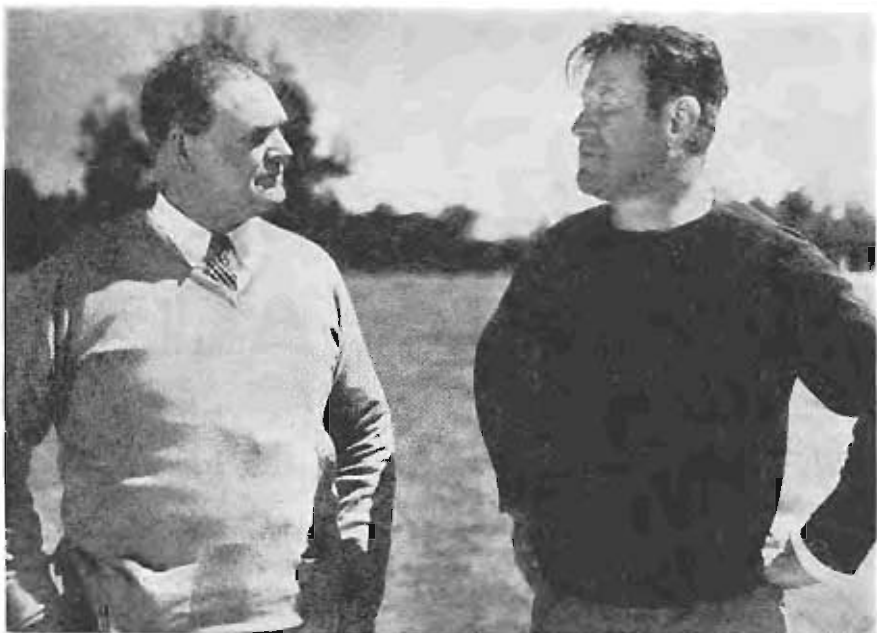
not worked steadily for several months before Welch made a place for him in his establishment. Movie extra roles, an occasional lecture tour, now and then a banquet appearance, an auto agency job that didn't pan out—thus has Jim fared in recent years. Among the newspaper clippings he has saved is one that shocked the nation: "Greatest Athlete Found Digging Ditches." And another, dated 1937, reporting that Jim Thorpe cannot attend the Olympic Games opening in Los Angeles. He does not have the price of a ticket. . . .

Still, he does not complain about the sharpies, the parasites, the double-talkers, and the chiseling promoters who used him and paid him off only in bitter regrets. He will not say that the world that took away his medals and soiled his good name has ill-treated one of its most fabulous figures. He has no real reproach for anyone.

In his 61st year, ponderously slow, his onetime thick shock of black hair thin on top, Jim Thorpe is still bucking his peculiar fate. He rides a bus for two hours each day, back and forth between his home and the bar. His only close companion is his wife and manager—"the missus," he calls her—upon whom he depends for most things. But, in truth, there is little left to manage. "Seems I'll have to keep going a while longer before I can take it easy," he says.

There was reason to believe this Fall that better days were really coming for old Jim. Warner Brothers Studio, after years of dickering and many a false start by the movie industry, had scheduled a film based on





Culver

Glenn S. Warner (left) and Thorpe hit the national headlines together when Jim was performing spectacular ball-carrying and kicking feats for little Carlisle.

his life. Jim would get a lump sum payment and would be hired as technical adviser at a good salary. It should make a great movie because the fierce football forays that Thorpe strung over two decades, his mighty Olympic conquests, and the incredible skills that he showed in a dozen other sports have never been approached by any man. From 1907 until he limped from the scene 22 years later, a shattered shell of his old self, he left an indelible stamp on the country. He is everybody's all-time all-star. The word "immortal," distorted beyond all true meaning, comes alive when you apply it to Indian Jim.

Once he spoke proudly of his heritage that traces along direct tribal blood lines to the noble Chief Black Hawk, who led the Sac and Fox against the engulfing tide of the white man. Now, as this is written, he sells his waning strength as a bouncer in a bar on a Los Angeles street. He sits, impassively, watching the shifting crowd.

"The sun sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. My sun is setting and will rise no more."

THIS IS the full, unglossed story of Jim Thorpe's life, from birth through the golden years to the present. It will not be a sob story. Though he has suffered cruelly, one fact about him outweighs all others. He was the best—the undisputed best—ever to pull on spiked or cleated shoes. That is his true measure.

Napoleon ended in miserable exile, Maximilian fell before a firing squad, but history remembers them for conquest, not tragedy. To the American people, Jim Thorpe is a timeless na-

tional symbol of unmatched power and precision. He will always walk in the splendor of youth. He is the iron-thewed redskin from little Carlisle Indian School who trampled the massed forces of Army, Harvard, Pitt, and Pennsylvania; the supple giant who received a jewel-studded trophy from an awe-struck King of Sweden; and the returning conqueror who rode up Fifth Avenue to rocking cheers after the Olympic Games of 1912. He is ageless—the most formidable running, jumping, smashing, heaving, plunging, and all-around bedazzling sports superhuman of them all.

To most of us, his countrymen, he is important in a way best expressed by a youngster in a letter a few years ago:

"Dear Mr. Thorpe," scrawled a boy in Raleigh, North Carolina, "I was listening to the radio tonight when Bill Stern said something about America's greatest athlete being sick. I knew right away he was talking about you. He said you had a heart attack, Mr. Thorpe. He said that Knute Rockne once said that you couldn't be stopped and I know that you won't be stopped now. I am only a boy of 15 and I know that you have never heard of me, but as one sports lover to another, please, Mr. Thorpe, get well. If you get well, sports will mean more to me and millions of other American boys who will know that a true sportsman can pull through anything."

The letter was only one among heaping bagfuls, all praying for his recovery, that stacked up during Jim's serious illness in February, 1943. For a boy, not yet born when Thorpe was washed up, to write the old hero, is remarkable, of course. For the deeds performed so many years ago to remain fresh and vital to so many is amazing. Almost 40 years from his prime—how do you explain it? Could it be that in this day of plaguing doubts and unknown quantities there is a deep hunger to have one public figure about whom there is no question?

Stop almost any man you meet and ask him to name the greatest athlete this country has produced. "Why, Jim Thorpe," he'll reply, and look to see if you're kidding.

Jim, himself, doesn't understand all this too well. In his artless, simple-hearted, almost childlike way, he accepted it long ago, then forgot it. All he knows is that wherever he goes he seems to bring a glow into the lives of those he meets. Strangers flock around with shining eyes. Eagerly, they rattle off more details of his titanic touchdown runs, his goal-to-goal kicks, his scoring records, and his one-man-gang heroics in track, basketball, baseball, hockey, wrestling—on down the line—than he can recall himself. The kids in the crowd can only stare and listen. But the old-timers recite the memorable names and places . . . Pop Warner . . . Carlisle . . . Little Twig . . . Walter Camp . . . Stockholm . . . Rocky Mount . . . the AAU . . . John McGraw . . . the Canton Bulldogs . . . Knute Rockne. Man and boy, they edge close to old Jim and are happy because here he is, in the flesh, and now they are sharing in one of the great legends of their lives.

"Jest look at him!" cackles a snowy-haired grandpappy. "Bet he could go a quarter right now and beat these young squirts to a pulp!"

He couldn't. Physically, he looks almost as dangerous as ever. Thorpe has held his weight to a solid 215 pounds and the big, graceful body still moves with a certain effortless spring. The black eyes are keen. His hands are as steady as the day he first wrapped them around a football. The massive chest still projects beyond the belly. When he was 43, he could still break a lot of them in two, but now the blunt fact is that he runs short of breath chasing a trolley.

"Nope, the old warhorse is all through," Jim grins at his fans. "One of these days, they'll take me out and shoot me."

Patiently, he tries to answer the inevitable questions they pepper him with:

"Those AAU no-goods took away your trophies, Jim, after you won 'em fair and square. When will you get 'em back?"

"Hey, Jim, what about the time you beat Army all by yourself?"

"Where did McGraw get off saying you couldn't hit a curve ball? Wasn't true, was it?"

There is a grandeur about Jim when he talks to a crowd. With quiet dignity, the simple, homespun Indian speaks in the only way he knows, with plainness and truthfulness. Jim Thorpe is not a complex man. He was weak, pliable, irresponsible, and sometimes unruly, and he contributed to his own downfall. But the white man's style of using cleverly evasive words, his chicanery, lies, flimflam, and shrewd scheming, was never Jim's. His talk is as unadorned and honest as his character, and it touches the hearts of all who hear him.

In his deep, slow, halting voice, he explains that the \$50,000 in trophies that went with his sweep of the pentathlon and decathlon at the Stockholm Olympics is probably gone forever. He says this without complaint or apology. The dullness goes out of his voice when he tells about the day that "the boys and me" went to West



Point and stunned the Military Academy with one of the most crushing defeats ever pinned on a major football team. He tells the faithful that he could hit curve balls, all right, but couldn't hit it off with the explosive McGraw.

And there is one more question they always ask: "What was the best day you ever had, Jim?"

Thorpe shakes his shaggy head. "Don't know about that. I was in a lot of games in a lot of places."

The dwindling group of Thorpe experts splits in all directions when this point is argued. How can you single out any one performance as his greatest when there are so many? Pantherish fast in his prime, 185 to 190 pounds of controlled savagery with anything from a pigskin to a javelin to a ball bat in his paws, he was rarely anything but sensational.

To touch on just one phase, comparing any other backfield man with Thorpe is like stacking Bugs Baer alongside Shakespeare. In the firm opinion of most veteran coaches and writers, the Sac-Fox could run with George Gipp and Red Grange, smash a line with as much power as Bronko Nagurski, place kick and punt with any player in history, pass in the Brick Muller and Sammy Baugh class, and outblock all the Pinckerts and Brills. Defensively, he had no equal. He could do anything on a football field as well or better than the top specialists. Nowadays, when such outfits as the Helms Foundation pick an all-time, All-American team, the first name mentioned is always Thorpe—after which they get around to Coy, Eckersall, Mahan, Hinkley, Heffelfinger, Grange, Nevers, Clark, and the rest.

The late Gil Dobie, who was coaching the North Dakota Aggies when Thorpe broke in at Carlisle, watched the bruising Doc Blanchard of Army in action a few seasons ago. "He's a hell of a football player," remarked Gloomy Gil.

A sportswriter asked, "Exactly how would you rate him?"

Dobie didn't pause. "The only man who could make him play second-string would be Jim Thorpe."

You run the risk of sounding fantastic in discussing Thorpe during his four Carlisle seasons. In 1911, with 170-pound blockers, he dismantled Pittsburgh's 200-pound machine, 17-0. His leg was so badly twisted that he spent a week on crutches. Discarding the crutches, he trampled Penn U. the next Saturday, 16-0. Again he absorbed a fearful beating, but seven days later was so phenomenal that fans sat stunned and unbelieving at the final gun. Virtually single-handed, he beat the champions of college football, Harvard, 18-15. In seven of nine games that season, he ripped loose for touchdown runs of 90 yards or more. He scored 20 to 30 points a game and zoomed punts the length of the gridiron—100-yards!—that were witnessed by thousands and are sworn to today.

Thorpe could do anything. If the Indians were stopped on the ground, he would beat you with a 40- or 50-yard place kick, one of his deadliest weapons. "Watching him turn the ends, slash off tackle, kick and pass and tackle," said the scholarly Percy Haughton of Harvard, "I realized that here was the theoretical superplayer in flesh and blood." In more than 30

college games, Thorpe never needed a time out. In 1912, he was on the loose for 25 touchdowns and 198 points, a scoring record unmatched by any player in top-flight collegiate football.

Nature blessed Thorpe with an indestructible physique that Jim squandered with a prodigality that would have cut short the career of anyone but a super-star. He was congenitally lazy, too, with the Indian's disinclination to exert himself unless the stakes were high. Insofar as anyone can recall, he was only once angered enough to bear down—and the results were catastrophic. In 1912, Colonel Joe Thompson of Pitt boasted that "Thorpe will never run through us again... we've got him figured." The Indian, who rarely read his publicity,



Culver

Jim was signed to a big-league baseball contract by the N. Y. Giants. He didn't last because of duels with John McGraw.

heard of the remark.

"Huh!" was all he said.

The Panthers were loaded, ready to back up Thompson to the last man. Thorpe received the kickoff and 11 Pitts charged him. With his knees slamming into chins and the most vicious stiff-arm the game has seen flattening tacklers, he bulled through them to midfield. After that, he went to work with slashing runs of 20 and 30 yards until nothing resembling a football contest was left. They say Thompson was a broken man at the finish. His team was man-handled, 45-8, and Thorpe had scored 32 points.

A magnificent all-purpose halfback at Carlisle, Thorpe was just as effective later on in what was the fore-runner of the present National Football League. The top college stars of the country played in that early pro loop, but they couldn't handle Jim and they admitted it.

What was Jim Thorpe's biggest day in sports? No wonder he cannot answer that for the benefit of those who gather around him; it is clearly impossible to list even his most spectacular day in football.

In track and field, which he disliked at first but came to enjoy when he found that you could sneak cat-naps between events, the question is

just as elusive. His supreme moment at the Olympic Games made the world catch its breath. But it was not Thorpe at his peak. For example, he high-jumped six feet, one and three-fifths inches at Stockholm, needing no more to insure his decathlon victory. Yet earlier, in the AAU games at New York, he defeated Alva Richards, the national kingpin, at six feet, five inches, only two inches under the existing world record. In the Olympics, Jim ran 100 meters in 11.2, but he was consistent at 10 flat for 100 yards in Carlisle meets. Once Pop Warner caught him in 9.8 in an exhibition, just two-tenths of a second off the world mark.

On the basis of lifetime records, Jim has the edge on every decathlon man from his own day down through Harold Osborne, Hans Sievert, Glenn Morris, Jim Bausch, and Bob Mathias. "Some of my real good marks were made down at Carlisle. You won't find 'em on the books," he says. "One day, I got out 24 feet in the broad jump and ran a quarter-mile in close to 48 seconds. Another time, I ran a 220 in a little over 21 seconds."

At various times, Thorpe pole-vaulted over 11 feet, ran the 110-meter hurdles in 15.6, pounded 1,500 meters at an easy lope in 4:40.1, sailed the discus nearly 140 feet, and put the shot close to 48 feet. There was no javelin available at Carlisle, but the first time he gripped a spear he whipped it close to 120 feet. Later, in the Olympics, he cut loose with a 153-footer. The widely varying styles of the dozen events in which he excelled never bothered the sleepy, rope-muscled Indian. All he needed was to watch someone else do it a couple of times and he was ready.

One day, at an AAU meet, he saw some burly weight men. "What's that you're throwing?" he asked.

"Hammer," they told him. They were striving to get the 16-pound globe past the 140-foot mark. Thorpe picked up the hammer curiously and hefted it. With instant grace and good form, he whirled it 145 feet.

ALL HIS life, he was blessed with a lightning adaptability. The hurdles, for example, are an event to be approached with scientific attention to stride, take-off, position over the barrier, and degree of clearance. Not even the finest hurdlers can take the sticks in running stride at first. They work for months to eliminate bobbing and jumping. Thorpe, however, knew instinctively that time spent in the air was wasted time. He told his muscles what to do and from the day he first attempted a flight of barriers, he strode over them like a veteran.

"A big-college coach felt pretty good if he could hold Jim to first place in just the sprints, high jump, broad jump, and discus," Mike Murphy, the U. S. Olympic coach of 1912, used to explain. "Why, that guy was fantastic. He would run a 10-second dash, broad and high jump close to the world record, throw the discus out of the stadium, pick up two or three other firsts—and then complain because there wasn't enough action!"

Murphy once exclaimed, "My God, Thorpe, how many events do you want to enter?"

"All of 'em," said Jim. "What's the fun in watching someone else?"

The individual meets are a bit hazy



SPORT SPECIAL FROM YESTERDAY

to Jim today, but he recalls winning as many as seven and eight events against Penn State, Lafayette and Harvard. These days, if a Mathias, a Dike Eddleman, or a Moon Mondschein wins three firsts in a dual meet, that's news. Thorpe doubled that score until it became routine. People expected it.

Chuckling behind his huge hand, he recalls the day that he went to Easton, Pennsylvania, for a meet with Lafayette. The Leopards had an outstanding, balanced squad. "There was a mob down to the depot to meet us," says Jim. "The committee in charge was surprised when only two of us got off the train. They thought Warner had lost his mind over at Carlisle."

As the story has often been told, the Lafayette group stared at the two Indians, one big and one little, and asked, "Where's the Carlisle team?"

"Right here," said Thorpe. "This is the team."

The committee was flabbergasted. "Just the two of you?"

"Nope," replied Jim, "just the one of us. This other one is the manager."

At the field, he flexed his long legs with their bulging thighs and tapered calves. Without warming up, he scored eight firsts, which handily won the meet for Carlisle. Thanking his dazed hosts, he stuffed a fistful of blue ribbons in his pocket and caught the return train to school.

When did this simple youth with the body of a Hector or an Ajax reach his peak? There is no answer. Only confusion arises from his crowd-stunning feats in track and football, and it becomes confusion compounded when you consider what he did in baseball. This is the final touch to the Thorpe saga that moderns find hard to believe. The best in football and track, he was a big-league ballplayer to boot! From 1913 to 1919, he wore the flannels of the New York Giants,

Cincinnati Reds, and Boston Braves, playing with and against such stars as Christy Mathewson, Honus Wagner, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Larry Doyle, Hal Chase, and Edd Roush. The most technically difficult game to master of them all was as easy for Thorpe as the hop-step-and-jump.

And he moved from the Carlisle diamond to the majors with only a handful of college and semi-pro games behind him. Few rookies ever had less preparation for such a test. Nobody ever really showed Jim how the pros ran, hit, threw the ball, and slid. "I just watched them for a while," says Jim, "and did it the way they did."

He did it well enough to earn his living in pro ball, major and minor, for 15 years and to be signed by John McGraw's Giants for what was then a whopping bonus.

IT IS all the more passing strange when you realize that his arrival in the Giant outfield coincided with the rise of a Thorpe foible that would have ruined an ordinary man. Jim's career with the Giants is threaded through with bouts with the bottle. At Carlisle, he had popped enough corks to inspire Glenn Warner to occasional profanity. At the Polo Grounds, he found a roistering crew of hard drinkers who welcomed him as one of the boys from the start. Whisky and beer, Jim liked to quaff both, although, like most of his people, he could not handle the white man's firewater. For years, he poisoned himself with the stuff and in the end it brought him grief, disgrace, and desolation.

But booze didn't flow fast enough to stop the king of sports when there was still steel in his legs, no matter what field he invaded. His record over 22 years remains inimitable, a personal triple crown worn only by Jim Thorpe and likely never to be attained by any other. You can only view it with wonder.

For more than a dozen years, he was the terror of college and pro football, outscoring all backs before or since his time. He was the world all-around track champion. He was a big-leaguer with baseball's ruggedest club.

Alonzo Stagg's words may be prophetic: "There may never be another Thorpe."

"When I was a kid, I didn't ever expect to get very far in sports," Jim admits in his rare moments of self-confession. "I wasn't big enough, for one thing. And the way we lived—way off from everything—made it hard to learn. We didn't have a coach and most of the time we played barefoot. We made our own balls out of whatever was handy, used sticks for bats, flat rocks for bases, and made up our own rules."

He had something else, though—the blood of two aboriginal tribes, the Sac and the Fox. Long before, in the vicinity of Green Bay, Wisconsin, they had combined to become a single powerful fighting force. Among their great chiefs was Black Hawk. At the age of 15, he distinguished himself in battle. At 17, he led a war party against the Osage and lifted his first scalp. At 19, he led 200 of his tribesmen against an equal number of Cherokee and killed half of his foe.

For good reason, Jim Thorpe's mother always looked upon him as the reincarnation of the great Black Hawk. The chief's daughter was Jim's

maternal grandmother, so the tribe gave the boy with the black locks and arrow-straight body the name of Chief Bright Path. "My father, Hiram Thorpe, was half Sac-Fox and half Irish," says Jim, settling the oft-disputed question of his blood lines. "My mother was three-fourths Sac-Fox and one-fourth French. That makes me five-eighths Indian, one-fourth Irish, and one-eighth French. Guess you'd call me American Airedale."

The birth in 1888 took place, humbly and unnoticed, in the two-room Thorpe farmhouse not far from the little Oklahoma settlement of Prague. Most historians have missed the fact that James Francis Thorpe was born a twin. The other child, a boy named Charles, died at eight of a form of pneumonia. Both babies were husky, weighing around 10 pounds at birth. They came into a large family that included an older boy, George, two sisters, Mary and Adeline, and later, another boy, Eddie.

Jim remembers his Dad very well. "He was a big fellow, about six feet two and 230 pounds. He was strong as hell. I know he could lick any man in our country in wrestling. He got our 160-acre ranch during the Oklahoma land rush. We raised hogs, cattle, and horses and the regular farm eating stuff. We always had plenty to eat at our house."

The woods were wide open to the Thorpe kids. Oklahoma oil exploitation was still in the future, along with its high, barbed fences. Jim, George and Eddie tracked game by sign, ran their coon hounds, hunted deer, and fished, like their forefathers, with spears. At 10, Jim bagged his first deer. At 15, he was a crafty woodsman. He could rope and ride a wild pony and he was a dead shot with a rifle. All the rugged, self-reliant traits of a pioneer land were knocked into him by the outdoor life.

They put schoolboy hobbles on him at last, sending him to the Sac-Fox Reservation school nearby and, later, to Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas. "Word came that my Dad was sick, so I ran away from Haskell and went to him," he tells you. "I was 15 then, just a skinny little jigger. It's a wonder that they ever picked me for Carlisle."

THERE might not be a Thorpe story at all if an assistant superintendent of the United States Indian Industrial School, popularly known as Carlisle Institute, hadn't come hunting for prospective students in 1903. The school, itself, was an accident. Some years earlier, a young Army captain named R. H. Pratt was ordered to transport 100 Indian prisoners from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to St. Augustine, Florida. Captain Pratt thought that the least the white governors could do was educate and train these charges. Out of his urging came the federal government's founding of a school on an abandoned Army post at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. October 5, 1879.

The traveling superintendent, for some reason, selected Jim out of the various candidates. Maybe it was because the boy said that he wanted to learn the electrical trade, quite an ambition for an Indian urchin. "We have no electrical department," the super said, "but you can learn to be a painter, a carpenter, or a tailor."

Jim shrugged. None of those crafts



International

As a trackman, Thorpe had no peer. His Olympic showing in 1912 remains one of the greatest one-man displays in sport.

interested him, but he had a boy's yen to travel. So he signed up anyway.

Carlisle in 1904 had less than 1000 students, half of them girls. It operated on a half schooling—half work principle. Jim went to work as an apprentice tailor. At 15, he stood only four feet, 10 inches high and weighed around 115 pounds. Two years later, he was husky enough to play guard on the tailors' football team in the Shop League. The tailors won the school title and Jim, along with seven others, was elevated to the varsity scrubs in 1907. An assistant coach named Newman gets credit for first spotting his speed and kicking ability. "Newman made me left halfback on the scrubs," says Jim. "We called ourselves the Hotshots."

In the Spring of that year, Jim was assigned to clean up the field after track practice. As he did his yardbird chores, he noticed some high-jumpers flinging themselves at a cross-bar. They were missing at five-eight. Jim waited his chance, then took a run at the bar in his dungarees. Several inches of daylight showed under his pants as he snaked over.

Among those who saw him and blinked was a broad, bulldog-faced individual named Glenn Scobie Warner, the son of a Springville, Illinois, farmer, who was plagued with a gnawing ambition to become a great coach of track and football. Warner's sharp eyes glittered. Indians looked much alike to everyone but the young coach, who never forgot a likely prospect. "Never saw such a loose motion," he told himself. "With track shoes, he'll do six feet easy."

The crossing of the Warner and Thorpe paths seems almost fore-ordained. Like the accident that brought Jim to Carlisle, only a lucky break, decided by a matter of hours, was responsible for Warner's arrival. The little-known story dates to 1894, when Warner was an All-Eastern guard and captain of Cornell's gridders. After graduation, he returned to coach Cornell in 1897-'98. The last season he sent the Big Red team against little Carlisle, winning 23-6. Warner admired the scrappy Indians, who, while outmanned, never quit trying. They were adaptable, tough, and streakish fast. "We outscored 'em, but we didn't defeat 'em, if you follow me," Pop Warner remarked to the writer recently. Now in his eighties, comfortably retired, white-haired Pop hobbles about on his self-carved canes at Palo Alto, California. "So, when I got in a jam at Cornell that year, I began to think about another job. I had an assistant coach who was gunning for my spot at Cornell. Things were so hot that it looked like we'd both go out

on our ear. So I wrote some letters to other schools, sort of shopping around for the best opening."

Two head-coaching offers arrived on the same day, one from the University of Minnesota and another from Carlisle. The bids arrived only hours apart, but the Carlisle offer came in an earlier mail. Pop felt honor-bound to accept. "It was that close," he comments. "Shows how a little thing can change a fellow's whole life."

Meeting Thorpe changed it. It started Pop toward fame.



Wide World

Although his prowess as a bull-carrier frequently captured the biggest headlines, Thorpe was also an amazingly talented kicker.

In Warner's first coaching season, 1899, the Indians were merely sensational. Later, they were stupefying. Sparked by the school's first All-American, Isaac Seneca, they played coast-to-coast. Seneca, a 175-pounder of the Seneca tribe of Western New York, was one of the original swivel-hips. He helped the Indians clean up Penn and other Eastern toughies, then went to the Pacific Coast and clipped the University of California, 2-0. Warner's star was preparing to rise.

But with Seneca gone, he desperately needed a real triple-threat in the backfield. The Warner wingback system, just developing, was built around one large, murderous operator at the left-half slot who could sweep the ends, crunch over the tackles, bust down the middle, and punt a country mile.

The player Pop was praying he'd find started his varsity career with-

out event in the Autumn of 1907, at the age of 18. Chief Bright Path had only 155 pounds spread over his now-rangy six feet. Football was so new to him that in scrimmages he would run right over his interference, spilling himself. Warner, busy preparing for a suicide schedule, caught only flashes of him.

One day during practice, Warner sounded off on the team's tackling. "Get mean!" he stormed. "Smack 'em down! Bang 'em so hard they don't get up!"

Thorpe was downfield, catching punts and returning them against the defensive tacklers, who were missing him. On the next kick, he fielded the ball neatly, tucked it to his side, and broke into his bounding, swerving stride. One man hit him and bounced off. So did another. Two more got their hands on air pockets where he had recently been. Jim pulled up at the other end of the field, grinning widely. He liked this game.

"No, no, not that way!" howled an assistant coach. "This is tackling practice, understand?"

Thorpe looked at him dead-panned. "Nobody tackles Jim," he said calmly.

They ran the drill again and this time Warner's instructions were more closely followed. A couple of the Indians smacked Jim so hard that they didn't get up. He finished on his feet, over the goal line.

He was slow breaking into the regular lineup. To this day, Thorpe grows restless and rises to pace the floor when he says, "I didn't like it much on the bench. After a few games, I got my chance when Albert Payne, our left-half, hurt his knee against Pennsylvania. They packed Payne out and Warner gave me the thumb. In I went, not even knowing some of

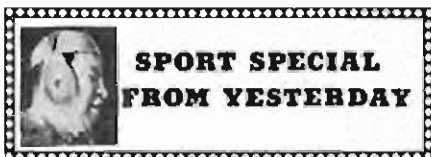
the signals."

He didn't know all the signals, but he could see the opposition's goal line, which was always enough for Jim. Not hithering to pick up blockers, he grabbed the snap-back, ducked charging tacklers, and ghosted 65 yards for a touchdown. Warner's eyes hugged as he counted the Quakers flat on their stomachs behind him—seven.

"That's fun," Thorpe told his startled teammates in the huddle. "Give it to Jim again."

They fed it to him and a bit later he cut and ran for 85 yards through floundering Penn. He was raw, unversed in such things as faking and using the sideline to advantage, yet the big-time Penns looked like men tied in knots.

Today, Pop Warner's granite features break into a broad beam and he chuckles deep down when he thinks of Thorpe's early days. The joke was on Pop, who had a runaway tank on



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the bench and didn't know it. "Hell's bells, he was still just a growing boy. He was lazy, didn't like to practice, and he gave out his best effort only when he felt like it. And that was about 40 percent of the time. Football was just a good time to Jim. I never saw him snarl and mostly he just laughed, talked to the other team, and enjoyed himself. But even at that, you couldn't keep him on the bench. He had a natural change-of-pace that just floated him past the defense. His reactions were so fast that sometimes you couldn't follow them with the eye. Punishment didn't mean a thing to him. He was fearless and he hit so hard that the other fellow got all the bruises."

By 1908, Jim weighed a nail-hard 178 pounds and was getting mention in the statewide press. He was Carlisle's finest—a hard-slugging first-baseman, an unbeaten hurdler, jumper and sprinter, an ace at basketball, lacrosse, wrestling, and football. Warner had a hunch he would set the football world afire in 1909, little suspecting that an event would take place that would change the whole course of Jim Thorpe's life.

There is a puzzled, wounded look on Jim's face as he relates the events leading up to his eventual disbarment from all amateur athletics and the stripping away of his Olympic trophies by the AAU. After all these years, he can't see the real wrong in what he did. Neither can the vast majority of sportswriters. Playing Summer baseball for no more than expense money in such obscure circles as the Eastern Carolina League, as Jim did, was a common practice among college boys. It still is. Hundreds of collegians do it every Summer, under phony names and for much more moola than was ever paid Jim. Compared with what many an honored "amateur" is slipped after dark in this era of elastic simon-purity, Thorpe's earnings were chicken-feed. And there was never anything underhanded about his semi-pro activities. He never used anything but his own proud name: James Francis Thorpe.

The story comes slowly from Jim's lips. "A couple of Carlisle ballplayers named Jesse Young Deer and Joe Libby were going to North Carolina that Summer to play ball. I didn't want to go home to the farm, so I tagged along, just for the trip. Well, Libby and Young Deer were fair outfielders and they caught on with the Rocky Mount club. I got short of money, so when the manager offered me \$15 a week to play third base, I took it. You see, I didn't know anything about amateur rules. I didn't even think about doing anything wrong, because there were a lot of other college boys playing around there.

"I played my first game at Raleigh. After a while, the manager asked me if I could pitch. I told him I'd give it a whirl."

The whirl was good enough for a 4-0 shutout, after which Jim went on

to win 23 out of 25 games for Rocky Mount. The Boston Braves heard of him and sent scouts, but by that time it was 1910 and Jim had strained his arm. The Braves lost interest. Jim moved to Fayetteville, Arkansas, where he played briefly. Soon the league collapsed for lack of attendance and Jim went home to Oklahoma. The most he received in any one month was \$60, out of which paltry fee he had to pay all his living expenses when the club was at home. He reached home broke, pure of heart, and with no feeling of guilt. Still, those few ball games were to plunge him into amateur disgrace, inciting the nation's fans to uproar and starting word-battle that still flourishes.

POP Warner, meanwhile, was unaware of the North Carolina interlude. He assumed that Jim had returned home in 1909. In the Summer of '11, Warner wrote again, saying, "If you will come back to Carlisle and start training, I think you have a chance to make the U. S. Olympic team next year." A few weeks later, Jim popped up at the Indian school. "Where have you been?" asked Warner.

"Playing ball," said Jim laconically.

The coach inspected him closely. In two years, the tall, slender youth had taken on maturity, grown to six feet, one and a half inches and 185 pounds, with a thick neck, barrel chest, and a jut jaw as formidable as the prow on a destroyer. Warner secretly rubbed his hands. The big boy would try for the Olympics, all right, but first he would plug that vacancy in the Carlisle backfield.

Thorpe hadn't touched a football for two seasons, a fact that didn't help Dickinson College in the opener. Though Warner played his ace sparingly, he scored 17 points in 17 minutes. The next time out, against Mt. St. Mary's, he had to be jerked before he killed somebody, blasting his way to three touchdowns as Carlisle won, 46-5. On October 15, the Indians tackled much tougher Georgetown. Carlisle was in front all the way and Warner didn't take the wraps off Thorpe until late in the game. His stiff-arm, a fearsome thing that turned tacklers clear around before spilling them, was all he needed to ramble 40 yards for the final score of a 28-5 walkaway.

"While Carlisle has a fine team and one of the best backfield men in the East in Thorpe," wrote one grid seer, "the Braves are stepping out of their class against such powerhouses as Pittsburgh, Harvard, Army, and Syracuse." Other typewriter jockeys agreed. They wrote off Thorpe as a back who could call his shots against smaller schools, but who would be stopped cold when he collided with first-class opposition. Newspaper talk was of small interest to Jim. He never kept a clipping or did more than glance at fan mail. Indolent, easy-going, unpretentious, and peace-loving unless provoked, he was merely amused by the word-slingers. When New York writers came to Carlisle later, he had to be awakened from an overtime snooze so that the press conference could be held. Only when he thought someone was "making fun of Jim" did he become aroused.

Informed that he had been needled

after the Georgetown game, he made sure that nobody would ever cast an aspersion at him again by uncorking his full fury on October 23. The opponent was Pittsburgh, as rugged as they came. The Panthers were laying for him on every play, cracking Thorpe two and three strong, piling on him when he was down, and roughing him at every chance. Through it all, the good-natured smile never left Jim's face. "Next time—left tackle!" he'd shout over the scrimmage line, then follow up with an unstoppable smash at the designated spot.

"Unflustered by ruffianly tactics, Thorpe paced Carlisle to an easy 17-0 victory over Pitt," one expert gamely choked on his previous carping copy. "The Red Man is all they said he was—and much more."

Against Lafayette, Jim averaged over 70 yards on his kicks. He scored two touchdowns and a field goal in a 19-0 rout. Despite a stiff leg that had put him temporarily on crutches, he was all over the field against Pennsylvania, one of the powers of the pigskin world. He set up two TD's, scored another, intercepted passes, came up from the deep secondary to shatter Penn line charges, applied blocks and tackles so savage that they could be heard in the stands—in short, turned what would have been a close ball game into a Carlisle stampede. The score was another shutout for the Indian upstarts, 16-0.

That neatly dressed the stage for the battle of the year, Carlisle versus the John Harvards, at Cambridge. Public interest was smoking hot. Thorpe and Co. was the sentimental favorite, but not many gave the aborigines from the training institute any chance against the polished gentlemen of Harvard. After all, the hallowed Harvard coach, Percy Haughton, had the pick of the era's prep stars, plus all the glorious tradition of the ivy-draped Big Three, which controlled college football. And his lineup was much the same as in 1910, when Harvard had won eight straight, scoring 155 points to five for its opponents, and was ranked U. S. champion.

THE mob of 25,000 that filled Cambridge stadium sat in on football history in the making. Briefly, the classic encounter went like this in the first half: Harvard scored first and kicked the extra point for a 6-0 lead (touchdowns counted five in those days). Thorpe, his legs heavily bandaged, booted a 23-yard field goal, another from the 43-yard line, and, incredibly, a third from 37 yards out. Carlisle led at halftime, 9-6.

Haughton had started his second string in a gesture of contempt, since his squad ran three-deep and Warner had only 15 or 16 top hands. In the third period, the fired-up Harvard seconds pushed over another touchdown, added a field goal, and went ahead, 15-9. Harvard looked as good as in, what with Thorpe on bum legs and doing no running, only kicking and blocking.

"Gangway!" yelled Thorpe, suddenly galvanized. "Get outa my way!" Pistons pumping, spurning any blocking help, Jim ripped into the Harvard line. In short, battering charges, he punched 70 yards in nine plays, bowling his way over the goal line. Toward the end of the drive, Haughton rushed

in his mammoth first team, but Thorpe cut them to bleeding ribbons. Over their groggy heads he kicked the extra point, for a 15-15 tie.

To Haughton, Harvard, and all 25,000 present, it became starkly evident that unless Thorpe was stopped, Harvard was whipped. An All-America tackle of the Ivy Leaguers was detected slugging Thorpe over the head. He was ejected. Others took up the hammering. The teams reeled into the final period too spent from the combat to score on the ground. Thorpe's brain clicked and he maneuvered for a placement shot at Harvard's goal.

"Warner had had me practicing place-kicks all week," he says now. "A lot of our boys were staggering, so it was the only chance. Finally, in the last few minutes, we got the ball around midfield. I'll never forget how that big crowd got quiet as we lined up to kick." Ivy prestige hung in the balance as the ball was snapped back from the 43-yard line. Thorpe was kicking just from inside the 50. Harvard linemen tore through, leaping for the ball. But Jim's toe had lofted it seconds earlier, spinning, tumbling it for what seemed hours—and through the posts half the field away.

It ended that way, 18-15 for Carlisle. Experts crawled into their holes everywhere. Thorpe's name, and Carlisle's, were on every tongue. The man on the street was delighted that the refined burghers of Boston had been shown by one redskin why the winning of the West had been so tough.

THORPE had just started down the warpath, but before another season he had a date with the Olympic Games. There was no hint that he was walking straight into tragedy. To the unsophisticated youth, it was like a big international party, a frolic that relieved the tedium of attending trade-classes at school. Others might be awed at facing an Olympic field. Thorpe just relaxed and had fun. During most of the crossing, Jim sprawled in a hammock and idly watched the sweating U. S. team take laps around the ship.

At Stockholm, Jim jogged a bit and announced that he was all set. One of the early events was the broad jump. Jim put his special hurdling shoes, with spikes in both the heels and toes, by the runway as a marker. Someone stole them. Jim offered to run the hurdles bare-footed, but Warner had some heel-spikes hammered into an extra pair of sprinting shoes. With this makeshift footgear, he went to the post. At the first flight of barriers, he stuck his chin in front and held the lead all the way, winning in 15.6. Thirty-six years and much technical advance in hurdling technique later, Bob Mathias won the same event in the London Olympics in 15.7.

It's true that Jim blotted up quantities of "Swedish punch" during the trip, but not during the actual staging of the Games. He did his pub-crawling later. Even his cast-iron frame was extended by the demands of the all-around competition. In 1912, both a pentathlon of five events and a ten-event decathlon were on the Olympic slate. Since 1924, only the decathlon has been offered trackmen. Thus Thorpe met the test in 15 events and, in sweeping both divisions, set a record that can never be equalled.

You won't find Jim's marks in the Olympic records. In 1913, they were wiped out by official order as if they were some shameful blotch. A few years ago, the Helms Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles unearthed the lost records. As a public service, and as a tribute to Jim, the Foundation had them published. They are quite a tribute. In the pentathlon, Thorpe's low score of seven points was more than twice as good as his nearest rival's, namely F. R. Bie, of Norway. Jim leaped 23 feet, 2 7/10 inches in the broad jump, tossed the javelin 153 feet, 2 19/20 inches, sprinted 200 meters in 22.9, covered 1,500 meters in 4:44.8, and sailed the discus 116



Jim lives quietly in Los Angeles with his third wife, Patricia, who also acts as his manager in all matters of business.

feet, 8 1/2 inches. He was first in all events but the javelin.

In the decathlon, he ran up 8,412.96 points to 7,724 for Hugo Wieslander of Sweden, the second-place man. He won the shotput at 42 feet, 5 1/2 inches, the high hurdles in 15.6, the high jump at 6 feet, 1 1/2 inches, and the 1,500 meters in 4:40.1. In the other events, he was never worse than fourth—100 meters in 11.2; 400 meters in 52.2; broad jump, 22 feet, 6 3/5 inches; javelin, 149 feet, 11 1/2 inches; discus, 121 feet, 3 3/4 inches; and pole-vault, 10 feet, 8 inches.

One of sport's most dramatic moments came when the descendant of Chief Black Hawk was ushered to the victory podium at the conclusion of the Games. King Gustav V of Sweden presented him with a bronze bust in the King's likeness for his decathlon win and a huge, jeweled chalice, carved like a Viking ship and encrusted with gold, silver, and precious gems, a gift of the Czar of Russia, to denote his pentathlon triumph. Then Gustav said emotionally the famed line:

"You sir, are the greatest athlete in the world!"

And Thorpe, who had celebrated on the native grog, replied unblinkingly,

"Thanks, king."

Press wires throbbed and he returned a hero to all the nation. President Taft hailed him "the highest type of citizen." There was a parade amid packed throngs up the canyons of New York and banquets there, in Philadelphia, at Carlisle. Hundreds of offers to capitalize on his reputation poured in. "One of them was for \$1,500 a week to go on a stage tour," recalls Jim. "They couldn't understand why I turned it down. But I wouldn't have been able to talk to people."

NO, THIS naive, unpolished prodigy from the Oklahoma prairies was never much of a speech-maker. At the festive occasions in his honor, he sat quietly while the AAU bigwigs, the politicians, the promoters, and the bandwagon boys did the shouting. He was a simple, inarticulate, trustful Indian endowed with a magnificent body, and he never asked for anything but a chance to play the games he loved. The scandal that broke around his head just after the football season of 1912 didn't hurt so much then. It merely bewildered him. He had won these trophies—a King had given them to him—and now they wanted them back. What had he done that was wrong?

According to Gustavus T. Kirby, president, and James E. Sullivan, secretary, of the Amateur Athletic Union, he was guilty of the supreme sin. He was not an amateur when he stole the Olympic show. By some means, they had learned of his Rocky Mount and Fayetteville baseball service, in which Jim had been honest, and foolish, enough not to use an assumed name. How did they find out? Who blew the whistle on Jim?

There are several versions. One is that an "AAU house-dick snooper" uncovered the evidence. Another tale has it that a small-town sportswriter in Worcester, Massachusetts broke the story as his idea of a scoop. A third version claims that Francis Albertanti, then sports editor of the New York *Evening Mail*, while mulling through some exchanges of out-of-town gazettes, chanced on one boasting that Thorpe had once played there, and turned it over to Kirby and Sullivan.

Jim isn't sure how the AAU was informed and he doesn't care. He knows only that Pop Warner summoned him not long after the Olympics and asked, "Did you take money for playing baseball when you were away from Carlisle?"

"Sure, I did," said Jim forthrightly.

Warner, faced with the AAU's demand that he investigate, could only report the facts, along with Jim's pathetically childish plea for clemency: "I did not play for the money that was in it, but because I like to play ball . . . I was not very wise to the ways of the world and did not realize that this was wrong . . . I hope I will be partly excused by the fact that I was simply an Indian school boy and did not know that I was doing wrong, because I was doing what many other college men had done, except they did not use their own names."

His sentence was: "Guilty forever." The high AAU brass coldly ordered Warner to return all the medals and cups, banned Thorpe from any further amateur play, and shipped the booty back to Europe with America's



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apologies. A few bluenoses clamored that Jim was a shameless scamp, but millions were indignant at the public lashing of a popular idol. Probably no move in AAU history brought the pundits of purity into such disrepute with the average citizen. The ultra-pious payoff was received the same way abroad. Bie and Wieslander, the runners-up, refused the trophies, saying, "We didn't win the Olympic decathlon and pentathlon. Thorpe did. We don't know what your rules are in regard to amateurism, but we do know, having competed against him, that Thorpe is the greatest athlete in the world."

More than three decades later, Jim has about lost hope that the case will be re-opened. "Maybe . . . some day," he says bleakly. "The last time I tried, they wouldn't even give me a hearing. I don't know . . . but I'd sure like to have those things I won . . . haven't got much else any more."

AMERICAN football in 1912 was almost 100 percent Jim Thorpe. If ever an unstoppable back broke from scrimmage, it was the Indian in the months just after the Olympics. Walter Camp, who had named Jim to his 1911 All-America team, was fast with an adjective, but even the original star-gazer was struck dumb. "On a clear day, I have seen him kick a football, including roll, out of sight!" gasped Camp. The 25 touchdowns and 198 points he piled up against the toughest teams of the time ranks as one of the best records of all time. Comparatively, for example, Glenn Davis of Army scored only 120 points in 1944, his best season.

Obviously, every 200-pound guard, tackle, and end in the East was hiding in the weeds to "get" Thorpe. How they got him was unimportant. One rumor of the day had an embittered coach guaranteeing a varsity letter to the man who broke Thorpe's arm or leg. Starkly, it was one man against a whole system. In an early season game, Carlisle was backed to its goal line, with Jim in punt formation. The Indian center passed the ball high over his head. Jim raced back, retrieving the ball 20 yards behind his goal. A wave of tacklers bore down on him, sure of crushing Thorpe at last. Instead of trying to duck, he lowered his head and crashed straight ahead. Bodies bounced like ping-pong balls. Jim was staggered, knocked to his knees, but he kept going, winding up 120 yards away, behind the rival goal line!

Stories have been written that Warner had to post a sentry under Thorpe's dormitory window at Carlisle "to keep him from going off the reservation." Pop snorts that they are only over-heated slush. His troubles with Jim were of a different nature. For example, against Syracuse, a club that had nosed them, 12-11 the season before, the Indians were stopped cold through the first half. Thorpe's favorite stunt, running the ends dizzy, wasn't working in the rain and mud.

At halftime, Warner stalked into the dressing room with his heavy brows bristling. "We're not getting anywhere on those damn end runs!" he growled. "If we're going to win, you've got to stop going wide and hit 'em up the middle!"

Sprawled in a corner, Thorpe was unconcerned. He had his own football philosophy, and it wasn't based on backbreaking hard work. "Aw, what's the use of running through 'em," he grunted, "when you can run around 'em?"

Warner blew up. In blistering terms, he told his star what he thought of loafers who wanted to win the easy way. Thorpe's ears were burning, his grin for once missing, when Pop finished. It was tough on Syracuse. Warner learned in the second half that the big guy was a line-crasher without peer when the spirit moved him. Each time he got the ball, Thorpe bashed the Orange forwards. Even against Harvard a year earlier, he hadn't shown more straight-ahead power. Driving, hammering, digging out chunks of yardage, he scored three touchdowns and set up two others by Gus Welch and Powell. Final score: 33-0.

THE most tragi-comic clash of Warner and Thorpe came just after the Washington and Jefferson game. The Presidents, later to earn a Rose Bowl bid, yielded plenty of yardage to Jim, but no touchdowns, and the game ended 0-0. The Indians returned to their hotel bitterly disappointed. They just had time to eat and catch the night train to Pittsburgh. With all hands assembled in the dining room, Warner counted noses and found Thorpe missing.

Nobody wanted to squeal on Jim, but quarterback Gus Welch, who was Thorpe's best pal, finally admitted that he had left him in a bar down the street. Warner grabbed his hat. "He was sitting hunched over some empty beer bottles, trying to forget that rotten ball game," says Pop, who can laugh about it now. "He was fairly well oiled. I ordered him out of the place, but there was quite a scene before he came along."

At the train, Warner had a player grasp Thorpe by each elbow and steer him through the gate and up the Pullman steps. Then, back at Carlisle, Warner read the riot act. "It's a hell of a note for a great public figure, an Olympic champion, to make a fool of himself like that," Thorpe nodded glumly. "You'll have to apologize to the squad," ordered Warner. "Otherwise, you can't play ball for me."

At a special meeting, Jim got up and stammered his regrets, a humble speech in which he said, "By golly, I'll never take another drink of beer!" "Or anything else!" shot out Warner solemnly.

"Yep, or anything else," added Jim solemnly.

As the '12 grid campaign progressed, Jim Thorpe became the topic of the day. From the lounges of private clubs to crossroads cracker-barrels, fans marveled at his ferocity. He played for fun, but he also made the game a battle without quarter. It was as if he was burning inside to prove something—perhaps that his people had been defeated only because they were outnumbered and out-equipped. In him, was combined an Indian's

tenacity, cunning, and reckless courage, and an Irishman's love of combat—the unbeatable parlay, as he proved that season.

The sting of the W. & J. deadlock was wiped out by a 45-8 walloping of Pittsburgh, after which the Indians went to West Point for their climactic contest with Army. The Cadets were rated second only to Harvard, but nobody wanted to bet that they could handle Thorpe.

THE outcome was decided in the first quarter when three Cadets, holding grimly to Thorpe's pants, got a free ride across their own goal line. The fact that he was playing soldier-boys seemed to fire the Indian. He completed half a dozen passes to Arcasa for another score. When Carlisle was in trouble, he set Army on its heels with twisting, 60-yards-or-more punts. Three times, he forced fumbles with wicked tackles. In the second half, he pulled his fabled 90-yard runback of an Army kick for a touchdown. Officials called the play back and Army kicked again, this time to Carlisle's five-yard line. Fielding the bounding ball on the run, Thorpe did it all over again—95 yards of weaving wizardry for another touchdown!

His personal score for the day was 22 points, all that Carlisle needed to win, 27-6. The game established Thorpe as the most devastating back of a period that produced Willie Heston, Walter Eckersall, Ted Coy, Charlie Brickley, and Eddie Mahan. And it made Carlisle a legend.

The ideal football player wrapped up his Carlisle career on November 29, 1912, against Brown at Providence, Rhode Island. "That game is kind of foggy," says Jim. "The AAU was starting all that talk against me about that time. We got a little careless and lost to Penn, 34-26, just before we played Brown, too. I guess I did okay against Brown, but I can't remember much about it."

A typical Thorpe understatement. He bowed out the only way he possibly could—on sprints of 50 yards or more for three touchdowns, passing, kicking, blocking, and tackling in superlative fashion. In the last minute of play, he rifled a 25-yard pass to Wheelock, then bulled through the Brown line for a standing-up touchdown.

After the Brown game, Thorpe sorted over his various offers. One of the best came from John J. McGraw, who phoned Warner to say offhandedly, "I hear you have a fair-looking boy down there." Pop had been asked by Thorpe to advise him on finances. Figures baffled Jim. Well aware that McGraw was trying to knock down the price, Warner retorted, "Fair? Just the world's best in anything, that's all. The big-league clubs are all after him."

Five of them were. Cincinnati and the St. Louis Cardinals had offered Jim \$4,000 to sign. McGraw finally upped the bidding to \$4,500 and another \$500 for expenses. At the signing, McGraw remarked skeptically that he hoped he had something good. Actually, the firebrand boss of the Giants hired Thorpe only for the publicity value of his name. He was overloaded with talent—Merkle, Doyle, Herzog, Marquard, Snodgrass, Meyers, Mathewson, and all the other stars of

the 1911-12 National League champs. The one and only Bugs Raymond had just been kicked off the club for chronic booing. "Hell, if Thorpe only hits in batting practice," said McGraw, who disliked college boys, "he'll be a big draw."

Thorpe came nowhere close to McGraw's mental specifications for a ballplayer. Therefore, his physical talents had little chance to be demonstrated. The whip-cracking Little Napoleon wanted his men on razor edge at all times, spouting fire from both ears and nostrils. Thorpe lazed around, yawning, seeing no point in the constant practice sessions. He could throw with any of these big-leaguers, cover as much territory and out-run them on the bases. Why practice? It was more fun to wrestle with bulky Jeff Tesreau, the pitcher, and to smack fun-goes over the fence.

"One day Tesreau bet me I couldn't throw him down," muses Jim. "So I did, sort of wrenching his shoulder. Anyway, he couldn't pitch when his turn come around. McGraw had a fit."

DURING the stretches he played regularly in left and center field, Thorpe hit well over .300. Then McGraw would bench him and when he got back in the game his average would slump. Meanwhile, Jim fretted and grew bored. He looked around for diversion, of which there was plenty on the Giants. The players introduced Jim to some saloons so far from the Polo Grounds that McGraw's detectives would never find them. But nobody fooled McGraw for long. One day, he jumped Jim in the dugout with: "A young fellow like you shouldn't ever drink. Besides, no Indian knows how to drink."

The way he said "Indian" irked Thorpe. "What about the Irish?" he came back.

McGraw bridled. "Listen you," he snarled, sensitive about his own bar-room escapades. "don't get smart with me!"

"I'm not," replied Thorpe. "It just happens that I'm Irish, too."

Having bested Muggsy in that exchange, Thorpe became even more unpopular. The manager became critical of Jim's swing, and gave him a lot of orders that were merely confusing. Jim recalls starting in right field one season, where he hit .600 or better for the first six or seven games. Against Grover Cleveland Alexander, one of the greatest of moundsmen, he broke up one game with a tremendous triple off the fence. A few days later, McGraw benched him. "I'm giving Red Murray a try in the field," he announced, intimating that Thorpe didn't satisfy.

Jim's anger smoldered as he sat in the dugout. Finally, a clutch situation arose where the Giants desperately needed a base-hit. McGraw waved Murray back and told Thorpe, "Go up there and get on." As Thorpe picked up a bat, he said loudly, "Why not let Murray hit? He can do a helluva lot better than Jim." McGraw was livid as he went to bat.

There is triumph in Jim's voice and a bright gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he tells how he squared accounts that day with McGraw. "I took three fast cuts without looking—missing 'em a mile—and came back and sat down. I saw McGraw glaring at me. So I said to him, 'See, I

told you Murray could do better.'"

At that, says Jim, McGraw leaped up as if shot in the pants and yelled, "You lousy blank blank Indian! You'll never make a monkey out of me again! You're all through with this club!"

So ended Thorpe's ill-starred career with the Giants. His spotty hitting chances gave him a .250 or less average on the books, which McGraw used to advantage. "The bum couldn't hit a curve ball!" was his scathing crack to newspapermen. The fact that Jim smote many a curve, and for extra bases, during the 270 games he played in the big leagues between 1913 and 1919 was lost in the rush to quote McGraw. To this day, the fiction persists that Jim was curve-balled out of



International
Suey Welch, owner of a bar and grill in Los Angeles, befriended Thorpe (at right) with a steady job as bouncer.

the majors. It is no more true than the \$18,000-a-season salary story is true. The most Thorpe earned in a season with the Giants was \$7,500. "My last season up, I hit .326," comments Jim sourly. "So I must of hit a couple of curves."

Shunted to the Boston Braves by way of Cincinnati, he got a chilly reception from manager George Stallings. The McGraw grapevine was operating. After Jim hit safely as a pinch-swinger seven times straight, Boston fans began to yell for Thorpe. Jim had little understanding of money, but he was smart enough to demand \$2,500 of the front office. He got it, and Stallings had to play him regularly. But once more his irresponsible nature put him on the skids. That and a deep attachment for Rabbit Maranville, the screwball Braves shortstop. With the wacky Rabbit, he dropped water-bags out of hotel windows onto pedestrians. He stayed out late. He climbed trees by moonlight and imitated a bobcat, yowling back and forth with Rabbit until the cops came running. One night, checking in about dawn, Maranville noticed the hotel fish-pond. "Oh boy, food!" he cried and leaped in before anyone could grab him.

Catching a fish, he devoured it raw.

Such shenanigans helped bow Jim off the Braves, even though he hit .358 over one stretch. He was sent down to Akron, Ohio, the start of a long, weary, and humiliating journey through the minors that lasted until 1928.

GRIEF rode Jim's wide shoulders while he was in the big league, yet he never used it as an excuse for being fired by McGraw and Stallings. In 1913, just after joining the Giants, he married Iva Miller, who had attended Carlisle with him. Three daughters, Gale, Charlotte, and Frances, and a son, James, Jr., were born. Jim idolized the boy, a miniature of himself. In 1917, at the age of four, little Jim died of infantile paralysis.

"Thorpe was in a daze," wrote Vincent X. Flaherty, the Los Angeles sports columnist, who knows him intimately. "He went into a bar and drank straight whiskey for hours."

Iva and Jim parted in 1924 and in 1926 he married Freeda Kirkpatrick, daughter of an Irish golf club manager at Marion, Ohio. They had four sons—Phillip, now in the U. S. Intelligence Service in California; William, a San Francisco steel-mill worker; and Richard and John, both at Chemawa, Oregon, Indian school. Again, Jim's marriage didn't last. In 1945, he married a third time, to Patricia Gladys Askew, of Louisville, Kentucky, whom he met while working in the movies.

The greatest sums of money ever paid the greatest athlete of them all came from pro football and compare favorably with the salaries of such modern stars as Sid Luckman, Sammy Baugh, Steve Van Buren, and Frankie Albert. In 1915, the pro grid game was stirring in Ohio. Jim quit his baseball off-season job as assistant football coach at Indiana University to take over as player-coach of the Canton Bulldogs. At first he earned \$500 a game. As the movement grew, Thorpe became the first president and the single biggest drawing card of what is now the National Football League. He made from \$14,000 to \$15,000 a season with such clubs as the Bulldogs, New York Giants, Portsmouth Spartans, Rock Island Independents, and Chicago Cardinals. It was the only time Jim realized on his true worth—and never did he let money dribble away faster.

"Those were wonderful days," he says affectionately of Canton. "Best team I ever saw. We had boys like Peck of Pitt, the All-American center, Jock Sutherland, Doc Spears, Fats Henry, and the gang from Carlisle. Pete Calac, Joe Guyon, Little Twig, Red Fox, and Long Time Sleep. We didn't lose a ball game for three or four seasons."

The fans poured out to see big Jim gallop. His longest run? "Hell, from goal to goal, I guess," he says. Of all the games, he most enjoyed playing against the Massillon Tigers, when Canton's arch-rival had Knute Rockne holding down one end. As Rockne used to spin the story, he was determined to cool off Thorpe that day before a sell-out crowd. On the first two cracks at Rockne's flank, he dived in and nailed the Indian for losses. Thorpe looked at him reproachfully. "You shouldn't do that to Jim," he chided. "Look at all those people who paid to see old Jim run."

"Well, go ahead and run—if you can," retorted Rockne cockily.

Thorpe swung wide on the next play and let him have it—knees, elbow and stiffarm. He trampled over the body and went 60 yards for a touchdown. As he trotted back, Jim noticed a tottering, bloody Rockne being helped off the field. Two men were holding him up while another sponged him off. His eyes were glassy. "Nice work, Rock," congratulated Jim. "You sure let old Jim run."

THE spirit in the mighty frame was unquenchable, so that long after Thorpe was the best man on the field he kept throwing himself into the fray. They whispered, in '27, '28, and '29, that he would be killed if somebody didn't make him quit. At 41, he was still playing baseball, far down in the thick-bush minors, a shorn colossus who wouldn't shelve his spikes. At 42, he was still hurling himself at the guard slots, pounding the tackles, trying to keep his aching legs moving.

The end was pathetic. He dropped down the diamond ladder from Akron to Toledo to Portland, Oregon, to Hartford to Worcester to a forgotten club in the Twilight League. When an easy liner dribbled through him for a triple, the Twilight crowd jeered and his manager barked, "You couldn't have caught that in a bucket. Why don't you quit, you old woman?"

"Go to hell," said Jim, and walked off the field and out of baseball.

Deep in his thirties, a slow-motion shadow of the old 1912 Thorpe, he could still rise to tremendous heights on occasions. In one game of pro football at Dayton, he put six men out of the game with his brutal blocking. But the years were going fast, new heroes were springing up, the accent was all on speed and youth. The country was excited about a new backfield marvel, a climax-runner from Illinois named Red Grange. From the Midwest came an Associated Press report: "Chicago, Nov. 30, 1929—The Chicago Bears routed their ancient rivals, the Chicago Cardinals, 34-0, in the annual Thanksgiving Day game at Wrigley Field today. Jim Thorpe played a few minutes for the Cardinals, but was unable to get anywhere. In his forties and muscle-bound, Thorpe was a mere shadow of his former self."

He had lasted 22 historic seasons, a giant among mortals, and that was his valedictory.

The depression hit. A lonely, unwanted hulk of a man, Jim Thorpe drifted to California seeking a job. For a brief time, he was master of ceremonies for C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle's Bunion Derby. The glib Pyle went broke and Jim had to sue for \$50 owed him. From February to October, 1930, he toiled as a painter for a Los Angeles oil company, lost among the paints and brushes. In '31, he played the role of Chief Black Crow at Universal Studios, worked on a baseball film at MGM, and did a football short with Pop Warner. Then unemployment closed in again.

In March, 1931, a sportswriter was tipped that a "J. Thorpe" was working as a pick-and-shovel laborer on the excavation of the new Los Angeles County Hospital. The story and pictures made page one. Jim was earning \$4 a day, barely enough to keep

his wife and four sons eating. "It's the old story," he was quoted nationally. "Guess I liked to be too good a fellow with the boys. But I'll come out of this, you'll see."

Somehow, he never did come out of it. He was too guileless, too innocent of the angles, to find a place in the world of business. In constructing the super-athlete, his Maker had left out all the smoothness of tongue, the commercialized cleverness, that stamps the successful executive. And He had given him all the weaknesses of a fast-diminishing race.

"The sun sank in a dark cloud and looked like a ball of fire. My sun is setting and will rise no more."

Through the next 15 years, the only way you knew that Jim Thorpe was alive was by the occasional newspaper squibs:

"New York City, May, 1932—Informed that Jim Thorpe plans to apply for return of his Olympic Games trophies, AAU officials said the ex-star was merely seeking publicity. . . ."

"Hollywood, June, 1933—Jim Thorpe says he will sue Columbia Pictures for \$100,000, claiming that the studio used his name and pictures in advertising *The White Eagle*, in which he did not appear. . . ."

"Hollywood, Aug., 1933—Jim Thorpe was badly hurt when pitched from a bucking horse at Warner-First National while playing an extra-role in *Telegraph Trail*. . . ."

There was fire left in the big-shouldered body, though, whenever a ball was kicked or a base-hit rang clear. On a movie set in 1938, during the filming of a grid epic, Jim wandered by in tailfeathers, warpaint, and moccasins and was invited to match kicks with a group of college stars from USC and UCLA. Some of them laughed at the funny old character, but they choked a moment later when he boomed a punt 15 yards past their best mark—a cool 80 yards on the fly!

Other reports were not so heartwarming:

"Detroit, Feb., 1943—Jim Thorpe was taken to Henry Ford Hospital after suffering a heart attack at Ford's River Rouge plant, where he is employed as a gate guard. . . ."

"Los Angeles, Oct., 1944—After fining him \$50 for drunk driving, a city court judge told Jim Thorpe, 'You are a legend to our youth—it is a pity that this should have occurred'. . . ."

THE sun sank further in its dark cloud. The only brightness came when they threw a sports banquet, with Jim wedged between Connie Mack, Alonzo Stagg, Pop Warner, and other notables. "And now I want you to meet the greatest of them all!" The toastmaster brought him on, and the five-buck-a-platers rocked the hall with cheers. For a moment, Jim was on top again. They slapped his back and nobody asked what he was doing now.

What was he doing? Well, he was pulling on the old war bonnet and driving the dusty miles from town to town, doing four lecture shows a week. They still loved him in the villages. He was sitting by a phone, waiting for Central Casting to call with an extra-part in a Class B Western. He was trying to get in the armed services during the war, but was turned down because of his age and ended up on a Merchant Marine

ammunition ship bound for India.

On May 30, 1948, the Hollywood Reporter said: "Ex-great, Jim Thorpe, was rescued from drowning at Hermosa Beach while trying for an extra assignment in a picture in which he tried to swim in 50-degree water fully clothed. . . . Thorpe, 60, suffered leg cramps. . . ."

They used to flock around and ask, "What was your best day of all, Jim?" He couldn't answer that. Now the curious asked, "What was the worst time you've had?" Well, that he could answer. "It was in '32, when they held the Olympics out here in Los Angeles," he said softly. "I couldn't go. Didn't have a ticket. That time, I felt mighty low—up until I found out how many friends I really had."

Thousands of folks—the little folks—offered Jim their seats when the story broke that he would miss the Games. Everybody who was nobody rushed to the rescue. And one big man—United States Vice-President Charles Curtis, in whose veins also flowed the blood of Indian forebears. "Jim will sit with me," said Curtis. No matter how the overlords of the AAU felt, 105,000 people gave Jim a standing ovation when he took an honored seat in the Presidential box at the Olympic Stadium.

The sun is far down in the cloud now and the story runs its course. The ending is obscured. No one can predict the final chapters. There are the memories and a few old friends from the world of sports he once graced to keep him company and the heartening hope that eventually the world may see his story flashed across the movie screens. In the film trade, gossip has it that Jim will at last walk off the studio lots with something to show for his life and labors—a flat \$25,000 for the story and still more for technical direction and personal appearances. On the strength of this bonanza, he has moved out of his dingy hotel room to a more comfortable apartment on Olive Street in Los Angeles. Things are looking up.

Can good years ahead wash away what has gone before? Jim doesn't know. There is a deep looking-back in his eyes as he says, "It'd be great to be a young buck again, just for a season, to get my hand on a ball. That was the best time of my life and I guess I'll never forget it."

That's the place to leave him—on the pinnacle, the most idolized, publicized, dramatic figure, and the most picturesque, too, of any sports century. Kids of future generations will hear of him with wonder, awe, and fascination. They may not know that he was the embodiment of this country's eternal treatment of the vanishing Indian, that he was underpaid, exploited, stripped of his medals, his records, and his pride. They may not be precisely able to say what he did.

Yet, if they are American kids, they will instinctively know that a superlative man once stood in the sun and outdazzled even that glowing ball so that his name rings through all the years—and that his name was Jim Thorpe, greatest of them all.



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN TO JESS WILLARD

EDITORS' NOTE: This material is reprinted from Nat Fleischer's All-Time Ring Record Book with special permission of Mr. Fleischer, the distinguished boxing historian, author, and editor of RING Magazine.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN



Born, October 15, 1858,
Roxbury, Mass. Nationality, Irish-American. Weight, 190 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 10½ in.

1878-9

Boxed "Cockey" Woods, 5, at Cockerill Hall, Boston, Dan Owyer, Tommy Chandler, Patsy Hogan of Providence.

1880

Feb. —Mike Donovan, Boston..... Exh 4
Apr. 6—Joe Goss, Music Hall, Boston..... W 3
June 28—George Rooke, Howard Athenaeum, Boston..... KO 2
Dec. 24—Prof. John Donaldson, Cincinnati..... KO 10

1881

Jan. 3—Jack Stewart, Gbampion of Canada..... KO 2
Drove Stewart off the stage
—Joe Goss, Boston..... Exh 3
Mar. 21—Mike Donovan, Boston Music Hall..... Exh 4
Mar. 31—Steve Taylor (John Mahan), Harry Hill's, Sullivan's first offer to KO anyone in 4 rounds..... W 2
May 16—John Flood, \$750-\$250, 16 min..... W 8
London Prize Ring Rules—Kid g's, on barge anchored off Y. lkers, N. Y. Sullivan's seconds, Joe Goss, Billy Madden; Flood's, Barney Aaron, Dooney Harris; stakeholder, Joe El-Hot, New York Herald. Ref., Al. Smith
July 11—Fred Crossly, Philadelphia..... KO 1
Sept. 14—Capt. James Dalton, Chicago..... KO 4
Sept. 27—Jack Burns, "Mich. Giant", Chicago..... KO 1
Oct. 5—Deposited \$500 with Harry Hill for Paddy Ryan, \$2,500 a side. Trained at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and Carrollton, N. O.

1882

Feb. 7—Paddy Ryan, 10 m., 30 s..... KO 9
L.P.R., bare knuckles, \$5,000 and Heavyweight Championship. Ring pitched in front of Barnes Hotel, Mississippi City, Miss. Referees, Col. Alex Brewster and Jack Hardy. Sullivan's umpire, John Moran of Cin.; seconds, Joe Goss, Billy Madden; Ryan's, John Roche of N. Y. and Tom Kelly of St. Louis
Mar. 27—Benefit at American Institute, N. Y.
Apr. 20—John McDermott, Rochester..... KO 3
July 4—Jimmy Ellor, Washington Park, Brooklyn..... KO 3
July 17—"Tug" Collins (Joe Wilson) stayed (by hugging and falling to floor) New York..... W 4
Dec. 28—Sparrred Joe Coburn, New York..... 3

1883

Mar. 10—Boston benefit. Sparrred Taylor, Coburn and Cleary..... 3
May 14—Charlie Mitchell, gate, N..... W 3
Stopped by Capt. Williams, Sullivan knocked down in first round. Ref., Billy Mahoney
Aug. 6—Herbert A. Slade, "Maori", gate, New York..... KO 3

1884

Jan. 14—Fred Robinson, Butte, Mont..... W 2
Mar. 6—Geo. M. Robinson, San Fran..... W 4
Apr. 10—Al Marx, Galveston, Texas..... KO 1
Apr. 29—Dan Henry, Hot Springs, Ark..... KO 1
May 1—Wm. Fleming, Memphis..... KO 1
May 2—Enos Phillips, Nashville..... W 4
Aug. 13—Sparrred McCaffrey, Taylor and Tom Denny, Boston..... 3
Nov. 10—John M. Laffin, gate, New York..... W 3
Sullivan's sec., Patsy Sheppard and Tom Delay
Nov. 17—Alf Greenfield, police New York..... W 2

1885

Jan. 12—Alf Greenfield, gate, Boston..... W 4
Jan. 19—Paddy Ryan, police, New York..... 50 sec.
June 13—Jack Burke, gate, Chicago..... W 5
Aug. 29—Dominick McCaffrey, Cincinnati..... W 6
Referee Billy Tate gave Sullivan decision 2 days afterward

1886

Sept. 18—Frank Herald, police, Alleghany, Pa..... W 2
Nov. 13—Paddy Ryan, San Francisco..... KO 3
Dec. 28—Duncan McDonald, Denver..... D 4

1887

Jan. 18—Patsy Cardiff, gate, Minneapolis..... D 6
Sullivan broke left arm
May 7—Kilrain challenged John L. and posted \$1,000
Aug. 8—Presented with championship belt, Boston Theater, worth \$10,000
Oct. 27—Sailed for England with Jack Ashton under Man. Harry S. Phillips
Nov. 9—First appearance St. James Hall, London
Nov. 29—Mitchell match made for £500 a side, London
Dec. 9—Sparrred for Prince of Wales with Ashton, St. James Barracks, London. Toured England, Ireland and trained at Chippy Norton's, Windsor, England

1888

Mar. 10—Charley Mitchell, 200 lbs., £500 side, 3 hrs. 10 min. 55 sec..... D 39
London prize ring rules, bare knuckles, Chantilly, France. Referee, B. J. Angle; seconds, Jack Ashton, George McDonald; umpire, Jack Barnett; "chair" Sam Blakelock. Sullivan won knockdown, Mitchell first blood, 8th round
Apr. 12—Sailed for Boston
May 15—Benefit, Music Hall, Boston
June 4—Benefit in New York
—Sick from August to November
Dec. 7—Posted \$5,000, New York to fight Kilrain

1889

Jan. 7—Matched with Kilrain, Toronto. Trained by William Muldoon and Jack Cleary, Belfast, N. Y.

July 8—Jake Kilrain, \$10,000 a side and champ., Richburg, Miss..... KO 75
London prize rules, bare knuckles. Ref. John Fitzpatrick of N. O. Sullivan's sec., Cleary, Muldoon; bottle holder, "Handsome" Dan Murphy; timekeeper, Tom Costello of Cleveland

1890

—Played "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"

1891

June 4—Sparrred Corbett friendly bout, San Francisco
June 26—Sailed for Australia on Mariposa
Oct. 3—Returned to San Francisco

1892

Mar. 10—Match made with Corbett, N. Y.
Sept. 7—Jim Corbett, 212-178, 5 oz..... KO by 21
\$25,000 purse and \$20,000 stake. Olympic Club, N. O. Referee, Prof. John Duffy, Sullivan's corner, Johnson. McAuliffe, Lannan, Phil. Casey; timekeeper, Frank Moran. Corbett got "first blood" in fifth round. Sullivan 3 and 4 to 1. Lost heavyweight title

1896

Sept. 2—Jim McCormick, Grand Rapids..... Exh KO 2
—Tom Sharkey, New York City..... ND 3
Died Abingdon, Mass., Feb. 2, 1918

JAMES J. CORBETT



Born, Sept. 1, 1866, San Francisco, Cal. Height, 6 ft. 1 in. His undated contests were: Dave Eismann, W.; Capt. J. H. Daly, W.; 2; Duncan McDonald, D.; Mike Brennan, W. 3; John Donaldson, W. 4; Martin Costello, W. 3; Prof. William Miller, W. 6; Frank Smith, Salt Lake City; Joe Choyinski, ND., 1.

1886

—Billy Welch, champion amateur middleweight, Ariel R. C., for gold medal, San Francisco..... L 4
—Billy Welch, Acme Club..... KO 1

1887

Aug. 27—Jack Burke, Olympic Club, San Francisco..... D 8

1888

June 30—Frank Glover, San Francisco..... D 3

1889

May 30—Joe Choyinski, police interfered, near Fairfax, 2 oz. gloves, \$1,000 a side..... 4

June 5—Joe Choynski, 180-172, barge, near Benicia, Cal. KO 27
Choynski, skin gloves; Corbett, 5 oz. Referee, Parsy Hogan

July 15—Joe Choynski, San Francisco. W 4
July 29—Dave Campbell, Portland, Ore. D 10
Corbett won, but agreed to a draw if he failed to score a knockout

1890

Feb. 18—Jack Kilrulin on points, 183-201. W 6
5 oz. gloves, \$3,500, Southern A. C. N. O. Ref. R. Violet
Mar. 20—Spurred Mike Donovan, New York A. C. 3
Apr. 14—Dominick McCaffrey, gate, Casino, Brooklyn, 12 m., 20 s. W 4

1891

May 21—Peter Jackson, 182-198, \$8,500-\$1,500, California A. C. D 61
Declared "no contest" and each received \$2,500. Ref., Hiram Cook
June 26—Spurred with John L. Sullivan, San Francisco. Exh 4
Aug. 5—Spurred with Jim Hall, Chicago. 4
Oct. 8—Ed. Kinney, Milwaukee. W 4

1892

Feb. 16—Bill Spilling of Rochester. KO 1
—Bnb Caffrey of Philadelphia. KO 1
—Joe Lannon, New York. ND 3
Mar. 15—March made with Sullivan, New York
June 26—Appeared in "Sport McAllister", Bijou, New York
Sept. 7—John L. Sullivan, 178-212. KO 21
\$25,000 purse and \$20,000 stake money. Olympic Club, New Orleans; 5 oz. gloves, Marquis Queensberry rules. Ref. Prof. John Duffy. Corbett's seconds, Billy Delaney, Jim Daly, John Donaldson; bottle holder, Mike Donovan; timekeeper, Bat Masterson. Corbett got first blood in fifth round. Sullivan weighed 212, Corbett 178. Sullivan favorite 3 and 4 to 1
Won heavyweight title
Oct. 3—Debut in "Gentleman Jack", Elizabeth, N. J.

1893

Feb. 24—Posted money to fight Mitchell.
July 11—Signed articles to fight Jackson, \$10,000 a side, Chicago. Match fell through.

1894

Jan. 25—Charley Mitchell, \$20,000 purse, \$5,000 a side. KO 3
For championship, Duval Athletic Club, Jacksonville, Fla. Ref., Honest John Kelly. Corbett's seconds, Billy Delaney, Jack Dempsey, John Donaldson, Wm. McMillan; timekeeper, Ted Foley, for club, "Snapper" Garrison
Apr. 12—Sailed for England on Feurst Bismarck
Sept. 7—Peter Courtney of Trenton, N. J. \$4,750-\$250. 2 min. rounds. KO 6
For Kinetoscope, Orange, N. J., first motion picture of a fight
Oct. 11—Marched with Bob Fitzsimmons \$10,000 a side in New York

1895

Jan. 4—Jim McVey, New Orleans. KO 3
June 3—Accepted \$41,000 purse offered by Florida A. C. to fight Fitzsimmons
June 27—Spurred with Sullivan at latter's benefit, New York
Oct. 31—Contest with Fitzsimmons at Dallas, Texas, for heavyweight championship, \$41,000 purse and \$10,000 a side declared off; cause, adverse legislation. Hot Springs A. C. offered \$10,000 purse; Fitz arrested; Corbett surrendered and fight prevented Nov. 3
Nov. 11—Announced retirement and presented championship to Maher, Maspeth, L. I.
Nov. 25—Debut in "Naval Cadet", Lynn, Mass.

1896

June 24—Tom Sharkey, San Francisco. D 4
Dec. 14—Jim McVey, New York City. Exh 3

1897

Mar. 17—Bob Fitzsimmons, 183-167, Carson, Nev. KO by 14

\$15,000 purse, \$5,000 a side. Referee, George Siler; timekeeper, Jim Colville. (Lost heavyweight title)

1898

Nov. 22—Tom Sharkey, New York City. LF 9

1900

May 11—Jim Jeffries, Coney Island. KO by 23

1903

Aug. 14—Jim Jeffries, San Francisco. KO by 10
Heavyweight title bout
Died, Bayside, L. I., Feb. 18, 1933. Buried, Calvary Cemetery, Long Island City, N. Y.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS



Born, June 4, 1862, Elston, Cornwall, England. Weight, 165 lbs. Height, 5 ft 11 1/4 ins. Managed by Martin Julian. First appearance at Timaru, N. Z., in Jem Mace's competition, 1880, in which he defeated four men, winning amateur championship of New Zealand. Next year, same competition, beat five men, among them Herbert Slade, the Maori. Other not dated Australian performances between 1882-1889 are as follows: Jem Crawford, 3; Bill Slavin, 7; "Starlight", 9; Arthur Cooper, 3; Jack Murphy, 8; Brinsmead, 2; Jack Green-tree, 3; Dick Sandall, 4; amateur championship of New Zealand; Conway, 2; Prof. West, 1; Pablo Frank, 2; Jack Riddle, 4; Eager, 2.

1889

Dec. 17—Dick Ellis, of New Zealand, Sydney. W 3

1890

Feb. 10—Jem Hall, Sydney. KO by 4
May 10—Arrived in San Francisco on Zealandia
May 17—Tried out at California athletic club with Frank Allen. Broke Allen's wrist
May 29—Billy McCarthy, Australia, \$1-250, California Athletic Club. W 9
June 28—Arthur O. Uplam, 154 lb. limit, \$1,000 Audubon Athletic Club, New Orleans. Referee, Robert Lynd. Fitzsimmons seconds, Jimmy Carroll, Tommy Danforth; Uplam's, "Doc" O'Connell, John Duffy

1891

Jan. 14—Jack Dempsey, 150 1/2-147 1/2. KO 13
\$11,000-\$1,000. Largest purse up to date. Dempsey favorite in betting. Battle for world's championship; 3 oz. gloves. Queensberry rules; weighed five minutes before battle on scales in ring. Referee, Col. A. Brewster; Fitzsimmons seconds, "Doc" O'Connell, Jimmy Carroll, Prof. Robertson; Dempsey's, Jack McAuliffe, Gus Tuthill, Mike Conley; Fitzsimmons timekeeper, W. J. Crittenden; Dempsey's, Jimmy Colville. Fitzsimmons knocked Dempsey down in third round, got first blood in fifth. Fitzsimmons trained at Bay St. Louis, Miss.; Dempsey at Galveston, Tex.; New Orleans
Apr. 28—Abe Coogle, Chicago. KO 2
May 1—"Black Pearl", Minneapolis. W 4

1892

Mar. 2—Peter Maher, \$9,000-\$1,000, Olympic Club, New Orleans. KO 12
Fitzsimmons favorite in betting. Referee, Prof. John Duffy. Fitzsimmons seconds, Jimmy Carroll, Joe Choynski, Alec Greggains; Maher's, Billy Madden, Gus Tuthill, Jack Fallon. Fitzsimmons timekeeper, Geo. R. Clark; for Maher, P. J. Donohue; for club, R. M. Frank. Fitzsimmons scored first knock-down and blood in first round.

Apr. 30—James Farrell, Newark. KO 2
May 7—Joe Godfrey, Philadelphia. KO 1
May 17—Jerry Slattery, New York. KO 2
Sept. 3—Millard Zeuder, Aunston, Ala. KO 1

1893

Mar. 8—Jem Hall, 167-163 1/2. KO 4
\$40,000 promised. Crescent City Athletic Club, New Orleans. Referee, Prof. John Duffy. Fitzsimmons seconds, Martin Julian, Frank Bosworth, Bill Fitzsimmons; Hall's, "Squire" Abingdon, Charley Mitchell, Jack McAuliffe, John Kline; timekeeper, for Fitzsimmons, Dominick O'Malley; for Hall, Bob Masterson; for club, R. M. Frank. Betting, 10 to 9 on Hall. Fitzsimmons won with a right half-arm upper cut
Mar. 25—Phil Mayo, Cleveland, Chicago. KO 2
May 30—Warner, Baltimore. KO 1
Sept. 5—Jack Hickey, Newark. W 3

1894

June 17—Joe Choynski, catchweights, police interference, Boston. Referee, Cap. Bill Daly, gate. D 5
July 28—Frank Kellar of Mich., Buffalo. KO 2
Sept. 26—Dan Creedon, \$4,000-\$1,000. KO 2
Olympic Athletic Club, New Orleans. Referee, Prof. John Duffy
Oct. 11—Matched to fight Corbett, \$10,000 a side
Nov. 19—Con Rioridan, Syracuse, N. Y., Exh. 2. Rioridan collapsed and died after bout. Fitzsimmons exonerated of blame for death.

1895

Toured with vaudeville company
Apr. 16-19—Al Allich, KO 3; M. Connors, N. Y. KO 1

1896

Feb. 21—Peter Maher, \$10,000, champ. KO 1
Mexico, op. Langtry, Texas. Fitzsimmons about 162 lbs. Ref. Geo. Siler, 5 oz., 1m. 35s
Feb. 29—Peter Maher, New York. ND 3
Dec. 2—Tom Sharkey, San Francisco. LF 8

1897

Mar. 17—James J. Corbett, Carson City. KO 14
Won heavyweight title

1899

June 9—Jim Jeffries, Coney Island. KO by 11
Lost heavyweight title
Oct. 28—Jim Thorne, Chicago. KO 1

1900

Mar. 27—Jim Daly, Philadelphia. KO 1
Apr. 30—Ed. Dunkhorst, Brooklyn. KO 2
Aug. 10—Gus Ruhlin, New York. KO 6
Aug. 24—Tom Sharkey, Coney Island. KO 2

1902

July 25—Jim Jeffries, San Francisco. KO by 8
Heavyweight title bout

1903

Sept. 30—Con Coughlin, Philadelphia. KO 1
Oct. 14—Joe Grimm, Philadelphia. ND 6
Nov. 25—Geo. Gardner, San Francisco. W 20

1904

July 23—Phil. J. O'Brien, Philadelphia. ND 6

1905

Dec. 20—Jack O'Brien, San Francisco. KO by 13

1907

Mar. 7—Tnny Ross, Newcastle, Pa. Exh 4
July 17—Jack Johnson, Philadelphia. KO by 2

1908

Sept. 21—Jim Paul, Benson Mines. KD 1

1909

Dec. 27—Bill Lang, Sydney, N.S.W. KO by 12

1914

Jan. 29—K. D. Sweeney, Williamsport, Pa. ND 6
Largest purse Fitzsimmons ever fought for was on March 8, 1893, New Orleans, when he defeated Jim Hall in 4 rounds, purse, \$40,000. Bob received only part of the money. Oct. 23, 1917, died of pneumonia at Chicago, Ill.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES



Born, April 15, 1875, Carroll, Ohio. Nationality, American. Weight, 220 pounds. Height, 6 ft. 1 1/4 in. Managed by Bill Brady.

T O R E M E M B E R

1896
July 2—Dan Long, San Francisco.....KO 2

1897
Apr. 9—T. Van Buskirk, San Francisco.....KO 2
May 19—Henry Baker, San Francisco.....KO 9
July 17—Gus Ruhlín, San Francisco.....D 20
Nov. 30—Joe Choyński, San Francisco.....D 20

1898
Feb. 28—Joe Goddard, Los Angeles.....KO 4
Mar. 22—Peter Jackson, San Francisco.....KO 3
Apr. 22—Pete Everett, San Francisco.....KO 3
May 6—Tom Sharkey, San Francisco.....W 20
Aug. 5—Bob Armstrong, New York.....W 10

1899
June 9—Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Isl.....KO 11
Won heavyweight title
Nov. 3—Tom Sharkey, Coney Island.....W 25
Title bout

1900
Apr. 6—Jack Finnegan, Detroit.....KO 1
May 11—Jim Corbett, Coney Island.....KO 23
Title bout

1901
Sept. 17—Hank Griffin, Los Angeles.....W 4
Sept. 24—Joe Kennedy, Los Angeles.....KO 2
Nov. 15—Gus Ruhlín, San Francisco.....KO 5
Title bout

1902
July 25—Bob Fitzsimmons, San Fran.....KO 8
Title bout

1903
Aug. 14—Jim Corbett, San Francisco.....KO 10
Title bout
Dec. 19—Jack Munroe, Butte, Montana.....Exh 4

1904
Aug. 26—Jack Munroe, San Francisco.....KO 2
Title bout
Following his triumph over Jack Munroe in their return engagement, Jeffries, finding that opponents were scarce for title matches, decided to retire. He induced Marvin Hart and Jack Root to fight for his vacated title, which they did on July 3, 1905, with Jeff, the referee. Hart won and Jeff dubbed him the champion. After Tommy Burns had proved his right to the vacated title by eliminating all challengers Jack Johnson beat Burns for the title in Australia and then Jeff came out of retirement in an effort to regain the throne

1910
July 4—Jack Johnson, Reno, Nev.....KO by 15
Heavyweight title bout

1921
May 3—Jack Jeffries, Los Angeles.....Exh 3

MARVIN HART



Born, September 16, 1876, Jefferson County, Ky. Weight, 190 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 11 1/4 in.

1899
Dec. 12—Wm. Schiller, Louisville.....KO 7

1900
Feb. 12—Wm. Schiller, Louisville.....KO 4
Apr. 2—Charles Melner, Louisville.....KO 1
May 10—Tommy Williams, Louisville.....KO 2
June 12—Louis Selfer, Louisville.....KO 8
June 26—Harry Rogers, Louisville.....KO 14
Aug. 13—Kid Hubert, Louisville.....WF 7
Oct. 12—Kid Hubert, Louisville.....KO 6
Dec. 12—Peter Trainor, Louisville.....KO 17

1901
Jan. 14—Al. Welzig, Louisville.....KO 11
Feb. 25—Jimmy Ryan, Louisville.....KO 8
Mar. 29—Tommy West, Louisville.....KO 16
May 24—Dan Creedon, Louisville.....KO 7
Nov. 1—Jack Beauschulte, Louisville.....KO 10
Dec. 17—Billy Hanrahan, Louisville.....KO by 1

1902
Jan. 20—Billy Stiff, Louisville.....KO 3
Apr. 7—Dick O'Brien, Louisville.....KO 4
May 3—Kid Carter, Louisville.....KO 9
Aug. 18—Billy Stiff, Chicago.....W 6
Oct. 18—Kid Carter, Philadelphia.....ND 6
Nov. 10—Jack Root, Chicago.....L 6
Nov. 19—P. Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia.....ND 6

1903
Apr. 2—Jack Bonner, Louisville.....WF 4
May 5—P. Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia.....ND 6
May 13—George Gardner, Louisville.....L 12
Nov. 16—Joe Choyński, Philadelphia.....ND 6
Dec. 1—Kid Carter, Boston.....W 15

1904
Jan. 5—George Gardner, Boston.....D 15
Jan. 25—John Willie, Chicago.....D 6
Mar. 16—Sandy Ferguson, Hot Springs.....W 20
Apr. 20—Gus Ruhlín, Philadelphia.....ND 6
May 20—Gus Ruhlín, Baltimore.....D 12

1905
Mar. 28—Jack Johnson, San Francisco.....W 20
May 8—John Willie, Philadelphia.....ND 6
July 3—Jack Root, Reno, Nev.....KO 12
Listed by James J. Jeffries who refereed, as for his vacated heavyweight title

1906
Jan. 15—Pat Callahan, Butte, Montana.....KO 2
Feb. 23—Tommy Burns, Los Angeles.....L 20
Listed as for heavyweight title
May 3—Mike Schreck, New York.....ND 4

1907
Mar. 15—Harry Rogers, Hot Springs.....KO 2
Apr. 1—Peter Maher, Hot Springs.....KO 2
May 30—Mike Schreck, Tonopah, Nev.....KO by 21

1908
Mar. 17—John Willie, Hot Springs.....WF 4
Oct. 9—Kid Hubert, Lexington, Ky.....D 12
Oct. 20—J. T. Sullivan, Boston.....WF 5
Nov. 14—John Willie, Philadelphia.....ND 6

1909
Mar. 12—Tony Ross, New Orleans.....WF 13
July 26—Mike Schreck, Terre Haute, Ind.....KO by 4
Died Sept. 17, 1931, Fern Creek, Ky.

JACK ROOT



Born, May 26, 1876, Austria. Nationality, Bohemian - American. Weight, 165 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 10 ins.

1897
Nov. 12—Charles Upton, Chicago.....KO 4
Dec. 24—Pat Brastand, Chicago.....KO 3

1898
Jan. 8—Charles Whitney, Chicago.....KO 2
Jan. 15—George Phipp, Chicago.....KO 1
Jan. 29—Mike Correll, Chicago.....W 1
Feb. 12—Jack Hammond, Chicago.....KO 2
Feb. 26—Jack Moffatt, Chicago.....W 6
Mar. 10—Charles Whitney, Green Bay.....KO 2
Mar. 27—Geo. Ryan, Milwaukee.....Police 1
May 14—Jack Moffatt, Chicago.....W 6
July 22—Tom Lansing, N. Y. C.....W 6
Aug. 5—Jim Watts, N. Y. C.....W 2
Aug. 19—Jack Murphy, Philadelphia.....KO 2
Nov. 15—Tom Lansing, Chicago.....KO 5
Dec. 30—Aus. Jim Ryan, Chicago.....W 6

1899
Jan. 21—Harry Poppers, Chicago.....W 6
Feb. 16—Billy Stiff, Davenport.....WF 7
Apr. 29—Dick Moore, Chicago.....KO 2
May 15—Aus. Jim Ryan, Louisville.....D 20
May 30—Tom Casey, Chicago.....KO 1
June 7—Tom Burke, Chicago.....KO 7
June 21—Jack Gorman, Chicago.....KO 2
July 7—Ered Grant, Chicago.....KO 3
Aug. 12—John Banks, Chicago.....KO 1
Aug. 21—Tom Casey, Chicago.....KO 1
Sept. 23—Bill Stiff, Chicago.....W 6
Oct. 3—Frank Craig, Chicago.....W 6
Oct. 15—Frank Craig, Chicago.....W 6
Nov. 15—Alec Greggalis, San Francisco.....KO 7

1900
Jan. 9—Tommy West, Chicago.....W 6
Feb. 5—Jack Hammond, Milwaukee.....KO 2

Feb. 20—Ed Denfass, Chicago.....KO 4
July 10—Dick O'Brien, Chicago.....W 6
July 24—Tommy Ryan, Chicago.....D 6
Oct. 4—Dan Creedon, Kansas City.....KO 1
Oct. 16—Dick O'Brien, Chicago.....KO 3
Nov. 16—Joe Ashley, Mantistee.....KO 2

1901
Jan. 18—George Byers, San Francisco.....KO 9
June 28—Kid Carter, San Francisco.....WF 15
Oct. 30—Aus. Jim Ryan, Louisville.....KO 2

1902
Jan. 31—George Gardner, San Francisco.....WF 7
Apr. 26—Billy Stiff, Chicago.....KO 2
Aug. 18—George Gardner, Salt Lake City.....KO by 17
Oct. 27—Kid Carter, Chicago.....W 6
Nov. 10—Marvin Hart, Chicago.....W 6

1903
Apr. 22—Kid McCoy, Detroit.....W 10
Won light heavyweight title
July 4—George Gardner, Fort Erie.....KO by 12
Lost light heavyweight title
Nov. 26—Jim Flynn, Pueblo, Colorado.....W 3

1904
Feb. 5—John Willie, Chicago.....D 6
May 2—George Gardner, Chicago.....W 6
Nov. 23—Tommy Ryan, Philadelphia.....ND 4
Dec. 5—John Willie, Chicago.....D 5

1905
July 3—Marvin Hart, Reno, Nev.....KO by 12
Listed by James J. Jeffries, who refereed as for his vacated heavyweight title

1906
Feb. 26—Fred Russell, Kalamazoo.....W 10

TOMMY BURNS

Noah Brusso



Born, June 17, 1881, Hanover, Canada. Nationality, French-Canadian. Weight, 175 lbs. Height, 5 ft. 7 in.

1900
—Fred Thornton, Detroit.....KO 5
—Fred Thornton, Delray.....KO 5

1901
—Billy Walsh, Detroit.....KO 5
—Archie Steele, Detroit.....KO 2
—Ed Sholtreau, Detroit.....KO 1
—Billy Walsh, Detroit.....KO 6
—Dick Smith, Mt. Clemens.....W 10

1902
—Dick Smith, Mt. Clemens.....KO 9
—Reddy Phillips, Lansing.....KO 8
Sept. 19—Jack O'Donnell, Butler, Ind.....KO 5
—Tom McGone, Detroit.....W 10
Nov. 29—Mike Schreck, Detroit.....L 10

1903
—Jim O'Brien, Delray.....W 10
Mar. 26—Dick Smith, Delray.....KO 2
Mar. 26—Reddy Phillips, Delray.....KO 3
—Harry Peppers, Detroit.....KO 2
—Tom McGone, Detroit.....KO 7
—Jimmy Duggan, Houghton.....KO 9
Oct. 25—Billy Moore, Houghton.....D 10
—Jack Hammond, S. Ste. Marie.....KO 3
—Jack Butler, S. Ste. Marie.....KO 2
—Jack O'Donnell, Evanston.....KO 11

1904
—Ben O'Grady, Detroit.....KO 3
—George Shrosee, Chicago.....D 6
Feb. 27—Mike Schreck, Milwaukee.....D 6
Mar. 3—Tony Caponi, Chicago.....D 6
Mar. 3—Tony Caponi, Chicago.....W 6
—Joe Wardinski, Salt Lake City.....KO 1
Aug. 20—Cyclone Kelly, Tacoma.....KO 4
Sept. 16—Billy Woods, Seattle.....D 15
Oct. 7—Jack O'Brien, Milwaukee.....L 6
Dec. —Indian Joe, Ballard, Wash.....KO 6

1905
Mar. 7—J. Twin Sullivan, Tacoma.....D 20
May 3—Dave Barry, Tacoma.....W 20
June 7—Hugo Kelly, Detroit.....D 10
July 28—Hugo Kelly, Los Angeles.....D 20

SPORT'S RECORDS TO REMEMBER

Aug. 31—Dave Barry, San Francisco.... KO 20
Oct. 17—J. Twin Sullivan, Los Angeles.... L 20

1906

Feb. 23—Marvin Hart, Los Angeles.... W 20
Won heavyweight title
Mar. 28—Jim O'Brien, San Diego.... KO 1
Mar. 28—Jim Walker, San Diego.... KO 1
Oct. 2—Jim Flynn, Los Angeles.... KO 15
Nov. 28—Phil. Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles... D 20
Title bout

1907

Jan. 10—Joe Grimm, Philadelphia.... W 3
May 8—Phil. Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles... W 20
July 4—Bill Squires, Colma, Cal.... KO 1
Dec. 2—Gunner Moir, London, Eng-
land.... KO 10
*Title bout

1908

Feb. 10—Jack Palmer, London.... KO 4
Mar. 17—Jem Roche, Ireland.... KO 1
Apr. 18—Jewey Smith, France.... KO 5
June 13—Bill Squires, France.... KO 8
Aug. 24—Bill Squires, Australia.... KO 13
Sept. 2—Bill Lang, Australia.... KO 6
Dec. 26—Jack Johnson, Australia.... L 14
*Stopped by the police—Johnson
won world heavyweight title
*Title bout

1910

Apr. 31—Bill Lang, Sydney, N.S.W.... W 20

1912

Aug. 8—Bill Rickard, Saskatoon, Sask.... W 6

1913

Apr. 2—Arthur Pelkey, Calgary, Alta.... ND 6

1914

Jan. 26—Bartling Brant, Taft, Cal.... KO 4

1918

Sept. 19—Tex Foster, Pr. Rupert, B. C.... KO 4

1920

July 16—Joe Beckett, London.... KO by 7

JACK JOHNSON



Born, March 31, 1878,
Galveston, Texas. National-
ity, American-
Negro. Weight, 195 lbs.
Height, 6 ft. 1/4 in.
Managed by Sam Fitz-
patrick.

1899

Feb. 11—Jim McCormick, Galveston.... D 7
Mar. 17—Jim McCormick, Galveston.... WF 7
May 6—Klondike, Chicago.... KO by 5

1901

Feb. 25—Joe Choynski, Galveston.... KO by 3
Mar. 7—John Lee, Galveston.... W 15
Apr. 12—Charley Brooks, Galveston.... KO 2
May 6—Jim McCormick, Galveston.... KO 2
May 28—Jim McCormick, Galveston.... KO 7
June 2—Horace Miles, Galveston.... KO 3
June 20—Geo. Lawler, Galveston.... KO 10
June 25—Klondike, Galveston.... D 20

1902

Jan. 17—Frank Childs, Chicago.... D 6
Feb. 7—Dan Murphy, Waterbury.... KO 10
Feb. 22—Ed Johnson, Galveston.... KO 4
Mar. 7—Joe Kennedy, Oakland.... KO 4
Mar. 15—Joe Kennedy, San Francisco.... KO 4
Apr. 6—Bob White.... W 15
May 1—Jim Scanlan.... W 7
May 16—Jack Jeffries, Los Angeles.... KO 5
May 28—Klondike, Memphis.... KO 13
June 4—Billy Stitt, Denver.... D 10
June 20—Hank Griffin, Los Angeles.... D 20
July 4—Hank Griffin, Los Angeles.... D 15
Sept. 3—Pete Everett, Victor, Colo.... W 20
Sept. 11—Hank Griffin, Los Angeles.... D 20
Oct. 21—Frank Childs, Los Angeles.... W 12
Oct. 31—Geo. Gardner, San Francisco.... W 20
Dec. 5—Fred Russell, Los Angeles.... WF 8

1903

Feb. 5—Denver E. Martin, Los Angeles... W 20
Feb. 27—Sam McVey, Los Angeles.... W 20
Apr. 16—Sandy Ferguson, Boston.... W 10
May 11—Joe Butler, Philadelphia.... KO 3
July 31—Sandy Ferguson, Philadelphia.... ND 6
Oct. 27—Sam McVey, Los Angeles.... W 20

Dec. 11—Sandy Ferguson, Colma, Cal.... W 20

1904

Feb. 16—Black Bill, Philadelphia.... ND 6
Apr. 22—Sam McVey, San Francisco.... KO 20
June 2—Frank Childs, Chicago.... W 6
Oct. 18—Denver Ed Martin, Los Angeles... KO 2

1905

Mar. 28—Marvin Hart, San Francisco.... L 20
Apr. 25—Jim Jeffords, Philadelphia.... KO 4
May 3—Black Bill, Philadelphia.... W 4
May 9—Walter Johnson, Philadelphia.... KO 3
May 9—Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia.... ND 6
June 26—Jack Monroe, Philadelphia.... ND 6
July 13—Morris Harris, Philadelphia.... KO 3
July 13—Black Bill, Philadelphia.... ND 6
July 18—Sandy Ferguson, Chelsea.... WF 7
July 24—Joe Grimm, Philadelphia.... ND 6
Nov. 25—Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia.... LF 2
Dec. 1—Y. P. Jackson, Baltimore.... W 12
Dec. 2—Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia.... ND 6

1906

Jan. 16—Joe Jeannette, New York City.... ND 3
Mar. 15—Joe Jeannette, Baltimore.... W 15
Apr. 19—Black Bill, Wilkes-Barre.... KO 7
Apr. 26—Sam Langford, Chelsea.... W 15
June 18—Charlie Haghey, Gloucester.... W 1
Sept. 20—Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia.... ND 6
Nov. 8—Jim Jeffords, Lancaster, Pa.... W 6
Nov. 26—Joe Jeannette, Portland, Me.... D 10
Dec. 9—Joe Jeannette, Sharkey A. C.,
New York.... W 3

1907

Feb. 19—Peter Felix, Sydney, N.S.W.... KO 1
Mar. 4—J. Lang, Melbourne, Austr.... KO 9
July 17—Bob Fitzsimmons, Philadelphia.... KO 2
Aug. 28—Kid Cutler, Reading, Pa.... KO 1
Sept. 12—Sallor Burke, Bridgeport.... W 6
Nov. 2—Jim Flynn, San Francisco.... KO 11

1908

June —Al. McNamara, Plymouth.... W 4
July 31—Ben Taylor, Plymouth.... KO 8
Dec. 26—Tommy Burns, Sydney.... W 14
Won heavyweight title

1909

Mar. 10—Victor McLaglen, Vancouver.... W 6
May 19—P. Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia.... ND 6
June 30—Tony Ross, Pittsburgh.... ND 6
Sept. 9—Al Kaufman, San Francisco.... ND 10
Oct. 16—Stanley Ketchel, Colma, Cal.... KO 12
—Frank Moran, Pittsburgh.... Exh 4
*Title bout

1910

July 4—James J. Jeffries, Reno, Nev.... KO 15
Title bout

1912

July 4—*Jim Flynn, Las Vegas.... W 9
Police ordered bout stopped.
Johnson received \$30,000 for
his end
*Title bout

1914

June 27—Frank Moran, Paris.... W 20
Nov. 28—*Andre Spoul, Paris.... KO 2
Johnson knocked Russian
wrestler out when contest
ended in a row
Dec. 19—Jim Johnson, Paris.... D 10
*Title bout

1915

Apr. 5—Jess Willard, Havana, Cuba.... KO by 26
Lost heavyweight title

1916

Mar. 10—Frank Crozier, Madrid, Spain.... W 10
Mar. 25—Arthur Gruhan, Madrid, Spain.... W 10

1918

Apr. 3—Blink McCloskey, Madrid, Spain.... W 4

1919

Apr. 7—Tom Cowler, Mexico City.... D 10
—Capr. Bob Roper, Mexico City.... W 10
—John Allen, Leavenworth.... KO 2
Sept. 28—Marty Gutler, Mexico.... KO 6
—Joe Boyken, Mexico.... KO 5

1920

Apr. 20—Ray Neal, Tijuana, Mexico.... ND 4
Nov. 25—Frank Owens, Leavenworth.... KO 6
Nov. 25—T. J. Johnson, Leavenworth.... W 5
Nov. 30—T. J. Johnson, Leavenworth.... Exh 6

1923

May 20—Jack Thompson, Havana.... ND 15
May 6—Farmer Lodge, Havana.... KO 4
Oct. 1—Bartling Siki, Quebec.... Exh 6

1924

Feb. 22—Homer Smith, Montreal.... W 10

1926

May 5—Pat Lester, Nogales, Texas.... W 15
May 30—Bob Lawson, Juarez, Mexico.... WF 8
Died June 10, 1946, Raleigh,
N. C.

JESS WILLARD



Born, Dec. 29, 1883,
Pottawatomie County,
Kan. Weight, 250 lbs.
Height, 6 ft. 6 ins.
Managed by Tom Jones.

1911

Knockouts: Ed. Burke, 3 rds.; Louis Fink, 3; Al
Mandeno, 4; Joe Cavanaugh, 11; Bill Shiller, 4.
Won: Frank Lyon, 10; Mike Comiskey, 10. Lost:
Joe Cox, Willard claims he was warned not to
box and retired, 5. Lost, foul: Louis Fink, 10.

1912

May 23—John Young, Ft. Wayne, Ind.... KO 6
June 29—Frank Bowers, St. Charles, Ill.... KO 4
July 2—John Young, So. Chicago, Ill.... KO 5
July 29—Arthur Pelkey, New York.... ND 10
Aug. 19—Luther McCarthy, New York.... ND 10
Dec. 2—Sallor White, Buffalo, N. Y.... KO 1
Dec. 27—Soldier Kearns, New York.... KO 8

1913

Jan. 22—Frank Bauer, Fr. Wayne, Ind.... KO 5
Mar. 5—Jack Leon, Ft. Wayne, Ind.... KO 4
May 20—Gunboat Smith, San Francisco.... L 20
June 27—Charley Miller, San Francisco.... D 4
July 4—Al William, Reno, Nev.... W 8
Aug. 22—Bull Young, Vernon, Cal.... KO 11
Nov. 17—Geo. Rodel, Milwaukee.... ND 10
Nov. 24—Jack Reed, Ft. Wayne, Ind.... W 2
Dec. 3—Carl Morris, New York.... ND 10
Dec. 12—George Davis, Buffalo, N. Y.... KO 2
Dec. 29—George Rodel, New Haven.... KO 9

1914

Mar. 27—Tom MacMahon, Youngstown,
Ohio.... L 12
Apr. 13—Dan Daily, Buffalo.... KO 9
Apr. 28—George Rodel, Atlanta, Ga.... KO 6

1915

Apr. 5—Jack Johnson, Havana, Cuba.... KO 26
Won world's heavyweight
championship; referee, Jack
Welch

1916

Mar. 25—*Frank Moran, New York.... ND 10
Aug. 8—Soldier Kearns, Plattsburg.... Exh 2
*Title bout

1918

July 4—Jim Golden, Ft. Riley, Kan.... Exh 10
July 18—Tim Logan, Chester, Pa.... Exh 10

1919

July 4—Jack Dempsey, Toledo.... KO by 3
For heavyweight champion-
ship of the world, Will-
ard received \$100,000; Demp-
sey, \$27,500.

1922

Exhibitions: Tom Kennedy, 2; Joe Bonds, 2;
Scotty Messer, 2; Tom Barnson, 2; Frank
Farmer, 3; Alden Schuwnacher, 3.

1923

May 12—Floyd Johnson, New York.... KO 11
July 12—Luis Firpo, Jersey City.... KO by 8

1926

—Jimmy O'Catty, New York Exh 3

EDITORS' NOTE: Space limita-
tions make it impossible for us to
present the entire list of heavy-
weight champions in one issue.
The foregoing group represents ap-
proximately half of the material
we have prepared for publication.
The remainder, running through
the present day, will appear in the
near future.

SPORT SCHEDULE

Here is SPORT's monthly listing of contests in all major sports. It's complete, accurate, and up-to-date!

D	1	2	3
E	4	5	6
C	7	8	9
	10	11	12
	13	14	15
	16	17	18
	19	20	21
	22	23	24
	25	26	27
	28	29	30
	31		

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Dec. 2

Maryland at Miami (Fla.) (27-13); Hardin-Simmons at Trinity (Texas); Fresno State at Hawaii.

Dec. 3

Auburn vs. Alabama (0-55) at Birmingham, Ala.; Utah State at Arizona State (Tempe) (22-17); South Carolina at Citadel; Notre Dame at Southern Methodist.

Dec. 16

College of the Pacific at Hawaii.

PRO FOOTBALL

America Football Conference

DECEMBER 4, First round of playoffs. 11, Championship game.

National Football League

DECEMBER 4, Chicago Cardinals at Los Angeles; Green Bay at Washington; New York Bulldogs at Detroit; Philadelphia at New York Giants; Pittsburgh at Chicago Bears. 11, Chicago Cardinals at Chicago Bears; Green Bay at Detroit; New York Giants at Philadelphia; Pittsburgh at New York Bulldogs; Washington at Los Angeles. 18, Championship game.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Madison Square Garden

DECEMBER 1, NYU-Vanderbilt; Long Island U.-Texas A & M. 3, CCNY-Lafayette; Manhattan-Siena. 6, NYU-Oregon State; St. John's-Louisiana State. 8, CCNY-Southern Methodist; Long Island U.-Kansas State. 10, NYU-Rutgers; St. John's-Rhode Island State. 13, NYU-Colgate; Long Island U.-Oklahoma A & M. 15, St. John's-Kentucky; CCNY-Brooklyn College. 17, NYU-Holy Cross; Long Island U.-Denver. 19, CCNY-Oklahoma; St. John's-Washington State. 20, NYU-California; Long Island U.-Southern California. 22, CCNY-California; St. John's-San Francisco. 26, Manhattan-Santa Clara; Long Island U.-San Francisco. 27, CCNY-UCLA; St. John's-Utah. 29, Long Island U.-Western Kentucky; NYU-Yale.

Convention Hall, Philadelphia

DECEMBER 3, Temple-Vanderbilt; St. Joseph's-Louisiana State. 10, Temple-Muhlenberg; St. Joseph's-Oklahoma A & M. 17, St. Joseph's-Southern California; Temple-La Salle. 26, St. Joseph's-Utah; La Salle-UCLA. 29, Temple-Santa Clara; La Salle-San Francisco.

Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo

DECEMBER 3, Niagara-Texas A & M; Canisius-Oregon State. 10, Niagara-Southern Methodist; Canisius-Kansas State. 15, Canisius-Southern California; Niagara-Denver. 17, Buffalo-Washington State; Canisius-California. *26, Canisius-Western Kentucky; Buffalo-Temple. 29, Canisius-Utah; St. Bonaventure-Brown. 31, Canisius-Cornell; Niagara-San Francisco.

*Opponent pending.

Boston Garden

DECEMBER 6, William & Mary-Colby; Rhode Island State-Boston College. 10, Boston College-St. Anselm's; Navy-Harvard. 13, Holy Cross-Dartmouth; Harvard-Boston College. 20, Loyola (Los Angeles)-Boston College; Kansas-Holy Cross.

PRO BASKETBALL

National Basketball Association

DECEMBER 1, Rochester at Baltimore; Philadelphia at Fort Wayne; Minneapolis at Indianapolis; New York at St. Louis; Chicago at Sheboygan. 2, Waterloo at Denver; Rochester at Philadelphia. 3, Minneapolis at Chicago; Baltimore at New York; Indianapolis at Rochester; St. Louis at Sheboygan; Boston at Tri-Cities; Philadelphia at Washington. 4, Waterloo at Denver; Washington at Fort Wayne; Rochester at Minneapolis; Boston at St. Louis; Indianapolis at Syracuse. 5, Sheboygan at Anderson. 6, Washington at Chicago; Tri-Cities vs. Baltimore at Chicago; Boston at Indianapolis. 7, Chicago at Baltimore; St. Louis at Denver; Washington at Minneapolis; Syracuse at Tri-Cities; Sheboygan at Waterloo. 8, New York at Baltimore; Minneapolis at Fort Wayne; Indianapolis at Anderson; Philadelphia at Boston; Syracuse at Sheboygan. 9, Chicago at Philadelphia. 10, St. Louis at Baltimore; Chicago at New York; Sheboygan vs. Boston at Providence; Syracuse at Rochester; Fort Wayne at Washington; Denver vs. Minneapolis at Rochester, Minn. 11, Indianapolis at Fort Wayne; Philadelphia at Minneapolis; Sheboygan at Syracuse; Denver at Tri-Cities; Anderson at Waterloo. 13, Philadelphia at Chicago; Rochester at Denver; Tri-Cities at Indianapolis. 14, Minneapolis at New York; Fort Wayne at Syracuse; Chicago at Tri-Cities; St. Louis at Washington; Philadelphia at Waterloo. 15, Waterloo at Anderson; Minne-

apolis at Baltimore; St. Louis at Boston; Rochester at Fort Wayne; Tri-Cities at Sheboygan. 16, Rochester at Chicago; Indianapolis at Denver; Waterloo vs. Baltimore at Philadelphia; St. Louis at Philadelphia; Fort Wayne at Anderson. 17, Waterloo vs. Philadelphia at New York; St. Louis at New York; Chicago at Rochester; Baltimore at Washington. 18, Indianapolis at Denver; Baltimore at Fort Wayne; Boston at Minneapolis; Chicago at Syracuse; Waterloo at Tri-Cities; Anderson at Sheboygan.

19, New York at Anderson. 20, New York at Chicago; Baltimore at Indianapolis; Minneapolis at Rochester; Syracuse at Waterloo. 21, Anderson at Denver; Waterloo vs. Chicago at St. Louis; New York at St. Louis; Baltimore at Philadelphia; Syracuse at Tri-Cities; Minneapolis at Washington. 22, Washington at Baltimore; Minneapolis at Boston; St. Louis at Fort Wayne; Chicago at Indianapolis; Syracuse at Sheboygan. 23, New York at Denver; Boston at Washington. 25, Philadelphia at Baltimore; Sheboygan at Denver; Fort Worth at Minneapolis; Boston at Rochester; Washington at St. Louis; Anderson at Syracuse; Indianapolis at Waterloo.

26, Washington at Anderson; Chicago at Fort Wayne; Rochester at New York; Baltimore vs. Boston at Providence; Minneapolis at Tri-Cities. 27, New York at Boston; Sheboygan at Denver; Washington at Rochester; Anderson at Indianapolis; Tri-Cities at Fort Wayne. 28, Baltimore at Minneapolis; New York at Philadelphia; Syracuse at Washington; Chicago at Waterloo. 29, Chicago at Anderson; Syracuse vs. Philadelphia at Atlantic City; Fort Wayne at Rochester; Baltimore at St. Louis; Waterloo at Sheboygan. 30, Fort Wayne at Boston; Tri-Cities at Denver. 31, Fort Wayne at Philadelphia; St. Louis at Rochester; New York at Washington; Minneapolis at Waterloo.

ICE HOCKEY

National Hockey League

DECEMBER 1, Detroit at Toronto; Boston at Chicago. 3, Detroit at Montreal; New York at Toronto; Chicago at Boston. 4, Montreal at Boston; Toronto at Detroit; Chicago at New York. 7, Chicago at New York; Detroit at Boston. 8, Boston at Montreal; Toronto at Chicago. 10, Chicago at Montreal; Boston at Toronto; New York at Detroit. 11, Montreal at Chicago; Toronto at Boston; Detroit at New York. 14, Montreal at Toronto; New York at Chicago; Detroit at Boston. 15, Toronto at Montreal.

17, Detroit at Montreal; Chicago at Toronto; New York at Boston. 18, Montreal at Boston; Toronto at New York; Detroit at Chicago. 21, Montreal at New York; Toronto at Detroit; Boston at Chicago. 24, New York at Montreal; Boston at Toronto. 25, Montreal at Detroit; Toronto at New York; Chicago at Boston. 28, Montreal at Toronto; Chicago at New York; Boston at Detroit. 31, Chicago at Montreal; Detroit at Toronto; Boston at New York.

American Hockey League

DECEMBER 1, Buffalo at Providence. 3, Cincinnati at Hershey; Providence at Springfield; Pittsburgh at Cleveland; New Haven at St. Louis. 4, Indianapolis at Buffalo; Springfield at Providence; New Haven at Cincinnati. 6, Pittsburgh at St. Louis. 7, New Haven at Buffalo; Indianapolis at Hershey; Cleveland at Springfield; Pittsburgh at Cincinnati. 8, New Haven at Indianapolis. 10, St. Louis at Springfield; New Haven at Cleveland; Hershey at Pittsburgh. 11, Springfield at Buffalo; Pittsburgh at New Haven; St. Louis at Providence; Hershey at Indianapolis; Cleveland at Cincinnati. 14, Providence at Buffalo; Hershey at Cincinnati; Cleveland at Pittsburgh. 15, Providence at New Haven; Cincinnati at Indianapolis. 17, Providence at Springfield; Hershey at Cleveland; St. Louis at Pittsburgh. 18, Hershey at Buffalo; St. Louis at New Haven; Springfield at Providence; Cleveland at Indianapolis; Pittsburgh at Cincinnati. 20, Cleveland at St. Louis. 21, Springfield at Hershey; Buffalo at Providence; Cleveland at Pittsburgh. 24, Buffalo at Springfield. 25, Cleveland at Buffalo; Hershey at New Haven; Pittsburgh at Providence; Springfield at Indianapolis; St. Louis at Cincinnati. 26, New Haven at Hershey; Indianapolis at Pittsburgh. 27, Springfield at Cleveland; Cincinnati at St. Louis. 28, Cincinnati at Buffalo; Cleveland at Hershey; New Haven at Providence; Springfield at Pittsburgh. 29, Providence at New Haven; Pittsburgh at Indianapolis. 31, Buffalo at Hershey; Providence at Springfield; Cincinnati at Cleveland; New Haven at Pittsburgh; Indianapolis at St. Louis.

Pacific Coast Hockey League

DECEMBER 2, Los Angeles at San Diego; San Francisco at Oakland; New Westminster at Victoria; Fresno at Vancouver. 3, San Diego at Los Angeles; Oakland at San Francisco; Vancouver at Portland; Fresno at Tacoma; Seattle at New Westminster. 4, Vancouver at Seattle. 6, Oakland at San Diego; Los Angeles at Fresno; Seattle at Victoria; Tacoma at Vancouver. 7, Oakland at Los Angeles; Fresno at San Francisco; Tacoma at New Westminster. 9, Portland at San Diego; Fresno at Oakland; Vancouver at Victoria. 10, Portland at Los Angeles; San Diego at Fresno; Oakland at San Francisco; Victoria at Tacoma; Vancouver at New Westminster. 11, Victoria at Seattle. 13, Portland at Fresno; San Diego at Oakland; Victoria at Vancouver. 14, Fresno at Los Angeles; San Diego at San Francisco; New Westminster at Seattle. 16, Fresno at San Diego; Portland at Oakland; Tacoma at Victoria; New Westminster at Vancouver. 17, San Diego at Los Angeles; Oakland at Fresno; Portland at San Francisco; Vancouver at Tacoma; Seattle at New Westminster. 18, Tacoma at Seattle.

20, San Francisco at San Diego; Los Angeles at Fresno; Seattle at Victoria; Oakland at Vancouver. 21, San Francisco at Los Angeles; Tacoma at Portland; Oakland at New Westminster. 23, San Francisco at San Diego; Oakland at Victoria; Seattle at Vancouver. 25, San Diego at Fresno; Oakland at Seattle. 26, Oakland at Tacoma; Portland at Victoria; New Westminster at Vancouver. 27, Los Angeles at San Diego; San Francisco at Fresno. 28, Seattle at Los Angeles; Fresno at San Francisco; Oakland at Portland; Tacoma at New Westminster. 30, Seattle at San Diego; Los Angeles at Oakland; New Westminster at Victoria; Tacoma at Vancouver. 31, Seattle at Fresno; Los Angeles at San Francisco; Tacoma at Portland; Vancouver at New Westminster.

United States Hockey League
DECEMBER 1, Kansas City at St. Paul; Omaha at Tulsa. 2, Minneapolis at Louisville. 3, Louisville at Minneapolis; St. Paul at Omaha; Kansas City at Tulsa. 4, Minneapolis at Kansas City; Omaha at St. Paul. 6, Minneapolis at Tulsa; Omaha at Louisville. 7, Louisville at Kansas City. 8, Tulsa at Omaha. 9, Kansas City at Louisville. 10, St. Paul at Tulsa; Kansas City at Minneapolis; Louisville at Omaha. 11, St. Paul at Kansas City. 13, Tulsa at Omaha. 14, Omaha at Minneapolis; Louisville at Kansas City. 15, Minneapolis at Tulsa. 16, St. Paul at Louisville. 17, St. Paul at Omaha; Kansas City at Tulsa; Louisville at Minneapolis. 18, Omaha at Kansas City; Louisville at St. Paul. 20, Minneapolis at Omaha; Tulsa at Louisville. 21, Kansas City at St. Paul. 22, Kansas City at Omaha. 23, St. Paul at Louisville. 25, Minneapolis at St. Paul; Omaha at Tulsa; Louisville at Kansas City. 27, St. Paul at Tulsa; Omaha at Louisville. 28, Omaha at Minneapolis. 29, Minneapolis at Omaha; Kansas City at St. Paul. 30, Kansas City at Louisville. 31, St. Paul at Minneapolis; Omaha at Tulsa.

HORSE RACING

DECEMBER 1, Opening at Tropical Park. 3, Closing at Bowie. 5, Opening at Charles Town, West Virginia. 26, Opening of Santa Anita, Arcadio, Calif.

Stake Races

DECEMBER 3, Tanforan Handicap (\$25,000) at Tanforan, San Bruno, Calif. 10, El Camino Stakes (\$10,000) at Tanforan. 17, San Francisco Handicap (\$10,000) at Tanforan. 26, California Breeders' Champion Stakes (\$50,000) at Santa Anita. 31, San Carlos Handicap (\$50,000) at Santa Anita.

SPORTS ON YOUR RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

Champion Roll Call, with Harry Wismer (news and gossip) 9:55-10:00 p.m. (EST) Fridays. Joe Hasel Presents (Interviews with sports celebrities). 11:15-11:30 p.m. (EST) Monday-Friday.

Sports Roundup with Harry Wismer (on-the-spot news). 6:30-6:45 p.m. (EST) every Saturday. Richfield Sports Reporter with Russ Hodges, 7:30 p.m. (EST) every Saturday.

ABC continues its coverage of major boxing events with Bill Corum and Dan Dunphy at the mike.

Columbia Broadcasting System

Red Barber's Clubhouse (sports quiz for teenagers) 6:30-6:45 p.m. (EST) Saturday. Also on CBS-TV.

The Joe DiMaggio Show, 10:10-10:30 a.m. (EST) every Saturday.

Mutual Broadcasting System

The Fishing and Hunting Club at the Air with Jim Hurley and others, 8:30-8:55 p.m. (EST) Thursday.

Paul Janas' Sports Parade, 5:5-5:30 p.m., (EST) every Saturday.

National Broadcasting Company

Sports Newsreel with Bill Stern, 10:30-10:45 p.m. (EST) Friday.

F-R-N-K-A Spells Power at Tulane

(—> FROM PAGE 47) the deception of the T go hard work and efficiency. The Frnka football practices start early and end late. And not even the elements can stop them. For example, there was the December in 1943 when the Tulsa practice for an approaching bowl game was slowed down to a walk—nay, a plod—by heavy rains and snows. Everyone talks about the weather but Henry Frnka does something about it. He erected a circus tent over the practice field and for the remainder of the month, his team worked out on a dry gridiron, blizzards or not.

To run your football on such production-demanding lines you must have discipline. That is another Frnka stock in trade. His Tulane players do not call him Henry or even Coach. They call him Mr. Frnka and Mr. Frnka only. For this reason, he is not beloved by his men. But they have a healthy respect for him because they can appreciate his burning passion to win.

Frnka, who looks like Porky the Pig and acts like a credit manager, learned his football in Texas, where he was born in 1903. He was no standout around his native town of Garwood, where his Czech parents had settled some years before. But he developed into a good guard and fullback at Texas Military Institute. Henry got his liberal arts degree at Austin College in 1926 and returned there for his master's degree a decade later. He married Martha Hubbert, his school-girl sweetheart, and plunged into Texas prep league football, a dog-eat-dog sector if there ever was one.

Coaching at Lubbock High (1926-'31), and Greenville High (1932-'35), Henry established himself as a highly successful teacher and tactician. Over that 10-year period, Frnka's teams won, 103, lost eight, tied seven.

The amazing record attracted the attention of Ray Morrison, head man at Vanderbilt, and Frnka was lured to the Nashville school as an assistant in 1937.

For three seasons Frnka aided Morrison, and in 1940 went along with him to Temple. Then came the offer from Tulsa, an oil-rich University with sudden football ambitions. Frnka took over at Tulsa for the 1941 season and his star soared.

He operated at Tulsa pretty much as he now operates at Tulane: get the players, organize them well, and pound fundamentals into them mercilessly. The recruiting bill at Tulsa was a bit unique, however, in that it was paid by black gold. The booming oil industry produced many lush-salaried jobs for the players who needed "a little help" to get through college.

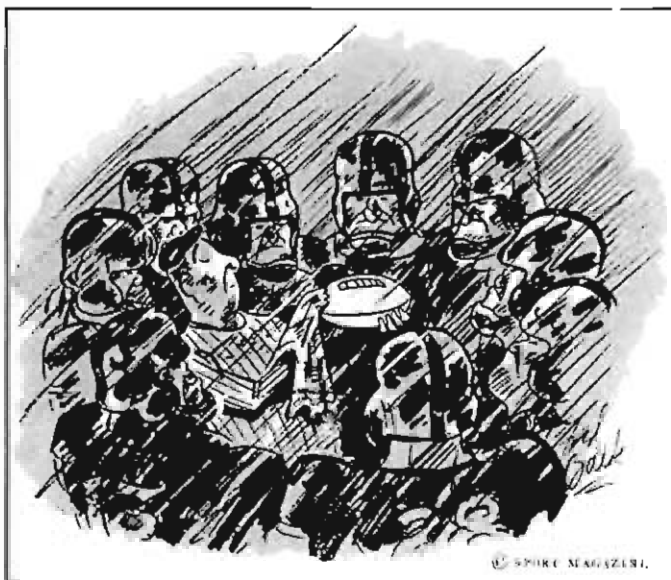
In five years, Frnka took Tulsa teams to five bowl games—the Sun Bowl once, the Sugar Bowl twice, the Orange Bowl once, the Oil Bowl once. The Golden Hurricanes also won three Missouri Valley Conference championships during that period—and their overall record for the half a decade was 37 wins, six losses, one tie. Putting those Tulsa figures with the record of his three years at Tulane and 10 years in the high school league, Frnka, in 18 years

as a head coach, has won 155 games, lost 30, and tied 10, including bowl games.

Football has meant everything to Frnka. It has been his life, his joy, and his sorrow. Friends insist it is pointless to discuss any other subject with him—and downright dangerous to switch the conversation to another sport.

Even the Frnka dinner table talk revolves around split T-formations and running guards. Mrs. Frnka is a football expert in her own right. Back in the Tulsa days, during the war, she served as a scout, somehow crashing the for-men-only press boxes with pencil and notebook. She was a good scout, too, diagramming opposition plays and shrewdly judging individual playing abilities.

But while football has given the Frnka family its bread, butter, and bonanza, it also, as indicated earlier, has given them great tragedy—the



death of their older son. At 17, he was a junior in high school in Tulsa when Henry took over the Tulane coaching job. It was decided to let Henry, Jr.—they called him "Big Boy"—remain in Tulsa until his graduation. He was a star halfback on the high school team.

On the eve of the 1946 Tulane-Florida game—October 4—Frnka got a phone call from Tulsa. Henry, Jr., had suffered a brain concussion in a high school game. The coach chartered a plane and Mrs. Frnka followed him by commercial airline a few hours later. The boy's condition was critical, so the surgeon operated. Henry, Jr., died the following Sunday, a lad who had had his heart set on football stardom, preferably under his father.

The Frnka family was considerably shaken, but Henry soon realized the need to reassure frightened parents the nation over. He told reporters the loss would in no way affect his attitude toward the sport, and especially toward letting his younger son play football.

That younger boy, Dell, is now 15, and a football lover. The Frnkas had another child last year. The family lives near the campus in a home formerly occupied by Dr. Wilbur C. Smith, one-time Tulane athletic director. Cliff Van Meter, one of the first Frnka

player importations from the Southwest, stays there, too.

On the whole, Frnka is liked by the alumni, both real and subway, though there are some who have questioned his procedures. There is the matter of schedules, for example. Frnka himself, and the efficient publicity department at Tulane, take great pains to point out that Tulane is playing a "murderous" schedule. But is it? Back in 1945—before Frnka—Tulane played an un-interrupted series of powerhouses—Rice, Auburn, Southern Methodist, Mississippi State, Georgia Tech, Clemson, Notre Dame, and LSU. Some of those opponents remain. Others have given way to the likes of Virginia Military, South Carolina, Cincinnati and, to the horrified shock of ticket salesmen, even Southeastern Louisiana College. Noble institutions all, but hardly in Tulane's class as a football power.

About the same time Frnka went to Tulane as football coach, the university decided to take a fling at big-time basketball. Until then, there had been only Kentucky in Southeastern basketball.

The remainder of the conference teams were hapless get-togethers of students, most of them hesitant strays from the football squad.

Cliff Wells, a shrewd and universally respected high school coach from Indiana, was brought in to direct the new policy, and for a while it appeared as though he were in on the same write-your-own ticket as Frnka.

Wells produced, even more quickly than his football counterpart. The Tulane team lost only two games in 1947-'48, and only three in 1948-'49. Suddenly Tulane withdrew its interest in basketball. And an unimpeachable source in the university places the responsibility right on Frnka's doorstep. "He does not want to compete with basketball for scholarships, for appropriations, or for glory," this source said, "and he has won the university administration over to his side."

The result was that Tulane's basketball team has not been permitted to accept the big-time invitations tendered it.

The school went so far as to force Wells to cancel an agreement he already had made to play in New York's Madison Square Garden, and also to reject a bid to compete in the National Invitation tournament at the Garden.

The Tulane hierarchy could say it frowns upon the commercialism of the Garden. However, it did not frown on this commercialism in 1947, when the Green Wave did play there, and it has never rejected a major football bowl bid. Too, it has been quite willing to stage Garden-type doubleheaders with other colleges in its own gymnasium and in the New Orleans Coliseum Arena.

Such a tale may paint Frnka as an ogre and a jealous spoiler on the athletic scene. He's nothing of the sort. He is simply a man who is paid to do a job, and he demands conditions he thinks necessary to produce the desired results. Despite the fearsome 46-7 shellacking handed his present crew by Notre Dame, he is taking the Green Wave along at a rapid clip. And since when has it been a disgrace to be beaten by Notre Dame?

SPORT STYLES FOR MEN SAYS:

Merry Christmas

TO

**BOBBY THOMSON
OF THE GIANTS**

The star outfielder gets an early Xmas party and a smart new wardrobe



CHRISTMAS comes just once a year to most people, but Bobby Thomson, New York Giant center-fielder, will tell you it can happen twice in the same season. With the help of SPORT (plus a highly cooperative Santa Claus), Bobby was given a big preview Xmas party at which he got a complete new sport wardrobe, along with other gifts. Bobby's pre-season Christmas, complete with decorated tree, began early in the morning. He started out in the stylish rayon polka dot Royal robe (above). It weighs only 14 ounces and comes packed in a matching bag. You can get it in your college colors in suit sizes 36-44. The price is \$7.95. At right, Bobby and St. Nick are smiling over the Philco portable radio (\$39.95) that was sitting under the tree. Bobby's suit, another Xmas gift, is an Eagle Clothes product in a handsome glen plaid sharkskin. A lightweight worsted double-breasted model, it's retail-priced at \$69.50. The stylish socks that Bobby combines with the suit are made by Phoenix Hosiery. That's a cable-knit crew neck Catalina sweater draped over Santa's arm. Comes in small, medium, and large and costs \$9.

FOR MORE PICTURES TURN THE PAGE →



SPORT STYLES FOR MEN SAYS:

Merry Christmas

**BOBBY
THOMSON**
(Continued)





Kodachromes and black-and-whites exclusively for SPORT by Ozzie Sweet

- 1... Bobby goes out on a shopping tour of his own in a Rock-Knit overcoat, styled in the popular wrap-around model. Tailored exclusively by Goodstein Brothers, the coat is priced at about \$45. The Rugadoon oil-dressed washable buckskin gloves, by Wilson Bros., sell for around \$8.95.
- 2... In Jacquard knit 100% worsted, Bobby's sweater is in an authentic Swedish pattern. By Barelay Knitwear, it's \$6.
- 3... These Jarman wing tip Continental shoes rate high with Bobby. Featuring a straight outside last with stitched seat construction around the heel, the shoes cost \$14.95, at retail.
- 4... Bobby's Van Heusen tie is matched with his Van Heusen shirt, which features a collar that requires no starch but is curl- and wrinkle-proof. The shirt costs \$3.95; the cravat, \$1.50.
- 5... Bobby thanks Santa for making the early visit. He's wearing a smart-looking gabardine Van Trix sport shirt that's grey with yellow cotton cuffs. The shirt is \$3.95.
- 6... Tailored by Lou Foster, the Philly is a smart reversible jacket of combed cotton gabardine with 100% wool plaid lining. It has wool wristlets and snug wool knit bottom and is water- and wind-repellent. The price: only \$14.95.
- 7... A pair of slack-tailored pajamas that can also be worn at the beach or out in the back yard next Summer made a hit with Bobby. They're called the Weldon First Nighters and have a combed yarn balbriggan pullover and broadcloth trousers finished with cuffs, pleats, pockets and Weldon's adjustable Lastex waistband. They're made for solid sleeping comfort, too. Price: \$5 and \$5.50 in long.
- 8... The hat is a Mallory Edgemont and is olive colored with bound edge. Trimmed with 19 ligne grosgrain band, it's \$10.
- 9... Bobby's sport shoes with stylish embossed vamp and rawhide laces are Jarman's Blucher Moccasins. Sturdily built with thick rubber soles and heels, they retail for \$9.95.
- 10... St. Nick wears the same suit every season but Bobby enjoys variety in his sport wardrobe. This outfit includes Pendleton's 100% wool sport shirt in tan hounds tooth pattern (\$11.95) and a pair of Zax A Belmont original slacks. They're a light grey flannel and cost \$10.95. Bobby's Pioneer belt comes in a natural pigskin. It's priced at \$3.50.

*For additional information on these clothes, write to
SPORT Styles for Men, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.*

THE SPORT SURPRISE

When you start talking about "jinxes" in sport, you can't overlook the one the Garden Bowl on Long Island ran for so long. Whenever a boxing champion went into that ring to defend his title, he was sure to come out an ex-champ!

By BILL STERN



Be sure to catch Bill Stern's "Sports Newsreel," Friday night, 10:30-10:45 EST, over NBC.



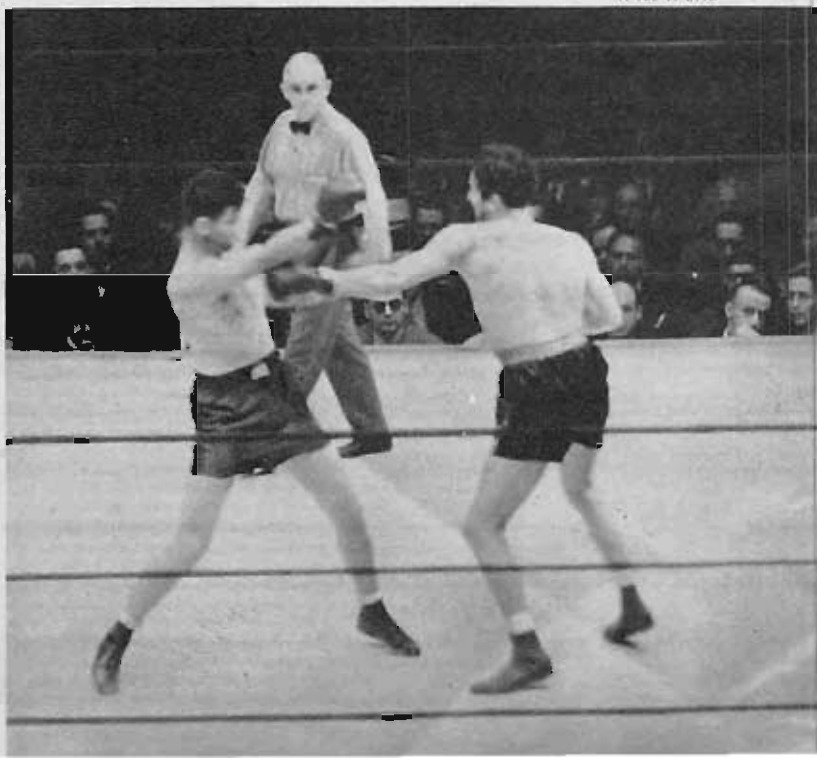
Wide World

Jack Sharkey (at left, weighing in) was a heavy favorite to retain his title against Primo Carnera at the Bowl in June, 1933, but Preem flattened him. Biggest upset at the outdoor arena was Jim Braddock's (left in action shot) win over Baer.

WHEN you think of "jinxes" in boxing, you usually mean the dominance of one fighter over another, or perhaps the legendary power of "Evil-Eye" Finkle to put the hex on a battler in exchange for a cash consideration. It's most unlikely that you ever think of the jinx operated by a dismal, inanimate pile of wood and iron in Long Island City, New York, called the Madison Square Garden Bowl. Yet that structure, in its day, effectively maintained one of the most exclusive jinxes in boxing history. It put the whammy on nothing but champions.

Built in the early 'Thirties by Bill Carey, then the president of Madison Square Garden Corporation, in order to avoid paying high tariffs for the use of such

Wide World



arenas as Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, the Bowl had a short but hectic career.

The remarkable chain of events for which Mr. Carey's little project is best remembered had its start on a Summer night in 1932 when heavyweight champion Max Schmeling climbed into the ring to defend his world title against Jack Sharkey. It was from Sharkey that Der Maxie had won his crown—won it while writhing on the Stadium ring floor claiming he had been struck a foul blow. (That was in an elimination bout held to fill the title left vacant by Gene Tunney.)

Schmeling was favored to whip Boston's newest Strong Boy, but at the end of 15 hard rounds, Sharkey was declared the new champion. Nobody was aware of it at the time, but the Madison Square Garden Bowl jinx was officially in business.

Exactly one year later, the invisible hand of Fate struck again. This time, it was Jack Sharkey who entered the same ring to defend his rich championship. In the opposite corner sat the massive, gargoyle-like challenger from Italy, Primo Carnera. The huge Carnera—standing six feet, six inches tall and weighing 254 pounds—had run up an impressive record of knockouts against second-raters and worse, but had yet to flatten a fighter of recognized class. In fact, Sharkey himself had beaten Da Prcem two years before, taking a 15-round decision. It looked like a fairly easy touch for Jack.

FOR five rounds, Sharkey again had an easy time. Then the jinx moved in. Carnera parked one on Sharkey's chin in the sixth, ten seconds later, he was the new heavyweight champion of the world. Write down Victim No. Two for the hex!

The jinx, however, wasn't confined to heavyweights. On May 28, 1934, Jimmy McLarnin, the welterweight champion of the world, tried to defend his title against Barney Ross in the Bowl. Jimmy left the ring 15 rounds later an ex-champion. Victim No. Three was a dead duck.

Less than three weeks after the Ross-McLarnin go, Madcap Maxie Baer, the Livermore Larruper, squared off against Carnera with the neavyweight championship at stake. Baer was obviously a gifted fighter, although not serious enough about his job to suit many of the experts, but Carnera nevertheless had much support. He needed more than he had. He was knocked out in the 11th round by a snarling, vicious Baer who beat the big man into a helpless pulp. Four down!



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Merely as a sideline, the jinx took an excursion into wrestling on June 24 that year, and allowed Jim London to strip Jim Browning of his heavyweight wrestling crown in the Bowl. That was, one presumes, just by way of keeping its hand in. Come September, and there was more to do. Barney Ross was giving McLarnin a return shot at that welter title. It was nice of Ross to let Jimmy have another try, but he should have known better than to fight him in Madison Square Garden Bowl, where all champions became ex-champions in one easy lesson. So of course, it happened again. McLarnin took back his crown. Victim No. Six was in the books.

Next time out, the jinx really flexed its muscles and chalked up a dilly. It was announced that Baer was going to defend the heavyweight title against James J. Braddock on the night of June 13, 1935—at the Bowl, of course. Everyone knew about Jimmy Braddock. He had returned to the ring after going into retirement. Why? He was broke, desperate. He needed the money and it didn't matter if he got knocked around a little. Which was okay. But why match him against

a killer like Baer? Poor old Jim.

Poor old Max, they should have said. In one of the greatest upsets in ring history, Jim Braddock, the Cinderella Man, neatly lifted the glittering crown off Baer's head by outpointing the California Clown in 15 rounds. The jinx could afford to laugh up its sleeve now. Victim No. 7 had been its masterpiece.

Or had it? Wait a minute—there was more coming. Not just the night that Barney Ross, again holder of the welterweight title, dropped his championship to Hammerin' Henry Armstrong on May 31, 1938. There was something even better than that in store. The jinx didn't want to fold up shop quite yet.

Braddock, the heavyweight champion, was ripe for a challenge. Joe Louis had come out of Detroit to pulverize all opposition and, for a while, the exciting newcomer, the Brown Bomber, appeared to be the top contender. Then Louis was knocked out by the Black Uhlan, Schmeling. It would be Schmeling, then, who would get the title shot, agreed the experts. The powers that be announced that the fight had been set—Braddock vs. Schmeling for the heavy- (→ TO PAGE 84)

SPORT'S

QUIZ IN WORDS AND PICTURES

If you consider yourself an amateur sports authority, you'll want to test your knowledge of facts and figures in this question and answer section

1 What three heavyweight boxing champions' names start with James J?

2 The most number of runs scored by one team in a modern major-league game is: (A) 29, (B) 25, (C) 28.

3 Stan Musial, Arnold Galiffa, and Lee Sala come from the same home town in Pennsylvania. Do you know what it is?

4 Is there any major-league park where no night games are played? If so, which one?

5 Football coaches Frank Leahy, Eddie Anderson, Buck Shaw, and Jim Pbelan:

- (A) . . . were all backs.
- (B) . . . coached at G'orgetown.
- (C) . . . played under Rockne.

6 A batter can be credited with an RBI while hitting into a double play. True or False?

7 Name two sports in which the term "spare" is used.

8 Do you remember the winning pitcher in the first All-Star game? (A) Lefty Grove, (B) Carl Hubbell, (C) Lefty Gomez.

9 Bob Pastor went more than 20 rounds before Joe Louis was able to knock him out. True or False?

10 Can you properly match the following names and nicknames?
Jack Chesbro—Cocky
Eddie Grant—Happy Jack
Jack Coombs—Harvard Eddie
Eddie Collins—Colby Jack

11 If you ran a furlong, how far would you go?

12 Which of the following tennis stars has been ranked in the first 10 for 17 consecutive years?
(A) . . . Frankie Parker
(B) . . . Jack Kramer
(C) . . . Don Budge

13 The National Hockey League was organized in (A) 1917, (B) 1926, (C) 1935.



International

14 This former St. Louis Cardinal star set a major-league record by batting in 12 runs in a game in 1924. He's:

- (A) . . . Rogers Hornsby
- (B) . . . Joe Medwick
- (C) . . . Jim Bottomley



Wide World

18 In 1946, this present AAFC grid ace set a Big Nine passing mark with 35 completions in 63 attempts. He's:

- (A) . . . Billy Hillenbrand
- (B) . . . Bob Chappuis
- (C) . . . Bob DeMoss



Acme

22 His mark of 56 feet, one and one-half inches set a new NCAA shot-put record last June. Recognize him?

- (A) . . . Otis Chandler
- (B) . . . Vic Frank
- (C) . . . Jim Fuchs

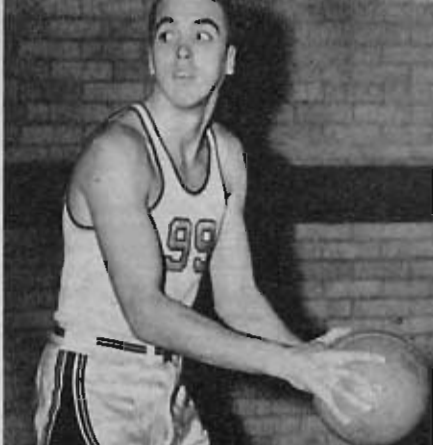
FOR CORRECT ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 76→



Acme

15 Do you recognize this famous golf pro who was the winner of five PGA championship tournaments?

- (A) . . . Lawson Little
- (B) . . . Gene Sarazen
- (C) . . . Walter Hagen



16 Six feet, 11 inches tall, he was the biggest man in the National Invitation basketball tourney last year. He's:

- (A) . . . Jim McIntyre
- (B) . . . Ed Macauley
- (C) . . . Charley Share



International

17 He has been third man in the ring in more heavyweight championship bouts than any other referee. He is:

- (A) . . . Arthur Donovan
- (B) . . . Eddie Joseph
- (C) . . . George Blake



Acme

19 A former National League baseball player, he's now head coach of a NFL team. Do you know his name?

- (A) . . . Bo McMillin
- (B) . . . Clipper Smith
- (C) . . . Greasy Neale



Acme

20 This great Stanford back was the star of Indian teams that lost two in a row in the Rose Bowl. He is:

- (A) . . . Bones Hamilton
- (B) . . . Cotton Warburton
- (C) . . . Bobby Grayson



Wide World

21 A famous name in hockey, he led all NHL players in goals scored during the 1948-49 season. Do you know him?

- (A) . . . Max Bentley
- (B) . . . Roy Conacher
- (C) . . . Maurice Richard



Wide World

23 This young lady was the winner of the Canadian women's amateur golf tourney last August. Her name is:

- (A) . . . Grace Lenczyk
- (B) . . . Grace DeMoss
- (C) . . . Marion Herron



International

24 This old-time New York Giant once stole four bases in one inning against the Boston Braves. Remember him?

- (A) . . . Larry Doyle
- (B) . . . Josh Devore
- (C) . . . Roger Bresnahan



Wide World

25 After you've recognized the sport, can you tell the number of players used on a side in this game?

- (A) . . . Five
- (B) . . . Seven
- (C) . . . Eight

Sid Luckman—Hail and Farewell

(— FROM PAGE 19) wanted to."

Later on, as they grew older and more discriminating, the gang shifted the scene of its games to Prospect Park. There, on the grass and the turf, they were able to play tackle. Naturally, they had no equipment, but that never bothered them. All they asked was a football, half a dozen or so kids for each side, and no older boys coming along to chase them out of the park and force them to go back to the hard asphalt of the street. "Even in the park, playing tackle," Sid recalls, "it was mostly a passing game. I got lots of practice throwing that ball."

All the Luckman children went through Public School 181 in Brooklyn and on to Erasmus Hall High School. Sid, who was a big boy for his age and had become accustomed to being asked to play in Prospect Park games with older kids, promptly went out for the football team. As a freshman, he was placed on the junior varsity squad and later brought up to the varsity unit for the last two games of the schedule. Erasmus fought its way into the borough championship final against Roosevelt High School that year and the game was played before 25,000 persons in the home of the Dodgers, Ebbets Field. In the last two or three minutes of a scoreless tie, Sid operated at left halfback for Erasmus. In such an inconspicuous fashion was the football career of the school's most illustrious athlete launched.

Things were different in Luckman's sophomore year. Paul Sullivan, then the football coach and still a teacher at Erasmus, assigned Sid to the left halfback post permanently and employed him as the team's No. 1 runner and passer, not to mention signal-caller. The team won the borough championship that year, 1932, and Sid became one of the most highly publicized school-boy athletes in the city of New York. Until the day he left Erasmus, he was to remain in the spotlight to an extent not often known by a high school football player in the big city.

Because of all that publicity, Sid got the usual deluge of offers from colleges and universities all over America. He was bid for by institutions whose officials would be shocked if you suggested that they engaged in such unethical activities. One of the major universities which did not enter into the "we'll give you this and that" game was Columbia—and Columbia got him. He went to the New York school with absolutely no scholarship aid, no alumni assistance, nothing but the promise that the university would do its best to help him find work to support himself.

For, if he were to remain in college, Sid had to support himself. The family fortunes, on the upbeat for years, had collapsed virtually overnight. The

trucking business was lost, there was no visible means of support for the family, and it is no part of an exaggeration to say that there were days when there was no food in the kitchen for Sid's mother to cook.

Just a few short months before, when Sid had graduated from Erasmus Hall High, had won the school's McGlue Trophy as the outstanding student in the senior class, and had made one of the principal speeches on graduation night, the world had been a Luckman oyster. Now, swiftly and almost without warning, the family was on the rocks. Sid was shocked, worried, and uncertain. Should he go to college at all? Maybe he ought to skip it and go to work.



Lou Little, the brilliant football coach of Columbia and a man Sid describes as "a second father to me," stepped into the picture with a vigorous program. Sid shouldn't give up his education, Lou felt, and he shouldn't give up what looked to be a promising football career. All right, it wasn't going to be so easy—he would have to work and work hard—but it was what he ought to do. Sid and his folks agreed and he matriculated at Columbia in the Fall of 1935.

The jobs that Sid needed to pay his bills at the university materialized swiftly. "I washed dishes two hours a day for my meals," he says, "and I scrubbed walls for cash, delivered messages around the campus for an NYA (National Youth Administration) check, and even worked at night as a baby-sitter over in some of those rich apartments in Central Park West for 50 cents an hour. That was a nice deal for me because I could take my books along with me and get my studying done. Along with everything else, I worked out with the freshman football squad, although I

didn't play in any games. The university had me down as a probationary student and said I couldn't play any football for Columbia until I had gone through my first year with a B-plus average. I made it. I got the B-plus. And the next year, as a sophomore, I was able to play for Lou Little."

This was no ordinary young man getting a free ride through college because of a talent for playing football. The Luckmans had lost their business, lost their house, seen a lot of people who used to be happy to know them pass them by. But there was no quit in any of them. Sid, like the rest of his family, strove desperately to make up for lost ground. He would have worked at six jobs if he could have found the time.

During his first Summer vacation from college, Sid worked as a lifeguard at Manhattan Beach. Clair Bee, the famous Long Island University basketball coach, was in charge of the lifeguards there and he accepted Lou Little's unqualified recommendation of young Luckman. That was a stroke of good fortune for Sid. In the next two years, he was appointed athletic instructor there and, as he says, "it was a wonderful job for me." The money he earned he turned over to his mother.

Back at Columbia in September, Sid was released from his probationary status and allowed to go out for the football varsity. He made it easily, nailing down the left halfback job for his own. In his first game, he helped the Light Blue defeat undermanned Maine, 34-0, by running almost 40 yards for one touchdown and passing for two others. Playing on Baker Field's springy turf for the first time, Sid had been nervous and worried and over-anxious, but Lou Little was satisfied that the boy had everything he needed. He was more sure of it the next Saturday when Luckman threw one touchdown pass and made one scoring run against heavily-favored Army. The West Pointers won, 27-16, but Little is a patient man. His material had thinned out considerably since the Rose Bowl squad of 1933, but in this stocky, stubborn, black-haired youngster, he saw the makings of a new cycle.

Little's dreams along those lines never were realized while Luckman was under his wing. Sid performed stupendous feats in the neat little stadium on the banks of the Harlem River, and wherever Columbia's forces were asked to play, but the Lions simply did not have enough. They never had what you would call a winning team as long as Sid played. They were mettlesome, and troublesome, and eternally dangerous, but they played a murderous schedule and they lost more often than they won.

It is all the more surprising, then, that Sid Luckman's personal rep-

utation expanded so mightily during that three-year period with Columbia. His team was almost never in the national spotlight but Sid himself always was. It was clear to all the experts that he was one of the game's outstanding passers—and a brilliant strategist, as well. Sid didn't call the signals for Columbia in his sophomore season, but Little assigned him the responsibility in his last two years and never regretted it, any more than George Halas has with the Bears. Sid has a rare instinct for the tactics of the sport, a precise mind that rejoices in the challenge offered by the constantly shifting patterns of play that occur in every game. Little realized this at an early stage of Luckman's career and wasted no time installing the Brooklyn boy as field general of the Columbia forces.

The roof fell in on the Light Blue in Sid's junior year. Army beat the Columbians, 21-18; Cornell won, 14-0; Navy, 13-6; Brown, 7-6; Dartmouth, 27-0. On the good side of the ledger, Sid and his teammates, most of them playing from 50 to 60 minutes because of the scarcity of reserves on the bench, held Stanford to a scoreless tie and beat Pennsylvania. Against Army, the Lions put up a tremendous struggle. Sid completed 18 passes that day, two for touchdowns, and ran back a kick-off 85 yards for another touchdown. It was becoming plain that the country had few forward-passers in the college ranks who could hold a candle to this hard-working, serious-faced junior at Columbia. That little Davey O'Brien down at Texas Christian was terrific, no doubt about it. But Luckman was, too. If he only had a team behind him, the football writers mourned. . . .

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, the asphalt campus of Columbia, worshipped him. So did the girls at Barnard College, which is the female division of the institution. Hardly any of the students in the delicatessen-ringed university had ever seen Sid. Columbia is too big for anyone to get to know many people except those in his immediate classes. But when Saturday came, and the crowd converged on Baker Field, waving light blue pennants in the Fall breeze and lustily singing, "Oh, who owns New York?" it was Luckman who called forth the cheers. It was Luckman who kept Columbia in the game, Saturday after Saturday. That year, and the year after, as well, Luckman was Columbia. Listen to what the Columbia Spectator said about him on its front page:

"Precedent was broken last Saturday during that thrilling scoreless tie with Stanford. For the first time this year, the Columbia bench and cheering section rose to a man to cheer and applaud a player who had just left the field of action. The player was Sidney Luckman, leaving his final 1937 tilt after 55 minutes of exciting play. The people who stood gave him a tribute that has not been given a Blue and White jerseyed star since the celebration for the Rose Bowl team in January, 1934."

It would have been fitting for Sid to have ended his football career at Columbia in a fictional blaze of glory, guiding the Lions at least to the championship of their own Ivy League. But it was not to be that way. The season began auspiciously enough. Improving on their close battle of the year before, the Lions upset Army, 20-18. The Cadets had an 18-6 lead at the half in that one and seemed to be on their way for



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fair. But at the end of the third quarter, it was 18-13, with Columbia on the march. Luckman warmed up his pitching arm at that point and let the Army mule have it—right between the eyes. He threw three straight completed passes to cover 96 yards and watched happily as fullback Gerry Seidel lugged the ball over from the three-yard line. Sid himself kicked the extra point. The 25,000 fans, most of them starved for Columbia victories, almost threw themselves down out of the stands in their anxiety to send up a suitable cheer. It was one of Sid's greatest college games, the upset of the year in Eastern college circles.

Yale went down before Columbia, too, and again Luckman stole the show. He clicked on 10 out of 17 pass tries, throwing most of them on the run in an effort to elude the Yale defenders. Sid, always a good runner during his college days, scored a touchdown himself and kicked three extra points. The day after the game, he got a big kick out of reading in one of the New York newspapers that "Luckman throws 50-yard passes like a catcher pegging to second." There wasn't much more glory for Columbia in that season, but at least there had been that much.

Syracuse edged out the men of Morningside Heights in a bruising, savage football game, 13-12, with Wilheth Sidat-Singh tying knots in the Lion's tail. Then, in Sid's last game as a college boy, Columbia journeyed to Providence, Rhode Island, and absorbed a 36-27 shellacking from Brown. It was a dismal, disappointing end to another losing season. But it was more than that to Sid Luckman. It was, he told reporters, the end of his football career. He didn't want any more. He had had

more than enough football for a while.

Dutifully, the writers chronicled this additional bit of glum news. "Luckman Turns Deaf Ear To Pro Offers," they headlined. "Columbia Hero Won't Play Any More." Everyone agreed that if Sid really was through, he had at least gone out with a bang in a game wholly typical of his tenure at Columbia. The team lost, but Luckman was immense. He ran, he kicked, he blocked, he threw passes, he defended stubbornly. He conceded nothing to the enemy and when Lou Little took him out for a rest in the third quarter he set up a clamor to be returned to action. When Little finally did let him get back in, he dazzled the Brown stands and bewildered the Brown defense with one last, wild attack. Filling the air with flying footballs, artfully aimed at a variety of receivers, Sid tossed three touchdown passes in that last quarter. It was 36-7 when he went in; it was 36-27 when he went out. And when he ran off a college gridiron for the last time, even the Brown supporters stood up and hailed him for the champion he was.

In his senior year, Sid had completed 66 of 132 attempted forward passes for 856 yards gained. He had carried the ball 428 yards overland in 92 tries for a brilliant average of 4.7 yards per carry. The pros applied the pressure. Passers of such stature do not grow on trees and nothing is quite so dear to the heart of a professional coach as a boy who can throw that ball straight to the target. The Chicago Bears had given Eggs Manske to the Pittsburgh Steelers in exchange for the Steelers' first choice in the National League draft, and George Halas, the owner of the Bears, instructed the Steelers to pick Luck-

man of Columbia.

Sid, apprised of these goings-on, sat in his dormitory room at the Heights and shook his head. No, he wasn't having any. "Frankly," Sid told the reporters, "I'm tired of it all. Anyway, my text books are sort of dusty. It's tough to keep awake over them after a hard day's practice. You just sort of close your eyes and doze off."

Out in Chicago, George Halas read the newspaper accounts carefully and said little. From time to time, he sent emissaries to talk to Sid. Benny Friedman, the great old-time passing star . . . Jake Arvey, the Chicago political leader. He had a hunch, too, that Lou Little would subtly encourage his prize pupil to take his great talent further.

The newspapers hinted broadly at the time that Sid was subjected to considerable alumni pressure to resist Halas' offer and reject the pro game, but Luckman says that was not so. He makes it plain, however, that if nobody put the heat on him to turn down the Bears, neither did anybody bowl him over with the offer of a good job. He let the talk go on in the papers while he finished out his senior year. He couldn't sign anything yet, anyway. He still had one more year of eligibility with the Columbia baseball team, for which he had played shortstop since his sophomore year.

"I hold a few baseball records at Columbia," he told me. "Some for hitting, but more for errors. Really, I was a terror in the field. Nobody wanted to sit behind the first-baseman when I was out there. I threw a rising ball, and it generally rose right into the stands. No, really, I remember once I made five errors in one day against Dartmouth!"

AFTER graduation, Sid was hired by Stanley Woodward, then the sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, to work on arrangements for the next New York Giant-Eastern College All-Star football game to be staged by the Trib's Fresh Air Fund. He kept at that for a couple of months, or until Halas broke down his resistance.

It was inevitable that Luckman should sign as a pro. Sid was still a poor boy, eager to get started in life and do what he could to help his family, still struggling to climb back from its low point of a few years before. His older brother, Leo, was running the trucking business now, and was beginning to get back some of the customers who had been lost in '35. Leo wanted Sid to come in with him, but he didn't stand in the younger man's way once he made up his mind to play some more football.

"Luckman got one of the most attractive contracts we have ever offered a freshman player," Halas told the press in announcing the Columbia star's signing. George wasn't exaggerating, either. Sid probably earned close to \$10,000 that first year, and he was well satisfied. He believed Halas, whom he always speaks of as Mr. Halas, when the owner-coach told him of the fame and the financial rewards that could be his with the Bears.

In fact, the future looked so bright to Sid that he asked his steady girl, Estelle Morgolin, if she would marry him right away. Estelle, who had been in Sid's class at Erasmus Hall and had rooted for him ever since he first made the varsity in high school, was willing. They were married at the Elite Club on Ocean Avenue in Brooklyn on July 29, 1939. The Luckmans now have

three children—Robert Charles, who is seven and a half, Ellen Sue, who is almost six, and Gail Marie, who is two and a half. A little more than a year ago, they moved from Brooklyn to Chicago, where they live in a reasonably luxurious 10-room apartment on the Northeast side. They expect to make their home there permanently.

When Sid left for his first trip to Chicago in August, 1939, Estelle did not go with him. They had thought it over carefully and decided that the task of learning the Bears' celebrated T-formation and all the strange plays of his new club would necessarily require every ounce of Sid's concentration. So they agreed that he should go out alone until he was fairly well established.



Mrs. Luckman didn't join her husband that Fall until November. In the years since, they have frequently been separated for long periods, Estelle finding it impossible to move to Chicago with the children every Fall and back to Brooklyn after Christmas. It upset their household too drastically. Now that the whole family is finally settled in Chicago, that problem has been solved for keeps.

Before Sid actually joined the Bears, he had to play in the College All-Star game in Chicago, but Halas had no intention of waiting until after the All-Star tussle to put his new quarterback to work. George sent his trusted aide, Luke Johnsos, to meet Sid and begin orienting him on the intricacies of the T. That first session with Johnsos did something that no football player ever

has been able to do—it scared the pants off Luckman. The Bears, it developed, had about 400 plays in their repertoire (they still do) and habitually used 60 or more of them in each game. As the man scheduled to understudy Bernie Masterson at quarterback, Luckman would have to handle the ball on every play, call the signals, do the passing—and maybe mow the grass on the side. Sid was a worried boy as he dug into the job. But he didn't waste all his time worrying; he worked. He worked over those plays every night until his eyes began to close. He listened to the coaches with eager respect, practiced pivoting in front of a mirror in his hotel room, and sweated for hours over those bewildering diagrams.

HE set no worlds on fire as a professional freshman, but he showed enough to convince Halas that he had done right in picking Luckman over Davey O'Brien, even though O'Brien made the All-League team at the end of the season. The Brooklyn Dodgers offered George \$15,000 for Luckman's contract, but Papa Bear shook his head vigorously. "You just watch this boy go from now on," he said, confidently. And that's exactly what the football world did.

It is not enough to say that Sid Luckman has an extraordinary talent for the game of football. Nor is it enough to say that his talent is coupled with a fire of determination that never dims, that keeps him fighting always for absolute perfection. It is unattainable and he knows it, but he won't stop trying. He can't stop. What you have to understand when you try to figure out how Sid does it is that he is, like Cobb and Ruth and Gehrig and Dempsey before him, a born fighter. He loves to win. He can't explain it, or define for you exactly what happens inside him when the whistle blows and the kick-off arches down the field, but he knows it's there. Sid is a gracious loser because he is a gentleman. He can congratulate an opponent warmly when his whole nervous system is seething with indignation. But Sid hates to lose. He doesn't just dislike it, or find it embarrassing—he hates it. He would like to win every game by the score of 159-0.

Above all, he loves to play football. I was curious about that. I thought that perhaps, after so many years in uniform, so many blocks thrown and passes heaved toward the goal, so many thrills and so many crises, so many broken noses and so many aching bones, he would be tired of it. I thought it very likely that by now the game was simply a job he knew how to perform peculiarly well. But when I asked him about it, when I asked if he still enjoyed playing, there was no mistaking the sincerity of his answer. "I just love it," he grinned, hands hanging down at his sides. "It's my greatest enjoyment in life, outside of my family. I would never have come back this year, against the advice of the doctors, if I wasn't so crazy about the game. I just love it, that's all—especially winning. I always want to win."

He has won his share. Turn back the pages of the years and look at what he has done since he first put on that orange and black uniform of the Bears. . . . Most touchdown passes in one game, seven, against the New York Giants on November 14, 1943. . . . Most yards gained on passes in a single game, 433, same game. . . . Most touchdown passes in one season, 28, in 1943. . . .

Member of most world championship teams, four, an honor he shares with Bulldog Turner, the wonderful Chicago center. . . . All-League quarterback in 1941, '42, '43, '44, '46, and '47. . . . Most touchdown passes in one playoff game, five, against the Washington Redskins on December 26, 1943. . . . winner of the Carr Trophy as the Most Valuable Player in the National Football League, in 1943. There are more records, many more, but these are the high spots and when a man is as good as Sid Luckman, you get bored reading the fine type about him. You want to see him in action, throwing that ball, scoring that winning touchdown, leading that incredible array of talent assembled by George Halas and nicknamed "The Monsters of the Midway."

YOU were lucky if you saw Luckman play in the years just before the war. He really had it then, had it as he probably never will again, for Sid is 33 years old now and that's a lot of age in his racket. He played a game in 1940 and another in '43 that will be talked about as long as professional football is played in this country. One of them, the regular-season battle with the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds in '43, is the game Sid thinks provided him with his greatest single day on the gridiron.

In the first place, it was advertised as "Luckman Day" and before the kickoff Sid was given a \$1,000 war bond for which Chicago and New York fans alike had chipped in, and another bond of the same value from the Bears. It is an old and generally accurate axiom in sports that an athlete being honored in any special way on the day of a game is bound to perform at his worst. Perhaps the theory is that it's a reaction from listening to all those nice things about himself. Apparently, nobody ever told Sid about the legend.

All the Luckmans were there—that is, all except the head of the family, who had died earlier in the year. But Ma Luckman was there, ready to watch Sid play for only the third time in her life, proud as a peacock. Estelle was there, too, with their little son, Bobby, and Sid's brothers, Leo and Dave. What they saw sent them home in a daze.

The Bears roared down the field almost from the outset. Only minutes had gone by when Sid nailed Jim Benton with the first touchdown pass of the game. Jim made a nice catch of a low ball and the Bears were off and running. Or, more to the point, Luckman was off and throwing. He threw a long, spectacular 44-yard forward to Connie Berry for the second score before the end of the first quarter. The Giant fans began to shift restlessly in their seats. This wasn't like their boys. Sure, Luckman was a wonderful passer—he ought to be, he came from Brooklyn, didn't he?—but the Giants had one of the best pass-defense records in the league. "Don't worry," they assured one another, "Steve Owen will get the boys going."

There wasn't much that Owen, one of the smartest coaches in the business, could do, although for a while in the second quarter it looked as though he and his bully-boys might succeed in stemming the tide. The Giants got hold of the ball and showed no disposition to give it up, storming 73 yards in a sustained drive, with Carl Kinscherf piling over from the one-yard line for the touchdown. Ward Cuff kicked the extra point to make it 14-7, and the Giant rooters whooped it up in the stands, but that was their last chance

to howl all day. Unless they howled in anguish as Luckman and his legions poured it on.

The Monsters of the Midway zoomed 67 yards on their next outburst, Hampton Pool taking Sid's third touchdown pass in the end zone. The next Chicago touchdown was the only one that wasn't scored through the air. Dante Magnani set it up with a 30-yard run and Harry Clark carried it the last four yards to the end zone on a pretty cross-buck. But that was just an experiment; the Bears went right back to the air. The next flight to take off was a 33-yarder to Clark and the next a short, 15-yard job to Benton, who took it nicely in the corner and stepped over the line unmolested.

Bob Snyder had been kicking all the extra points, so the Bears were the proud owners of a 42-7 lead at this point and it was only natural that they should start thinking about Luckman's chances of tying Sammy Baugh's NFL record of six touchdown passes in one game. The co-coaches had been thinking of pulling Sid out and letting him rest, but the players wouldn't hear of it. "Let him go for it," they insisted. "This is his day!"

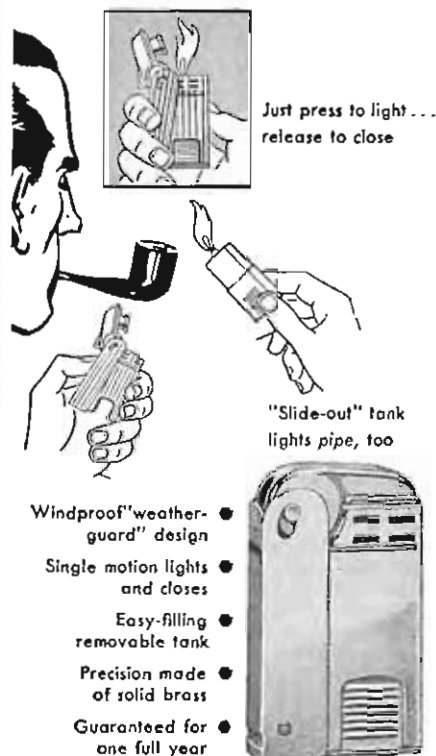
With such a big lead, you wouldn't think the Bears would knock themselves out. But their desire to see Sid set a new record supplied them with a brand new incentive and they tore after the hapless Giants with renewed enthusiasm. With the ball on the New York three-yard line, Luckman dropped a softie right over the middle of the line into the waiting arms of George Wilson, and the record was tied. By now, even the disappointed Giant fans were getting into the spirit of the thing. After all, Luckman was a local boy. Might as well root him home. He deserved the record. For cryin' out loud, did you ever see passing like this?

Nobody had, because what Sid was about to do had never been done before. The fourth quarter was well along when he did it. He pitched to big Hampton Pool, the end who had caught his first pass of the day, and was rewarded by seeing Pool make a sensational circus catch and plow over the goal line with a couple of kill-joy Giant tacklers clinging to his powerful legs. Sid had the record. Seven touchdown passes in one game! The kid from Brooklyn had come a long, long way.

SID was a contented man as he sat in his mother's apartment on Cortelyou Road in Brooklyn that night and listened to his relatives and friends replaying the game. He looked at Estelle and smiled, and he went out in the kitchen with his mother and drank a glass of sweet wine with her. Standing there, they thought of the hard times they had known, they talked of how Sid's father would have liked to have seen him break that record, and they drank their wine in humble and grateful happiness. Sid Luckman is a humble man. He is a man of action, a fighter, but he never makes the mistake of exalting himself. His mother has a right to her pride in him.

The other unforgettable game on Sid's list of memories is, of course, the famous 73-0 rout of the Washington Redskins in the National League's championship playoff at Griffith Stadium, Washington, on Sunday, December 8, 1940. That one will always be a "must" stop on memory lane for every Chicago player who saw action that day. It was the most colossal rout in the history of the modern professional

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game. Even when you look in the record book, and you know the cold type is as honest as the day is long, it is hard to believe that score.

What made the result so shocking to even the insiders was the fact that just three weeks earlier the Bears had been beaten by the Redskins, 7-3, in a regular league game. The Chicago bruisers hadn't been able to score a single touchdown that day, and although they insisted belligerently that they would make it up the next time, it is extremely doubtful if even they had any inkling of what they actually were about to do to George Marshall's unsuspecting braves.

Certainly the Washington rooters had no idea of their impending doom. The capital was humming with excitement that Sunday morning as the crowd began the noisy, colorful trek into the ball park. Under the imaginative ownership of laundryman Marshall, the Redskins had turned pro football into a wilder, more partisan show than the colleges put on. He had hopped up the whole District of Columbia to the point where even staid Supreme Court Justices, Senators, Congressmen, and Cabinet members yelled for the Redskins like a mob of freshmen at their first big game. As the fans filed to their seats, the Washington band blared the famous Redskin fight song:

*"Scalp 'em swamp 'em,
We will take 'em, big score.
Read 'em, weep 'em,
Touchdown we want heap more."*

MAYBE the Washingtonians didn't make it plain enough which side they wished to see heap up the touchdowns. They didn't have to wait long to see one, though. Exactly two plays after the opening whistle, the Bears' Bill Osmani swung wide around his own left end and tore 68 yards across the Washington goal, convoyed past the crucial portion of his trip by end George Wilson, who threw a devastating block in midfield that took two Washington defenders clean out of the play. Automatic Jack Manders place-kicked the extra point and it was Bears 7, Redskins 0. The elapsed time—exactly 58 seconds.

The Redskins were stunned but not unconscious. They slammed back savagely, hellbent on showing their 45,000 fans that the whole thing had been a horrible accident. Max Krause took the kickoff and drove straight down the middle of the field for 62 yards before he was nailed on the Bears' 32. The home team lined up again and pushed on to the 26. Then came the play that everyone agrees supplied the turning point of the championship struggle. Slingin' Sam Baugh, for years Luckman's most fierce rival, faded to pass. Back he went, his lean right arm poised, hawk-like eyes scanning the field. Then he threw—a typical Baugh pass, hard and true. Charlie Malone was in the clear on the two-yard line and the crowd was up shouting even before he reached for it. But the delighted roar switched to a saddened moan as Malone dropped the ball. Bob Masterson tried to kick a field goal from the 32, but failed, and the Bears had the ball again. They also had the ball game. The Redskins were impotent for the rest of the day and the Bears couldn't do anything wrong.

As George Halas said later, "It was just one of those days." The Chicago linemen, bruisers all, walloped the Washington warriors in the tough in-

fighting up front. It was murder. Calling overland plays all the way, scorning the pass, Luckman drove his surging gorillas to the one-yard line on 16 power plays. He wriggled that last yard himself on a quarterback sneak, and after Bob Snyder kicked the point, it was 14-0.

Even so, the Redskin rooters were confident that their boys would come back. It never happened. The Bears made it 21-0 before the first quarter ended as Joe Maniaci took a shovel pass from Luckman and Phil Martinovich converted. It seemed as though Halas was deliberately rubbing it in, using three different extra-point kickers. It could be. George made no bones about his eagerness to blast the Redskins. That 7-3 defeat still bothered him and so did the cracks the 'Skins were supposed to have made afterward, digs

time and how high the score would mount. Toward the end, the Bears even had to give up kicking the extra points because all the footballs that flew into the stands were being kept as souvenirs and there weren't enough to last the game out. The Monsters responded to an official request by trying passes for the last two—and made one of them, at that. Nobody had ever seen anything like it. As the last point was hung up on the scoreboard, and the customers looked at that whopping 73-0, they shook their heads in sorrow and booed the hell out of their own team.

"I always felt bad about that," Sid told me. "I hated to see the Redskins get booed like that. You know, anybody can have a bad day."

The Washington fans just didn't think anybody had a right to have one that bad.

The 1943 title game was billed far and wide as a decisive test of the comparative talents of Luckman and Baugh. Both passing stars had been in the league long enough to have grown up to their best. Sportswriters all over the country freely predicted that the spectators would get dizzy trying to keep track of the passes that would darken the sky when the two greatest football pitchers of their time fought it out with the championship of the league on the line for the winner.

The long-awaited tangling of the titans proved a bust. Chicago won easily, 41-21, with Luckman tossing five touchdown passes, but Baugh—who still managed to uncork two forwards for touchdowns—was out of action most of the game. And who do you suppose put him out? Sid Luckman. Baugh tackled his opposite number early in the game and had to retire for repairs. He played just 10 minutes of the second half, performing brilliantly in that time, but he was too badly damaged to stay in there any longer than that.

"My knocking Baugh out was entirely unintentional," Luckman will tell you. "I took his punt near the sideline and they had one man coming at me from one side and another from the other side. There was nothing left for me to do but go straight through. I saw Baugh ahead of me. He was running full speed. I got my knees pumping as hard as I could. So, going full speed, we came straight at each other. He dove at me, head on, and as my left knee went down, my right knee hit him on the forehead and he fell back and I went on over him."

And the Bears went on over the Redskins.

SID enlisted in the U. S. Merchant Marine in '44 and played in only a few games that season, one of them while he was on leave from his job as an ensign. He studied for his commission at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, where he became a close friend of Charlie Keller, the famous New York Yankee outfielder. He and Keller were in the same class at the training station and they tried hard to wangle assignments to the same ship—but the Merchant Marine ruled otherwise. Charlie went to the Pacific; Sid served on three different ships traveling across the Atlantic. He was on two tankers and one Army transport, the *Marine Raven*. He was discharged in September, 1945, just in time to have a brief reunion with his wife and head for the Bears' camp.

Naturally, there had been many doubts expressed as to how much championship football (→ TO PAGE 78)

Answers to SPORT'S QUIZ

(On pages 70 & 71)

1. Corbett, Braddock, Jeffries.
2. 28, by the St. Louis Cardinals against Philadelphia, July 6, 1929.
3. Donora.
4. Wrigley Field, Chicago.
5. Played under Rockne.
6. False.
7. Hockey and bowling.
8. Lefty Gomez.
9. True. Pastor went 10 rounds in the first bout with Louis and was knocked out in the 11th round of the second fight.
10. Happy Jack Cheshro, Harvard Eddie Grant, Colby Jack Coombs, Cocky Eddie Collins.
11. 220 yards, or one-eighth of a mile.
12. Frankie Parker.
13. 1917.
14. Jim Bottomley.
15. Walter Hagen.
16. Charley Sharpe.
17. Arthur Donovan.
18. Bob Chappuis.
19. Greasy Neale (Philadelphia Eagles).
20. Bobby Grayson.
21. Roy Conacher.
22. Jim Fuchs.
23. Grace DeMoss.
24. Josh Devore.
25. Seven men on a team in water polo.

about the Bears being "front-runners" and "quitters" and "rule-book crybabies." Halas had plastered the Bear clubhouse with newspaper clippings containing those remarks the week before, and his strategy was paying off. It was 28-0 at the half and the Redskins were beginning to look bad. Luckman had passed 30 yards to Ken Kavanaugh for the fourth score.

"You'd think Mr. Halas would have been happy during the half," says Sid, "but you know what he did? He reminded us once again that the Redskins had said we were front-runners. That's all he said, but it sure was enough."

It sure was. Not long after the third quarter began, Hampton Pool leaped high in the air and stole a Baugh pass. Pool couldn't quite get his mitts on it at first but knocked it up into the air, then pulled it in as it came down, and took off for the goal line. When he stood grinning in the end zone, the Redskins were through for the day and everybody in Griffith Stadium knew it. From there on, it was just a matter of

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12-49

(— FROM PAGE 76) Luckman would be able to play after the war. Sid had been pulling on those cleated shoes for a long time and football is a game you can't play forever. But the worrywarts hadn't counted on this man's fantastic affection for the game. Sid was a little off in '45, but he still completed 117 passes in 217 attempts. In '46, he led the Bears to their fourth league championship in seven years by whipping the New York Giants, 24-14, before 61,000 paying customers at the Polo Grounds. That was the game which was almost obscured by the revelation that bribe offers had been made to a couple of the Giant players by Alvin Paris, front man for a New York gambling syndicate. Sid, who practically never runs with the ball for the Bears, scored the clinching touchdown himself by driving 19 yards on a special play that the club had been saving for just such a spot. It caught the Giants with their pants down.

In '46, he had led the league in pass completions and in '47 he was top man in percentage of completions. Even in '48, when Johnny Lujack came out of Notre Dame to spell him at quarterback, Sid had a fat 54.6 percentage with 89 completions in 163 tries. No wonder George Halas paid no attention when Sid wandered into his office one day during the Winter and asked seriously if the Bears still wanted him to play. Halas just laughed and told Sid his contract would be along any day.

Sid, who will have plenty to do to keep his hands busy when he does quit playing, was in deadly earnest. "What do you want an old man like me for?" he demanded. "You've got so many great young kids. You've got Lujack. You don't need me." But Halas didn't see it that way, and once he got his thyroid troubles cured, Sid was right back there.

It is only a matter of a relatively short time, now, of course, before he calls it a day as a player. "We'll all know it when I can't help the club any more," he says, without emotion. "And that's when I get out."

How does he feel about Lujack, the glamour kid who is his heir apparent as Mister Quarterback of the Bears? Sid will tell you plenty when you ask him that one. "He's the best," he told me, making a big gesture for emphasis. "Look, let me tell you. So many people have the wrong idea about me and Lujack. I mean, about how I feel about him and everything. I love the kid. I think he's wonderful. I've known Johnny well since 1943 and we're the closest of friends. You can say for me that he's the greatest young player ever to come up in this league. He's going to be one of the great stars of pro football."

You know Sid means it, too, when you hang around the Bears during their practice sessions and you see the way the two quarterbacks work together. There is no jealousy, no friction between them. They respect each other and they like each other and you can get a good price if you want to bet that Lujack's biggest rooter in the years to come will be anybody but Sidney Luckman, the successful young businessman from the city of Chicago.

Don't laugh at that businessman tag. Sid qualifies right now, and he's still playing football. By the time he hangs up his shoes, he'll probably have more enterprises going for him than the House of Morgan. We were discussing the nervous, restless way he sleeps, and his roommate, Fred Davis, said, "Nobody who's got as much money as Luckman can sleep at night." Sid isn't that rich but he's likely to be some day if he isn't careful. He owns a piece of his brother's trucking firm and he operates a cellophane distributing agency, an automobile agency, and—most recent of all—a distributing company handling television sets in Chicago.

It was largely because his business interests are centered there that Luckman moved to Chicago. He feels that his future lies in the big city on the lake shore. His automobile showroom is located on Ogden Avenue and his television set-up, The New World Dis-

be exactly a beginner if he decides to take up coaching as a career. Few men are better qualified to impart to others the technique of T-formation football.

Sid has been for years an unofficial adviser of Frank Leahy, the master. He gets together with Frank in Chicago frequently, and when they cannot meet, they hold lengthy telephone conversations in which the merits of various plays are thrashed out and the latest problems to occur in Notre Dame practice are brought up for discussion. Luckman has known and liked Frank Leahy for a long time. Leahy's wife, the former Floss Reilly, was in the same class as Sid and Estelle at Erasmus Hall High in Brooklyn.

When Sid takes on a short coaching assignment at a college, or accepts an invitation to help conduct a football clinic for one, he is usually paid a generous sum for his work. It is his practice to return the money to the school with the request that it be used in some way to assist a deserving boy. "To help boys who had to struggle like I did," he explained when I asked him about it. He once sent such a check back to his alma mater, Columbia, with the statement, "I know there are some things for which money can't pay, but please ask the authorities to accept this as at least a partial token of my thanks to my former coach and my college." That's the Luckman way.

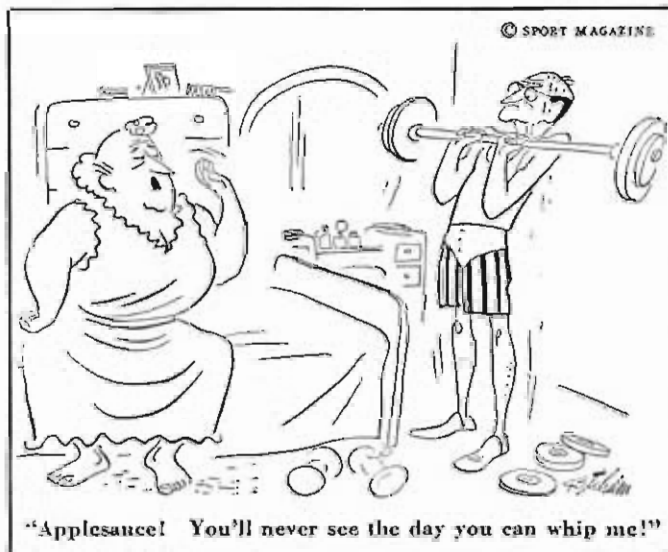
Some people are hardened and toughened, if not actually embittered, by adversity. Sid, who has known plenty of hardship since the days right after his graduation from high school when the family boat was so perilously hanging on the rocks, has been made more gentle, more sympathetic, more friendly by it.

He is a big man in his profession, a fact which can hardly have escaped him inasmuch as he reads the newspapers and magazines and listens to the radio along with everybody else. But he reacts to praise as though it should be the portion of anyone but him. He is a complete extrovert who loves people and wants to have people love him. He would rather flub a touchdown pass than forget a promise to a friend, even if it was only for a couple of tickets to a football game. As soon as he gets into another town, when the Bears are on the road, he starts calling up his pals and asking after their health. It is definitely not an act. Sid means it.

I talked to him in Philadelphia when I first went to work on this story. The next morning, I was back in New York, putting my notes together, when the telephone rang. "Lockport, Illinois, is calling," the operator said. It didn't mean a thing. I didn't know anybody in Lockport, Illinois. "What's the difference?" the operator cracked. "It's not a collect call. He's paying for it."

"Hello, hello," came a warm, ringing voice. "It's Sid. Sid Luckman! How are you? How are you feeling? Really? Gee, that's swell. I just wanted to know if you were making out all right. Is there anything you forgot, anything else I can do to help you?"

Anybody who has ever done any kind of work with Sid Luckman will recognize that scene. He cannot do enough for you. He always wants to do just a little bit more. It is the same attitude,



"Applesauce! You'll never see the day you can whip me!"

tributing Company, on North LaSalle Street. The television organization began operating just before the start of the present football season, and the ceremonies marking its birth are indicative of the esteem in which its president is held. Over 1,000 persons walked through the place on a tour of inspection, with Mayor Kennelly of Chicago leading the parade. George Jessel, the great comedian, acted as master of ceremonies, and the visiting celebrities included Leo Durocher, Horace Stoneham, George Halas, Johnny Lujack, and all the other Bear coaches and players who were in town.

One thing is sure, Luckman is as popular in Chicago as the Lake Shore Drive, and almost, it would seem, as permanent a landmark. Whatever he does in the big Windy City, he can count upon a large reservoir of good will built up during the years he has played for the Bears—and such good will can be worth a great deal of money to an aspiring businessman.

Whether or not Sid will retire to the world of business completely when he leaves the field of play, he doesn't know himself. There is every reason to assume that he will stay in professional football as a coach. Sid's reputation as a teacher has already assumed sizable proportions. He has worked as a coach, on a part-time basis, of course, at Notre Dame, West Point, Holy Cross, Columbia, Pittsburgh, Washington & Jefferson, and Maryland. He will not

the same spirit, that he brings to football. No wonder George Halas shudders to think of the day he will have to field a team of Chicago Bears without Sid. It's a little like the way that old back-room ballad goes—"A good man nowadays is hard to find." The only thing is, good men of Luckman's caliber have been hard to find since the beginning of time.

Halas has still another reason to look at Sid with affection. When the All-America Conference set up shop prior to the start of the 1946 season and began scouting for talent, one of the new league's principal targets was the stocky Bear quarterback. John Keeshin, then the owner of the Chicago Rockets, since re-named the Hornets, offered Sid a fat \$25,000 contract to serve as player-coach of his club. It was a shrewd move. The Bears were too tightly entrenched in the loyalties of the fans to be hurt much by the threat of a new operation. Even the Chicago Cardinals, performing in Comiskey Park, were building a big following. Where could the Rockets hope to fit in? Keeshin knew that with Luckman, not only a great star but a tremendous favorite with the Windy City fans, he might just possibly have a chance. Sid didn't ask for time to think it over. He didn't use the offer to blackmail the Bears out of more cash. He simply said no.

"I couldn't possibly have taken it," he told me. "How could I quit a club that had done so much for me? The Bears had given me everything I had ever asked for. They had made me. That's just elementary loyalty." He was right, of course, but a lot of people in this world never read that far in the book of knowledge.

SPEAKING of books, this six-time All-League quarterback is also twice an author. Not once, but twice. Sid wrote a book called, "Passing For Touch-downs," which was published a year or so ago by Ziff-Davis, a Chicago firm. Luckman reports that it sold well. It was, as the title indicates, a more-or-less technical treatise on the art of throwing forward passes so they will do the most good. This year, just about at the beginning of the football season, he published an autobiography, "Luckman At Quarterback," also with Ziff-Davis. If his cellophane venture, his auto agency, his brother's trucking outfit, and his television distributing corporation all collapse, maybe Sid can pay the grocery bill with his royalties.

It's not likely, though, because the Luckman grocery tab is steep, and Sid can't assess the blame on his three active children, either. He can eat in any competition, without help from blockers. In fact, it is extremely dangerous to try to block him when he starts moving toward a plate full of Estelle Luckman's good home cooking. He goes in an especially large way for his wife's apple strudel, but Sid is not equipped with any touchy, hard-to-please tastes where food is concerned. All he asks is that there be a lot of it.

He needs plenty of fuel during the season. When you play football for the Bears—and particularly if you are a quarterback—you work. Sid described a typical week for me. "We play on Sunday," he said, "and have off on Monday, except that the boys who are nursing injuries have to report to the training room at 10:30 on Monday morning to have them checked and treated by Andy Lotshaw and Ed Rozy. Our trainers. Then, on Tuesday through Friday, we report at Wrigley Field for

practice at 9:30 sharp. And, believe me, that means 9:30, not 9:31. We generally keep at it until about 12 noon. On Wednesday night and Friday night, we have meetings from 8:00 to 10:30, and sometimes, if a real tough game is coming up, we'll have a meeting on Saturday night, too. Practice on Saturday morning is usually a little shorter than on the other days. We're generally finished along about 11. In addition to all the rest of it, the quarterbacks go down to the office on West Madison Street a couple of afternoons a week to go over the plays with Mr. Halas and the other coaches. It's a full life."

Like the rest of the Bears, Sid has to obey strict training rules laid down and rigidly enforced by George Halas. No smoking in the clubhouse or anywhere around the field; no drinking during the season; in bed by midnight during the week and by 11 o'clock the night before a game; weigh in and out every day and see that the pounds stay on an even keel. The only trouble the club has with Luckman as far as this training regimen goes is with his sleeping. He lives up to the prescribed hours, but though you can lead Luckman to bed you cannot always make him sleep. He sleeps fitfully and is easily awakened, especially the night before a game. "I get very tense," he explains. "I'm all filled up with anticipation and anxiety."

And then he gets out on the field and the anxiety is transferred to the other team.

Like so many athletes, Sid is somewhat superstitious. He insists upon stepping on the playing field before each game with his right leg going over the line first, and then as the team charges down the field, he clears each chalk mark with his right leg first. Why? He doesn't know. It's a superstition, that's all. He knows this, though. The only time he can remember ignoring it he ran into trouble. "We were playing Cornell at Baker Field one day when I was at Columbia," he says, "and you know that ramp down at the end of the field where the players always come down from the dressing room? Well, we came running down there, and started to go over to the field, when a friend of mine hollered at me from the sidelines. I heard him just as I got to that chalk-mark. I turned and waved at him, and I forgot what I was doing and stepped over with my left leg first. Well, you can laugh, but that day I got the worst injury of my college career. Brud Holland, that wonderful Cornell end, broke a couple of my ribs tackling me. Ever since then, I make sure I go over that line with my right leg first. What does it cost me?"

WHEN you can throw passes like Luckman can, no one objects to your owning and operating a few superstitions. It would be all right with George Halas if Sid insisted upon having a cup of tea served to him on the 50-yard line for good luck before every kick-off. All Halas asks is that Sid refrain from tripping himself and possibly spraining an ankle on those "just so" duels with the chalk stripes.

The way Sid handled those sturdy, heavy-thighed legs of his used to cause Lou Little a lot of anguish at Columbia. Little, who was convinced that his black-haired boy could peg a football better than anybody who had ever tried it before, worried constantly that Luckman would get beat up too much



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if he didn't learn how to dance away from the panting brutes who charged in on him while he waited to throw. Lou will tell you that, "Sid used to get both feet planted rigidly on the ground before he passed, and that's about the worst thing a passer can do. Rigid knees provide too nice a target for charging linemen and prevent accurate passing. But after a while, he got so he was never set. He moved around until he was ready to let the ball go. That's one of the reasons he's so great."

How well Sid learned the lesson of how to be elusive is made crystal clear by the National League record book. Nobody ever did more for one club than Luckman has done over a ten-year stretch for the Bears. Now, of course, as his 11th campaign in the orange and black gear draws to a close, he is near the end of the road as an active player. Even a finely conditioned, intensely competitive athlete like Columbia Sid can stand just so much of that bruising physical contact. Johnny Lujack is out of the wings now, sharing the spotlight with his 33-year-old former teacher. Maybe Luckman will play again next year, and maybe

not. It is possible that he will return to Wrigley Field coaching a rival National League club and trying his best to beat the Bears. Although surely if that happens Sid will have to keep a strong grip on his emotions, which are always close to the surface during a football game. If his team should get ahead of the Bears, he might forget himself and go running across the field demanding that Halas put him in.

Seriously, nobody will ever be able to take the Bears out of Luckman entirely, nor will anyone ever take Luckman out of the Bears. It doesn't matter how their paths separate or collide. They have had a long, wonderful time together, and the things they did—those four championships in seven years between 1940 and '46—are safe in the history of the game. Safe, too, in the mind of every fan who ever saw him play for Chicago, is a picture of Sid Luckman standing at the head of a Bear huddle, taking a quick look at the disposition of the enemy forces and barking his instructions in that tense, clear voice of his, moving up with a rhythmic swing to crouch behind the center, taking the ball and stepping back with

that marvelously insolent grace, then throwing it straight to the target while the monstrous masses of flesh lunged at him furiously and the excited roar of the crowd beat down over his head.

Sid admitted to me under cross-examination that he once was chosen by a fashion organization as one of the 10 best-dressed men in America. It is true that he dresses with care and with taste, and always looks like a successful young business executive (which he is) when you meet him on the street. But no matter how many suits he hangs in his wardrobe—tweeds and serges and coverts and gabardines—Sid will always be remembered by his fans who have cheered him down through the years as he looked wearing the dignified orange-and-black uniform of the Chicago Bears.

It was just a lot of wool and moleskin and leather, that uniform, when he first put it on. Sid Luckman added the dignity.



Meet the Rangers' Red Hot Rookies

(→ FROM PAGE 36) Navy officials blew taps on its chances. The team was withdrawn from competition. Stanley and Lund were heartbroken.

"It was a great team," Stanley says, always remembering to pay proper tribute to Lund. He points a long, stiff finger at his Ranger teammate and asserts, "He was the whole team."

In 1946, after getting out of the Navy, Stanley went back to the Olympics. Lund was there to greet him. It was surprising all around. "I don't know who recommended me," Lund says, "but there I was on the Olympics. And I thought Allan was to be with me. I planned that we would room together. I had my gin rummy deck all ready."

It worked out differently. Before the start of the season, Stanley was moved up to the Providence Reds of the American Hockey League. Now, he was a professional. Lund was left behind.

Providence was heaven for Stanley. He liked the town and the townsfolk went for him. Allan and a teammate, Whitey Prokop, rented a five-room bungalow in town and did their own cooking, laundry, dishwashing, and cleaning. Stanley, six feet one inch tall, 190 pounds of male muscle, looked strange in an apron, but he wore one. He developed a fondness for the skillet and often invited members of opposing teams to visit the bungalow for a meal.

It is dietary tradition in hockey to eat a steak on the day of a game. Stanley would cook a steak dinner for as many as half a dozen players from the opposition. "They weren't even poisoned," he remembers. "They always wanted to come back for more. It was nice, having them over, only they always made me do the dishes. Thought it would tire me out for the game."

While Stanley was making capital of his culinary skill, he wasn't doing too well on the ice rink. The Boston hockey moguls cast him adrift. He became the property of the Providence Reds and Pieri's chattel.

Playing with the amateur Boston Olympics, Lund was doing better for himself. He won the Eastern League

scoring championship during the 1946-'47 season with 49 goals and 43 assists for 92 points. It was inevitable that he should be moved up. The next season, he went to the Hershey Bears.

It was a good omen. He felt he had arrived in the hockey world and, on September 25, 1947, at Port Arthur, he married Theresa Ryan, a pretty, red-haired girl he had met at a skating rink five years earlier. She was red-haired, yes, and she was Irish, but the Finn named Lund was willing to risk it. After all, he had encountered her under the most trying circumstances. At the rink where he met her, Lund had fallen while trying to cut a neat caper. Who should help him to his feet but pretty Theresa (Terry) Ryan? A romance that was born on ice grew warmer with the years.

MARRIAGE brought luck to Lund. He stayed with the Bears through the 1946-'47 season. Then, at the start of the next campaign, he went to the Rangers as part of the Taylor-for-Warwick deal. He was all the Rangers had to show for that deal by the time he arrived on the scene. The aforementioned Mr. Taylor had been ejected from hockey.

At first, Lund was a sit-on-the-bench failure. Up in Boston, Warwick was leading the league's scorers. Then, coincidental with Stanley's arrival on the Rangers' scene, Lund came through. His stickwork grew more polished and he was his old self. He was put at left wing on the first line, the "Three L" line of Lund, Laprade, and Leswick.

The reunion of Lund and Stanley acted as a two-way booster. Both benefited from their get-together. They stood out among the Rangers, bright lights in a dark outlook for New York's hockey representatives. Stanley was sturdy in defense and Lund had scored 14 goals and assisted on 16 others for a total of 30 points.

In New York, Lund and Stanley still continue their gin rummy rivalry, but the Timmins entry is timid. "I don't play as much as before," Stanley insists, "because I know better. Even if that guy spotted me 90, I wouldn't have too much faith in my chances."

Actually, it's a happy arrangement. Lund doesn't have as much time for rummy as before. He has a daughter now, Patricia Ann, born last December. And he is, by parental obligation, required to pay attention to the task of maintaining his role as bread-winner.

Lund takes his hockey seriously. More so, they say, than Stanley. Pentti lives in an apartment at Sunnyside, Long Island, a 25-minute subway run to Madison Square Garden, during the hockey season. Sunnyside is a haven for Ranger players. In the same apartment building with the Lunds are the homes of the Buddy O'Connors and the Chuck Rayners, and the cells of two Ranger bachelors, Don Raleigh and Clint Albright.

Living so close to Lund is a hardship on the others. On the night of a game, each Ranger is required to be in the dressing room at Madison Square Garden by 7:30 p.m. Lund is meticulous. He insists on being there half an hour earlier to check his equipment, to tape his stick, to rest. And furthermore, he insists that his neighbors do the same.

While Pentti is meticulous in his attitude toward his job, Stanley understandably, is not quite so stern. He is a bachelor and, as such, unburdened of the necessity of social austerity. Stanley knows how to have fun in New York. It makes him a happier and better Ranger to do so.

The difference between the two even extends to the off-season. When the season is over, both Stanley and Lund return to Canada. Stanley goes to Timmins, while Lund takes his family to Port Arthur. During the recent extended vacation, Lund drove a lumber truck in Port Arthur to keep in shape. In Timmins, where his father is the fire chief, Stanley did not work too hard. He is a salesman for the Mercury-Meteor automobile agency in town, but doesn't press too hard to make sales. At least, he wasn't too active last Summer.

However, Allan is most commercial-minded when it comes to his brother Murray, who is a chiropractor in Sudbury, Ontario. "Give my brother a plug," he always says. "He's one fine chiropractor."

And, as anybody in the NHL will tell you, Stanley is one fine hockey player.

How Can Chicago Stand the Cubs?

(— FROM PAGE 14) Boston to Chicago and on arrival took over his new charges—who forthwith blew their first six games under his skipper'ship.

It had been planned to carry Frankie around the field in triumph when the Cubs won their first conquest under his inspiration. In the seventh game under the Frischian regime on June 19, the Cubs finally beat the Dodgers. But there was no bearing of the new leader aloft on the shoulders of his charges. Frankie, in the third inning, had retired to the bathhouse, at the request of the umpires.

Frisch was back the next day, coaching at third base. The Cubs were trailing the Boston Braves, 3-2, with one out in the Cub ninth and Gustine on third. There was a fly to right and Gustine sprinted home with what appeared to be the tying run. However, third-baseman Bob Elliott called for the ball and Umpire Art Gore ruled that Gustine had left third before the catch and therefore was doubled, ending the game a 3-2 Boston victory.

Frisch had quite a bit of derisive comment, in which he buffeted Umpire Gore a bit, all of which drew him a \$100 fine and five days' suspension. He wasn't fined again until the last week of the season, when he was plastered with a \$200 penalty for volunteering a commentary on a wrestling match catcher Mickey Owen had with one of President Frick's officials.

With all of Frisch's fiery leadership, the National League standings at the end of the 1949 season found the Cubs at the bottom of the pile, 36 games out of first.

I don't blame Wrigley. I consider Gallagher a smart, honest and capable former sportswriter. Grimm and Frisch are among my dearest pals. I do not live in the past, but I can't help remembering the Cubs are the only team in the National League that has won 16 pennants and the only team in the league that has won 100 or more games in four different seasons in this century, and 98 games as recently as 1945.

It must be the three video channels that telecast all the Wrigley games for nix, or Bert Wilson, WIND radio announcer, sometimes known as the Voice of the Cellar, whose loyal enthusiasm

EDITORS' NOTE: Ed Burns, making his bow in **SPORT**, started out in the newspaper world on his father's paper in Frankfort, Indiana. After four years at Wabash College, he did general assignment stints on two Chicago papers before moving to the Tribune, his present employer. He took time out for an unheroic Army career in World War I but hastened back to his typewriter as soon as possible. Admitted to the sports department of the Trib in 1926, he's been there ever since covering baseball, hockey, and football. Ed was president of the Baseball Writers' Association in '48 and is a familiar press box figure all over the country.

and staccato delivery never waver, at home or on the road, where the house pays his traveling expenses as "a special service to the fans."

Do I hear a voice, good old Bert Wilson's perhaps, saying, "You're so smart—what have you to suggest that's more alluring than radio, television, ivy and fresh air piped direct to diamond-side from thrilling Lake Michigan?"

If I knew, I'd call on the most accessible and patient multimillionaire I know—P. K. Wrigley. I would suggest that Grimm leave his Wrigley money belt safe in a vault and, masquerading as a psalm singer, wheedle his way into the confidence of Branch Rickey. With no Wrigley money to distract him, the Brooklyn mahatma probably would smarten up Charlie on a lot of baseball building tricks the Cub organization should know.

I would suggest, also, that Frisch, disguised as a hostler or exercise boy, be dispatched to Larry MacPhail's Maryland stock farm. Incognito, Frankie could lead Larry into tipping him off to a lot of profitable secrets about the restoration of a moribund baseball club.

I'd counsel Mr. W., too, to double Gallagher's already generous pay and put him in full charge of the Los Angeles Angels (of which Jim has been vice-president for several years). The Los Angeles club the bellwether of the

Cub farm system, finished last in the Pacific Coast League this year, 35 games behind pennant-winning Hollywood and 10 games behind seventh-place San Francisco. In Los Angeles, Jim could get a lot of practice in cellar escapement and Chicago would be mighty proud of him.

You see, I don't want to get a lot of fine fellows fired. I don't want Mr. Wrigley to sell the Cubs. I'd just like to ride with one more winner before I get my pension.

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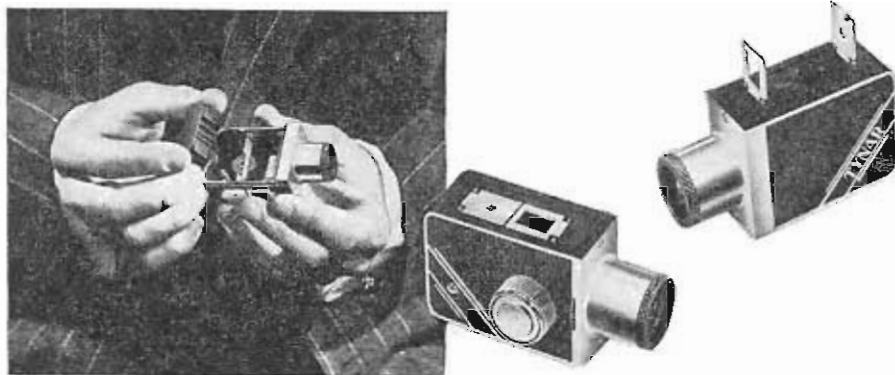
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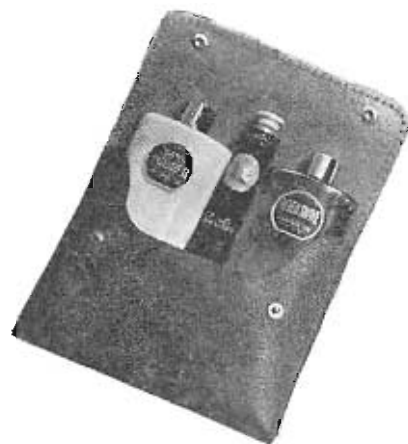


Pocket cameras are becoming popular items with candid-photo bugs these days. This little Tynar model, made by the International Camera Corp., has a sharp f6.3 lens that is comparable in construction to the German Tessar. Its 16mm negatives can be enlarged for prints up to 8x10. Four Tynar processing plants develop and print the film. The tiny precision camera sells for \$7.95.



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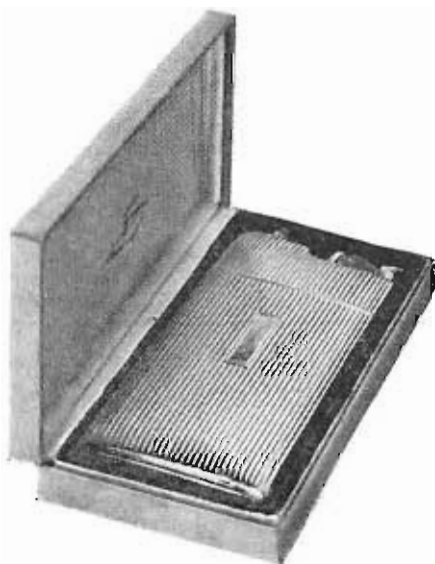
Another small-size gadget that is sure to come in handy is the Delta Buddy—an electric lantern that is approximately four inches square. The case is made of rust-proof metal. The price is \$1.75.



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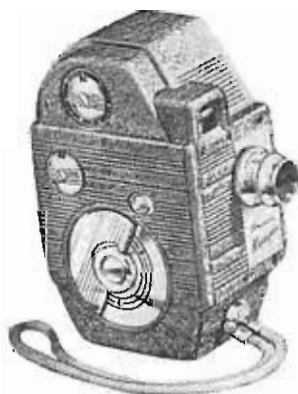
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The SPORT Surprise

(—→ FROM PAGE 69) weight championship of the world, at Madison Square Garden Bowl. Would the jinx work for Schmeling, as it had worked for the challenger so often in the past? The newspapermen speculated busily. Many of them thought the powerful German could flatten Braddock without any help from the jinx.

He trained hard, Schmeling. And the night the fight was scheduled he went to the Bowl and walked around. It was a bitter moment for him. They said, the Americans, that this place was jinxed. Well, it had jinxed him all right. He stood in the aisle and clenched his fists. It was time for his fight to start.

Then he climbed through that jinxed ring of the Garden Bowl, in what was supposed to be a fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world, he faced a phantom opponent—before a ghostly audience of some 60,000 empty seats.

This was the jinx's masterpiece. Braddock had chosen to repudiate his contract with Schmeling and give Joe Louis a shot at the title instead. Max could sue him, but nobody ever won a heavyweight championship in a court room. Just to make it legal, Max had showed up at the arena on schedule.

The jinx had struck for the last time. From that day until it was torn down, in 1942, no major prizefights were staged in the ill-starred Madison Square Garden Bowl.

— ■ —

Letters to SPORT

(—→ FROM PAGE 5) promised the \$25 a month to finish high school. He and his mother signed the contract...

Hope that you will find room in SPORT to give me the recognition I deserve...

Bentonville, Ark.

JOE GORE

PRESCRIPTION FOR G. RICE

EDITORS OF SPORT:

In Grantland Rice's article, "Prescription For Pro Football," he states that he can see room for 16 pro football teams, probably in two leagues. In my opinion (biased, perhaps), the Dean makes a grievous error in omitting Green Bay from the 16. True enough, he leaves room for one other team, but there are four offhand, and probably more, to fit the one vacancy—namely Green Bay and Detroit, already in the NFL, Denver, Seattle, and Tacoma.

Green Bay has, for the past seven or eight years, been sold out for its league games, with even SRO signs down. The Packers also have been consistently free of financial worries. If the people of Green Bay and Wisconsin have any say about it, pro football and Green Bay shall be two names that will correlate for years to come. Spirit makes a team, and Green Bay has what it takes.

Green Bay, Wis.

TOM MURPHY

Mr. Rice meant no reflection on Green Bay's community spirit. But lots of cities involved in the pro football war have good spirit. Yet almost everyone is losing money. Something has to be done.

Maurice McDermott—Hot Shot of the Red Sox

(—) FROM PAGE 27) Theresa Dick and, while nothing definite has been announced, she and McDermott plan to be married eventually.

When the Red Sox recalled him from their Louisville farm last June, it was reported that Lefty's first words were, "Gee, whiz, what'll my girl say?" It seems that he had invited her to Louisville and she was all set to go there from Elizabeth, under the chaperonage of a girl friend.

"All I said," McDermott claims, "is, 'I guess my girl will have to change her plans.' She did. She turned in her Louisville tickets and bought tickets to Boston. Boston's much closer to Elizabeth than Louisville, so Theresa was delighted. She doesn't like long trips."

When McDermott reported to the Red Sox training camp in Sarasota in the Spring of 1948, a photographer from a national magazine caught him in a pose which moved the editors to label him "the typical major-league rookie of the year." The pose wasn't flattering and, for awhile, Lefty wasn't amused. Since the magazine has a vast circulation, McDermott was plunged into an unexpected vortex of premature publicity.

Now he shrugs it all off. "What the hell," he philosophizes, "if I can just get the ball over the plate, I don't care what they call me."

He doesn't care anyhow. His folks—he has three younger sisters and a younger brother—always call him Buddy. In Elizabeth, where he broke every local high school pitching record, as well as in professional baseball circles, he's Lefty. Naturally, around soundly Irish Boston, he's Mac.

Buddy, Lefty, or Mac, he literally almost killed them in Sarasota when he first pitched in a practice game in 1948. It took him 25 minutes to get the side out, largely because the cream of the Red Sox crop stood gingerly at the plate, wondering if they would get away from it alive. All three outs were strikeouts.

A couple of times, just to get away from him, the boys protested to Mike Ryba, who was acting as umpire, that Lefty had hit them with a pitch and they ought to walk to first. "Get back there," Mike snarled. "If this guy ever hit you with a pitch, you wouldn't be able to walk to first."

Lefty knocked Williams down in batting practice one afternoon at Yankee Stadium, and the Red Sox slugger went snow white as the ball bulleted a fraction of an inch from his head. But he was grinning when he finally got back on his feet. "I'll pass this one," he laughed, and walked away from the plate. It was the only time in history that Williams voluntarily gave up a turn in batting practice.

Even though Lefty spent only two months with the Red Sox in 1948, he left a record behind him. Relieving Mickey Harris in a game at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, McDermott walked 11 men in six and a fraction innings. Since Harris had already passed seven, the total of 18 equalled an American League mark which had stood for 32 years. But in the same game, Lefty fanned six frightened Indians and allowed only four hits. One of them was a whistling homer off the bat of Lou Boudreau on the first pitch in the sixth inning.

"I pulled the string, trying to get the ball over the plate," McDermott

moaned later. "I forgot that was Boudreau up there."

Tebbetts limped around for hours after the game. To this day, he claims it was the toughest day he ever put in behind the bat.

Birdie spends more time on the field with McDermott than anyone on the club. The Red Sox catcher sincerely believes that the youngster can be the greatest left-hander of his generation, and he works on Lefty constantly. Sometimes, McDermott isn't too appreciative of the attention. One day in the Spring of '48, when Tebbetts was handling McDermott in a game with the Cincinnati Reds at Tampa, Birdie decided that Lefty, who, as usual, was throwing the ball all over the place, was working too slowly. Tebbetts called him in and said, "Work faster."

Lefty wouldn't work faster. He kept right on taking his time between pitches. Finally, after the third or fourth throw, Tebbetts, instead of lobbing the ball back to the mound, gunned it at McDermott. He crouched, gave the sign and yelled, "Come on!" This time, Lefty, whose gloved right hand still stung, didn't wait. For the remainder of the inning, smoky return throws came back at him. He fanned the next two men on nine pitches. When he got back to the bench, wringing his paw, he said to manager Joe McCarthy, "Jeepers, that Tebbetts is killing me!" "He's making you pitch, too," his boss replied.

With all his refreshing brashness, McDermott has his moments of humility. For weeks, Tebbetts told him about Newhouse, and insisted that he talk to Hal when the Tigers visited Boston for their first series of the '48 season.

The Detroit club arrived in early May. It was a torrid three-game series, sparked by a fight at the plate between Tebbetts and George Vico, the rookie Tiger first-baseman. Tebbetts didn't have a chance to supervise a meeting between his old protegee and his new one. When the Tigers left, Birdie said to McDermott, "Did you get any tips from Newhouse?"

"I didn't talk to him," Lefty answered.

"Why not?"

"He looked too busy all the time. I didn't want to bother him."

The same thing happened when the Red Sox went to Detroit. On the first day of a two-game series, Tebbetts said, "Now, you go on up to Newhouse and talk to him. I told him you would. He's a good egg and he'll be glad to help you."

As a kid, McDermott wanted to be a first-baseman. Until he was 12, he played the position at St. Mary's grammar school in Elizabeth. Then one day his coach, John Shannon, noticed that he had a natural curve ball, so McDermott shifted to the mound. By the time he was in high school, he was curving the city of Elizabeth to death. He never knew he had a fast ball until he nearly tore his catcher's hands off with a high, hard one. "I struck out 26 men in a seven-inning game once," Lefty grinned. "The catcher was a little guy and couldn't hold the ball."

The fast ball made him locally famous. When he was 16, he was signed to a farm contract by Bill McCarren. Red Sox scout in the Northern New Jersey sector. He first reported to Scranton



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in June, 1945, primed and ready to show what he could do.

His won and lost mark at Scranton in 1948 was unimpressive because he lost five games by one run. But the scouting reports in Murphy's office, which break down each game individually, read, in 10 games out of the 11 he pitched, "Great stuff." In the two months he worked there, he pitched but one poor game.

When McDermott reported to Sarasota last Spring, the world, apparently, was his oyster. Everyone but Joe McCarthy had big-league plans for him. The Red Sox manager, however, decided that he needed more seasoning. Lefty was assigned to Louisville just before the Sox broke camp.

The young man tore the American Association to shreds. He had a few bad days but he cut such a dent in the league's strikeout records that everyone on the circuit, outside of Louisville, was delighted to see him go when the parent club sent for him. On opening day, he struck out 17 huffed Minneapolis Millers. He either lost or was knocked out of the box in his next five starts, but his strikeout record grew and grew and grew. Once, he went out in the second inning. In

each of the other four games, he never fanned less than seven men, and, in the last game of that luckless streak, he struck out a dozen.

Then Lefty got hot. First, he smashed a 34-year-old Association record when he fanned 20 against St. Paul, winning a three-hitter. In that game, he got the last six men in a row on strikes. A few days later, against Indianapolis, he had a no-hitter going into the seventh, and whiffed a dozen men. He might have had more, but he developed a blister after striking out nine in the first five innings. He came up with another near no-hitter against Minneapolis. That time, he again went to the seventh before he was solved. He collected his daily dozen strikeouts. His total of 93 strikeouts in 63 innings broke an Association record that had stood since 1911.

By this time, the Red Sox were desperate for mound help. When, on June 12, Lefty fanned 13 Indianapolis Indians and won a three-hitter, McCarthy was satisfied. McDermott packed his shirts and his ties, and headed back to Boston.

He started out like a man possessed. First he beat the White Sox, although he went out in the seventh inning.

Then he hurled a three-hit shutout over the Browns, fanning six. In his third start, he became, unfortunately, the first pitcher to face Joe DiMaggio during the 1949 season.

Pitching against the Yanks that night, Lefty struck out nine men and gave eight hits. One of them was a homer by Hank Bauer. The other was a homer by DiMaggio, and the Yanks took a 5-4 victory.

Lefty rolled along nicely until August 7. The Tigers knocked him out of the box that day, and, when McDermott left the mound, his arm was bothering him. He started three times more, but he wasn't the same smoke-ball kid. On August 25, starting against the White Sox in Chicago, his first six pitches were all called balls. The youngster walked away from it all. His arm hurt so much he could hardly lift it, much less pitch.

He took it easy for the rest of the season. When the curtain came down, Lefty was his old bubbling self again.

"My arm," he said, "is fine. I'm fine. Everything's fine. Come next year. I'll murder the bums."

Which, come next year, he probably will.

— ■ —

A Heavyweight Named Roland

(—> FROM PAGE 44) greetings. They were very busy. Mama LaStarza interrupted a conversation and pointed to a bushel basket piled high with provisions.

"That's for Mr. So-and-so, Rollie," Mama said. "You better get it right over. You know he always gives you a nice tip."

Roland's head dropped. He twisted and shuffled with the embarrassment of a schoolgirl making her first public recitation.

"Aw, gee, Mom! I can't take that over," he pleaded. "It'd look funny."

"But Rollie, you've got to help us." DeAngelo put in a tactfully gruff word to ease the situation. "Go on, take it over!" he said. "Are you too lazy to help out?"

When Van Nest's candidate for the heavyweight championship went out the door with the basket on his shoulder, DeAngelo turned to Mama. "Look Mrs. LaStarza," he said. "Roland is 21 years old now. He's getting to be an important man. He isn't a little boy now."

She looked at the manager a moment, nodded her head and smiled. "I guess you're right," she acknowledged.

Two months later, a sense of Rollie's real consequence came home to the LaStarzas. He was matched with Gino Buonvino, an emigrant Italian with a fair record in this country. Gino had been the victim of a first-round knockout by Savold. It was his only defeat in this country, and afterward he resumed winning without interruption, so that the Italian sections of the Bronx again rallied to his support.

The match developed strong feelings in Van Nest. The older folk supported Buonvino. The younger ones—those born in this country—were largely with LaStarza.

Neighbors who had never wagered before were now betting \$200 and more on the outcome. Money flew out of mattresses. The situation created an intensity of purpose in LaStarza such as he hadn't felt before. Furthermore, it was his first main bout in Madison

Square Garden. By ring time he knew he was going to—had to—knock out Buonvino.

In the first round, he put everything behind a straight right to the face and blasted Gino to the canvas. Buonvino survived that session and several more, but in the fifth Roland bludgeoned him down three times. As the bell ended that round, a thundering right hammered Gino to the floor—out to the world. He was dragged to his corner and revived. LaStarza had to homb him only once in the sixth. It draped Gino over the ropes, and the referee called a halt.

A month later, the Van Nest Regulars, a social club, tossed a beefsteak in Roland's honor. The Van Nest Recreation Club was jammed to the doors with winners and losers. They presented him with a \$150 wristwatch. That offering is a particular source of pride to the family. In Van Nest, there's no longer a divided opinion on who'll be the next heavyweight champion.

When Roland Edmond LaStarza was born May 12, 1927, on Melville Street, not far from his present home, fate had already begun to shape his future. His father, Marco, a short, stocky man, liked to box with gloves. As soon as his first-born, Jerry, was old enough, Papa LaStarza set up a small ring in the basement of their house. The second child being a daughter, it fell to Rollie to take the beatings that big brother Jerry was daily disposed to hand out.

School, consequently, had its advantages for Roland. It released him from his brother, four years his elder. He graduated from P. S. 34 and then Christopher Columbus High School. In the late afternoons, they'd box. Jerry, who went on to become a Golden Gloves middleweight champion and turn professional, had the sort of pugnacity which Roland admits he could use today. Each session offered a complete excuse for Jerry to knock the sawdust out of his kid brother.

If Roland didn't throw punches, Jerry naturally became outraged and beat the tar out of him for his timidity. If Roland did throw punches, Jerry naturally became angry and beat the tar out of him for his temerity. That went on day after day, and Roland sums up his boyhood with brother by saying: "It was just boff-boff." To defend himself, he developed an extremely deft left hand. Eventually, at the age of 15, he followed his brother into training at a CYO gymnasium in midtown. Jerry joined the Air Corps and became a fighter pilot over Germany, and Roland was on his own.

He became a busy athlete. He played sandlot football when he wasn't in the gym or fighting. He ran up a string of knockouts. He won the Golden Gloves novice light-heavyweight championship in 1944, the open championship in 1945. In 37 bouts, Al King, a Cleveland, was the only one to beat him legitimately. But there was a decision scored against him by Adolph Quijano, a Texan, in an inter-city tournament, despite a knockdown LaStarza scored in the first round. Quijano was afterward found to be a professional and the bout was voided.

About that time he entered City College. He was so preoccupied with boxing that his classwork fell to a C-minus average. He couldn't play football, but he played varsity lacrosse under an assumed name that overcame eligibility difficulties. All the while, in the back of his mind, was the thought that some day he'd become a pro ringman. The Army snatched him when he became 18, just as hostilities ended, and he served overseas in the Trieste area for a year.

But all the while he was in service, he took care of his body. He didn't smoke nor drink. He exercised and he attended church daily. For gayety, he played the harmonica. In February, 1947, he was finally separated from the Army, and was already back in class when his discharge came through. Again he began preparation for his ring career, and signed up with DeAngelo, who simply went up and asked. After six months, he said fare-

well to books and the collegiate life. His Madison Square Garden debut wasn't sensational. He appeared against Jimmy Evans, another ex-serviceman, in a six-round preliminary. He looked smart and skilled for four rounds and then he started to fall apart. Evans batted him all over the ring, but Roland had done enough in the early chukkers to save the decision.

That bout taught him the necessity of road work and relaxation. The tightness vanished after his first Garden bout, but the stamina came only through hard work on the roads near home. About a year later, he learned another important lesson, to wit: Perfection isn't everything. His foe was a giant Oklahoman, Gene Gosney, with no science whatsoever but a Dempsey-like wallop. His own story of what happened is the best:

"I once fought a perfect fight, and nobody paid any attention to me," he said. "But this time I almost get killed, and everybody raves how marvelous I am."

"I was sleeping up until the fourth round. I was stepping back with my head pulled back, and Jimmy was telling me about it. But I kept doing it. All of a sudden, I felt myself turning over and falling on my right side. I came up and it happened again. Jimmy signalled, 'Shake your head!' I shook it. My head began to clear and I held on till the end of the round. I was afraid if I'd go down again, the referee'd stop it."

"Then I went to work. First I jabbed. Then I began cutting him down from all angles. I had him draped over the ropes with a bad gash over his left eye in the seventh, and the referee stopped it. I was terrible but I was sensational, and the public began taking notice for the first time."

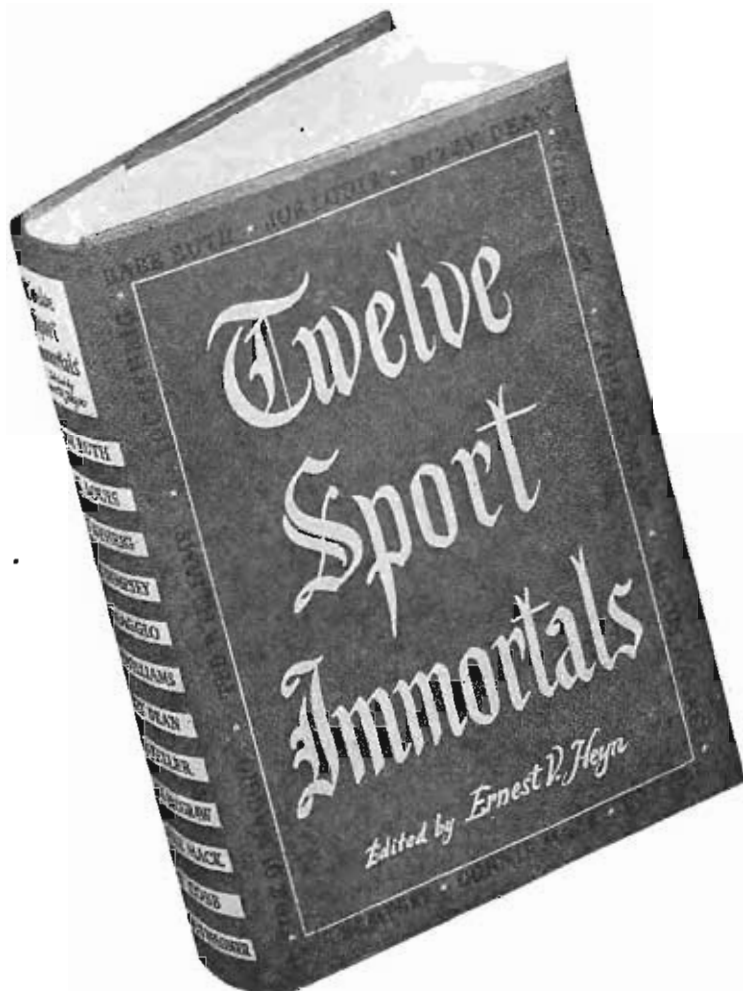
THE customers like a killer who can get off the floor to win, but Roland is inherently cautious. He, like many another college man, can't see the need for taking either punches or needless risks.

A common complaint against LaStarza is that he has adopted Joe Louis' patient stalking tactics, without having the advantage of height, weight, and punching speed that the Brown Bomber possessed. Accordingly, Roland's opinion of the retired champion is interesting if not amusing.

"I saw him fight Walcott twice," LaStarza begins. "He's a terrific hitter, but I don't think he's got much brains. He's strictly a stalker. He didn't have that one-punch knockout. When he hurt you, he was on you. He's slow but he always gets there."

Without any reference to brainpower, it can be said this isn't a bad description of LaStarza so far. Roland is just beginning to feel his fists oats and sound like a challenger. He's in a hurry to advance himself, while DeAngelo sticks to patience. Recently, Roland took a long series of tests and injections for an allergy which affected his breathing. DeAngelo made that an excuse to tighten the reins on his ambitious warrior.

"Who is there around?" Roland surveys the field. "Bernie Reynolds? He's a good hitter, but in close he's no good. Ezzard Charles is fast but he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. I know I can hit harder than him. He's tricky but I know a few tricks myself. I'm younger and stronger than Charles. I'm not afraid of anybody."



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Open Letter to Tim Mara

(— FROM PAGE 15) is any major-league professional football—and it's time you faced that fact, Tim. We admire you as a pioneer. Sure, you established the sport in New York and you lost money for years at it. All the credit in the world to you for that. But Time Marches On, Tim. There's more than one banana stand in town. You look sort of funny today, and tragic, too, trying to stand in the way of football's growth and expansion. They're playing ball in Baltimore and Buffalo and there is talk of a new franchise in Texas backed by oil men.

The cleft shoe is now on the other foot. The All-America Conference is the stronger financially. It is growing stronger in New York, where it is comfortably located in the Yankee Stadium. Dan Topping owns the joint. He is his own landlord. You are just another guy with a set of uniforms renting the Polo Grounds for Sunday afternoon. And you have to share it with an orphan club from Boston, the Bulldogs.

Last year, in total attendance, average attendance, and money, the AAC Dons in Los Angeles took the play away from the NFL Rams. Last year, Alexis Thompson tried in vain to make peace and stop the ruinous bidding for talent. His club, the Philadelphia Eagles, won the NFL championship. When you blocked the get-together move, Thompson put his club up for a sacrifice sale and got out. He said he lost \$35,000. This year, Art Rooney at Pittsburgh confided he would give the NFL just one more year to make peace or he'd have to follow in Thompson's steps. Rooney lost \$40,000 last year. He called his men in this year, gave them salary cuts, and slashed his ticket prices. He was desperate. Three of his stars deserted to the AAC.

Most of your friends and boosters, including one of your best beloved stars, Mel Hein, now with the rival league, have been pleading with you to sit down at a table and start approaching the problem from a businesslike angle.

The AAFC is winning in New York, winning in Los Angeles and San Francisco, gaining in Chicago, and even its so-called weak sisters, Baltimore and Buffalo, are drawing as well as anyone in pro ball. But nobody is making any money. And no one will make money until major-league football adopts the same set-up as major-league baseball.

Major-league football has the opportunity right now to take its place with major-league baseball—or it can be crippled for years to come! It won't

be killed, because it is too great a game, too American a game, to die.

Actually, pro football would be on the threshold of its greatest prosperity and expansion if you, as an NFL owner for 25 years, would lead the way to a settlement satisfactory to both sides. Ford developed mass production. But what kind of cars would we have without competition? Pro football is at its best now because of competition for top players, no thanks to the NFL.

Going back a bit, we don't blame Elmer Layden too much for telling the All-America emissaries to "go get a football and play a game before we have anything to talk about." That was in April of 1945. Lots of people had tried to start football leagues and failed. You knew how hard it was because your own NFL had had some 40 to 50 different franchises—some of them fly-by-night—before it shook down to a solid organization. But, Tim, you must admit now that you under-estimated Arch Ward, the founder of the AAFC, and the caliber and financial resources of the owners he brought together.

You forget that Arch was very generous to the NFL, paid it hundreds of thousands of dollars after his All-Star games. He was the first sports editor in America to give the Monday morning banner headline to professional football as a regular thing in his Chicago Tribune. You forget he's the guy who started the fabulous All-Star baseball as well as football games, and that he did more than anyone else to promote the professional game. And you couldn't see what he saw—that several people were trying to start new leagues, that if they failed others would start one later. None of your fellow owners had the vision to see the AAFC in its fourth season, as it is now, in better financial shape and with more headline players, than your own National League.

No, Tim, why don't you admit that all of you figured that if you turned your backs, the AAFC would go away?

If the original overtures had been accepted in 1945, there would not have been a pro war. They would not have signed away a lot of your best players. You would have been the stronger league and their hands would have been tied. But you ignored and angered the AAFC club owners, men of established means, successful in business and noted for their great integrity and determination. While you were looking the other way, they fought you with brains and you struck back with rumors and innuendo. You said they'd never play a game. When they did, you said they'd never finish the season. When they did that, you said they'd

never start another season.

That went on for three years.

We don't hear it so much lately—because the record is speaking for itself. We do hear a lot about weaknesses in the NFL, though. There are rival claims of attendance, but the cold facts are that Thompson sold his championship Eagles, the Pittsburgh club lost three players and admitted a big loss, and that Boston had such a dismal time it had to come down to the Polo Grounds and divide your NFL patronage. Those are facts, on the record, not press agent's claims.

We have always admired you, Tim, and we like you personally. We admit you and George Halas of the Bears, and George Marshall at Boston and at Washington, and Curley Lambeau of the Packers pioneered the game. But what kind of a game did you give the public when you had no competition?

You preached that small college players were better than big college stars. A few are but the majority are not. The small college kids didn't cost you much; that's the answer.

You paid \$50 and \$100 a game to fellows like Mel Hein, Bill Hewitt, and Cal Hubbard. Your Giants offered an all-time low in dreary offense.

The AAFC forced you to sign big name players because the AAFC was signing them and making you look bad. They were making pro football better than you fellows wanted it to be.

TIM, you would have had the AAFC frozen out of New York if you'd given Dan Topping an even break on home dates when he wanted to move his club into Yankee Stadium. And you could have moved a mongrel franchise into Brooklyn to keep them out of there. First thing you know, your stubbornness had Topping in the AAFC and so was Brooklyn. The Conference could not succeed without a New York entry. You fellows let them get two.

As of right now, Topping is winning the battle in New York with high-priced players, a fine coach in Norman (Red) Strader, and an interesting T-formation attack. Meanwhile, what have you done? Tried to hurt the AAFC by moving another losing, orphan club into the Polo Grounds with your Giants—Ted Collins' Boston Yanks, now the Bulldogs. All they're hurting is you.

Most of your NFL pals have seen the light, the rosy light of red ink, and eight of them want the war to end. Some would prefer a one-league set-up with the two most successful franchises, the Cleveland Browns and San Francisco 49ers, moving into the NFL, and the others moving into oblivion. They, like you, would eliminate competition, would restrict a great sport. But that won't get that clique very far, as you found out last December in Philadelphia when committees from the two leagues met and you gave the AAFC the proposal that amounted to an insult. Jim Breuil, the big Buffalo oil man and owner of the Bills, isn't going to quit, not when his club is averaging 30,000 a game at home. The Colts were beaten in their first four games, yet they drew crowds up to 35,000—and they aren't giving up. The Chicago Hornets, owned by Jim Thompson, Irvin Rooks, and Lee Freeman, are proving that Chicago does love an underdog by steadily rising support of a club which won only a total of two games in the past two seasons.

Incidentally, Tim, in the past two seasons in your own league your Giants didn't win many more than that. Maybe

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Chicago won't support three clubs, but the Cardinals are pretty vulnerable, especially playing in Comiskey Park on the South Side, not exactly a football area.

Ben Lindheimer, who has been a tower of strength, isn't quitting his Los Angeles franchise after all he's put into it. Dan Topping offered to step aside in New York if his other owners wanted him to and if it would speed pro football peace. He offered to sacrifice himself because the feeling is general that you are letting your personal animosity toward Topping impede peace for all franchises. Topping's offer was refused, so he joined with Branch Rickey to field his 1949 entry. They merged two good squads to make one strong AAFC team in New York against two weak NFL ones.

Rickey and Topping are successful businessmen. They are not exactly a soft pair for you to laugh off or wise-crack away, Tim. Their baseball teams wound up in the World Series, you know. They have an income to prime the pump with more than you have with all your eggs in one basket. What they lose on the peanuts, they can make up on the popcorn—indefinitely. Can you?

Finally, Arthur McBride of the Cleveland Browns and A. J. (Tony) Morabito of the San Francisco 49ers are on record that they will never move out of the All-America Conference as long as they are in professional football.

As a sportswriter who gets around the country, we know them and we believe in their sincerity. Looking at their record, you cannot doubt them, Tim. They stood fast last January at the Chicago meetings when the NFL convened to pick up the pieces after the anticipated AAFC collapse. Some of the boys on the newspapers went for that one with big headlines. You've got a lot of friends, Tim, but nothing chills a friendship quicker than taking a stand that forces a pal to go deeper and deeper into debt.

When the announcement came from across the street at the AAFC meeting in January that the Conference owners were in better financial shape than their rivals, and could buy and sell many of their counterparts over and over, the NFL meeting adjourned within a couple of hours. You had nothing to talk about, Tim. Remember?

Let's forget about the owners, Tim, and let's see what a major-league football set-up resembling baseball would do for the players and the fans.

The players do the work and the

fans pick up the tabs.

Well, the AAFC had as one of its chief objectives paying the players something more than the coolie wages they received under the one-league monopoly. They went out and bid for the best and corralled a lot of them—Frankie Albert, Otto Graham, Jack Russell, Martin Ruby, Edgar Jones, Glenn Dobbs, Spec Sanders, Dick Barwegen, Ernie Blandin, Bob Hoernschmeyer, Billy Hillenbrand, George Ratterman, Hank Foldberg, Bob Reinhard, John Woudenberg—well, that'll give you an idea.

But, thanks to the stubbornness of the NFL in refusing every overture, and thanks to your sudden awakening to the fact that you have to pay for the best, the two leagues began competing for players. It has been a players' holiday, with payrolls sky high. It has been that way for three years, but now with all clubs well stocked, salaries are slipping slightly.

Now, if players are to have *any* pro football, salaries must be brought into line. Top stars will still get top money. Good players will get what they're worth; not two and three times their value.

You learned the hard way, Tim, what the AAFC knew all along—namely, that the fans will come out to see top names and top performance. And you'll always have to pay good money to get the top college talent. But you don't have to take a bath in red ink.

Crowds are up beyond anything you knew in the monopoly days, and everyone is losing money. Stupid, isn't it?

To say that New York City cannot support two teams is to knock your own sport, Tim, and it flies in the face of all evidence to the contrary. New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles can each support two teams if expenses are held to a sensible level and if schedules are arranged to avoid doltish conflicts.

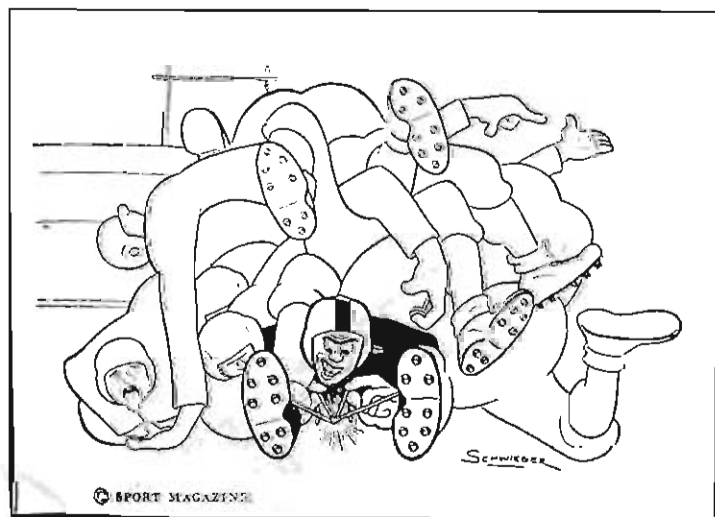
Where would peace on a two-league basis leave my old pal, Gus Fan? The answer to that, Tim, must be obvious from your mail. You know the public wants a World Series game between the champions of the two leagues. And you know it would draw 100,000 at Santa Claus time in California.

Fans would flock to see the Bears versus the Browns, the Los Angeles Dons versus the Rams, or the Redskins versus the Colts. Those are surefire, Tim. The public would enjoy watching the rival league bump heads-on in a true test of strength. Not in the cash registers, in the checkbooks of owners, or in the headlines—but on the field.

The pros are like the major-leaguers in baseball, the cream of the crop. They have greater ability, skill, and finesse than the growing college kid can offer. My advice to you, Tim, as one Irishman to another, is to forget your stubbornness and accept progress.

Preserve the game, put it on a businesslike basis, give the fan his due, and let major-league football flourish.

Sincerely,
Jimmy Powers



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THAT Nevada University was the first grid team from the mainland to play in Hawaii. That was in 1920 and the Wolves defeated Hawaii 14-0 . . . That in the 1932 North Carolina State-Duke football game, Duke never got the ball past midfield throughout the game. N. C. State won by 6-0 . . . That in 1924, a world record in drop-kicking was set by Forest (Frosty) Peters of Billings, Montana, captain of the Montana State College freshman team. He booted 17 field goals in a game against Billings Polytechnic Institute. The freshmen won, 64-0 . . .

That Joe Dugan, playing third base for the N. Y. Yankees, made four unassisted double plays in 1924, while in 1942, Leonard Merullo, shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, made four errors in one inning . . . That in 1900, Morris Amole, while pitching for Buffalo against Detroit, threw a no-hit, no-run game on opening day and won by the score of 8-0 . . .

That Bill Dimmen, with the 1905 Boston Red Sox, did not do any pitching during September until the 27th of the month, then threw a no-hit, no-run game against the Chicago White Sox, winning 2-0 . . . That in 1928 a horse named Mike Hall was going to the post for the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico when he spotted the trophy on a table near the rail and grabbed it. Hunch players quickly put their dough on the line and were not disappointed . . .

That the last race on the last day of the Woodbine meetings in 1930, '31, '32 was won by the same horse—Duchess Of York . . . That Upset, the only horse to ever defeat the immortal Man o' War, refused to eat in the daytime and had to be fed at night . . . That at one time two of America's leading baseball figures, John McGraw and Charley Stoneham, operated a Havana racetrack during the Winter . . .

That when Marcel Cerdan knocked out Tony Zale in 1948, he became the first foreigner in 57 years to win the undisputed middleweight crown since Bob Fitzsimmons of Australia held the title in 1891 . . . That in 1948, the Detroit Tigers drew close to 630,000 fans in 14 night games. This was more than the St. Louis Browns had during the whole season . . .

That for the first time in World Series history, the lights were turned on—in the fifth game of the 1949 Series at Ebbets Field . . . That when Tommy Henrich hit a home run to win the first game of the 1949 Series by 1-0, he became the second man to perform this feat. His manager, Casey Stengel, did it for the N. Y. Giants in the 1923 Series against the Yankees. —B. K.

What About Winter Golf?

(—) FROM PAGE 21) at it. He is never through.

But the average player's practice is too often wasted. Unless he has a smart pro looking on, a good teacher, he may be practicing errors—not cures. He may be turning minor faults into habits that will be hard to correct later on. He does this by making the same mistakes on swing after swing. The average golfer plays too many careless shots. The good pro rarely does. He knows that every shot must be played as though a rich championship depended upon it. Frequently, it does.

The money strain is a big factor along the Winter tournament highways. The majority of pros lose money on the tours. If you have no automobile, train fare comes high. Hotels cost you from \$10 to \$20 a day. Caddie fees are much higher than they used to be.

A pro golfer who can clean up \$20,000 a year along the tournament route is among the leaders. He has turned in a fine job. But at the end of the year, he's lucky if he has much left. Players like Demaret, Middlecoff, Snead, and Mangrum can earn from \$400 to \$500 in an exhibition match. But those who play in most of the tournaments have few spots open for exhibitions.

If you ask me why so many golfers follow the Winter tournament circuit at a cost to themselves of anywhere from \$2,500 to \$5,000, I couldn't exactly tell you. One reason is that hope always springs eternal in the golfer's breast. He figures the next round will always be much better. Another factor is the thrill of battling for the money. A ball-player is guaranteed a certain salary. A fighter is assured a certain purse. But the golfer can collect only what he earns by his play. If he isn't among the leading 12, he will probably get nothing. So he's on his toes, playing the best game of which he's capable.

A weekend golfer who for any reason cannot actually play during the Winter months still has a chance to improve his own game, if he can follow the pros on the tournament circuit. Average golfers develop more faults than the pros ever heard of—slicing, hooking, shanking, topping, lunging, over-swinging, under-swinging, and 50 other varieties of wrongdoing. But these faults can be worked on and toned down or eliminated if you will watch the playing pro at his work whenever your paths happen to cross during his long Winter tour.

A golf gallery at least has an excellent chance to get a true picture of winning swings as Sammy Snead, Cary Middlecoff, Lloyd Mangrum, and others move up and down the various fairways. Such a picture or pattern is necessary in working on the right swing for yourself.

You can't go wrong if you set out to imitate a master. Naturally, the chances are that you will fall short of the mark—but at least you are shooting high.

This reminds me of an incident that took place some time ago. Eddie Loos, a well-known instructor, was working over a pupil who happened to be a leading Chicago industrialist, head of one of Chicago's biggest stores.

"Just what picture or pattern of the swing do you have in mind?" Loos asked his pupil. "I don't quite get what you mean," the business leader said.

"You must have some sort of picture or pattern of what you want to do," Loos answered. "Could you draw a

picture of something where you had no idea of what you were drawing? Haven't you a picture or a pattern of the way you run your business, or the way your business should be run?"

The business leader admitted he had a good picture of his business operations, but none whatever of his golf swing.

"That's why you are worth a million dollars," Loos said, "and can't break a hundred on the golf course."

As you move from hole to hole with the tournament gallery, study the pro's swing as he pounds out that 66 or 68. Watch one thing at a time, and concentrate on each detail in turn:

1. **Foot action:** Just how do both feet operate during the swing? Foot action is the road to balance. Many instructors believe it to be the all-important key to correct swinging.

2. **Body turn:** This includes shoulder turn, hip turn, and knee movement. The amount of turn varies with many golfers. But in the main, the left side (for a right-handed golfer) must come around. The left shoulder and the left hip are more pronounced.

3. **Head action:** This is probably as important as any other factor in the game. The head is anchor to the swing. You will notice the chin usually turned to the right. You will notice the head is in one set place as the ball is hit. With a moving head, there is no chance for any good result, at any time. You never look up to see a good one.

4. **The finish of the back swing:** the pace of the swing. You will see all good golfers finishing the back swing before the down swing begins. Often there is a slight pause at the top of the back swing. The back swing is rarely rushed.

5. **How the back swing starts:** whether on an inside or outside arc. How the down swing works.

6. **The action of the left and right hands:** This is not too easy to follow. You can, however, observe that the left hand and left wrist stay on the job and don't give way before the stronger right hand hitting forward.

AS noted, try to take each detail and study it separately. You can even make notes of what takes place, when you are pretty sure you have the details lined up properly. They give you something interesting to work with later on, when you get out on the course yourself. But you must look at each factor apart from the full swing. The full swing moves too quickly to be seen and studied in detail, all at once.

The average golfer has a tough time keeping his hands and body working together. Either the more powerful body throttles hand and wrist action, or the body is locked. If you had a slow motion picture of the swing you are looking at—a very, very slow motion—you would see that the hands appear to be ahead of the ball at the moment of impact. The hands come with a rush through the closing part of the swing as the club head catches up. It is the hands that direct the club head, and they are in no hurry to bring the club into the lead. You will notice also that the left heel is down and the left side out of the way by the time the down swing is working. Now that Winter's near at hand, the greatest golfers in the world will soon be under way again, from West to East and back. You will find them well worth looking at if you want to improve your own game during a period that's usually wasted by the average golfer.

— ■ —

The Uphill Fight of Vicki Draves

(— FROM PAGE 40) material at the big-time Fairmount Hotel Plunge. The Plunge, strictly plush stuff, was located atop Nob Hill, long the citadel of San Francisco's aristocracy. Vicki was interviewed and given an obscure job as a locker-room girl to earn her diving keep.

"I have heard that Vicki suffered a great deal because of her Filipino blood," the mother of a rival diving star recently told the writer. "You see, her own people were not allowed to come there. She wasn't eligible for the main team, either. The Fairmount coach, Phil Patterson, had to form a special club for her, in order to satisfy some of the society-minded Fairmounters."

When the aggressive, pint-sized Lee ran across her in 1944 in San Francisco, she was diving under the name of Vicki Taylor.

"Gee, Vicki, why did you change your name?" asked Lee.

Tears came in her big, brown eyes. "They told me that I had to," she confessed. "They told me to use my mother's maiden name."

Lee, a national champ, began to burn. "Listen, I've been through all that. You'll never be happy except under your own name. What have you got to be ashamed of? Remember, kid, your father is sick and they tell me he loves to read about you in the papers."

"I know, Sammy," she said miserably. "I don't know what to do."

Some months later, Vicki sent Sammy a clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle's sports section that announced: "Vicki Taylor will hereafter dive under the name of Vicki Taylor Manalo."

At this point, shunted off, unable to get adequate coaching, Vicki still managed to win third places in National Senior AAU meets. In 1943, she was third in the three-meter event behind Ann Ross of Brooklyn and Zoe Ann Olsen, a Silver City, Iowa, girl who shortly later emigrated to Oakland, California. In 1944, Vicki scored another solid third. In '45, with Ann Ross retired, Zoe Ann succeeded to the crown and Vicki moved up to second spot on the springboard.

"Zoe Ann was awfully good," stales Vicki, "so I decided to try tower-diving, too."

That decision is a story in itself. Many of the one and three-meter springboard

specialists who become nationally known never venture up the ladder to the high tower—a menacing 10 meters, or nearly 33 feet, above the water. From that height, the water smacks you like a club. Tower-divers suffer wrenched necks and backs and even broken limbs. As Sammy Lee, king of the towerists, puts it: "Might as well say it—most of the girls are too timid. Vicki wasn't too timid. Nothing fazes that little gal."

Yet, she was unable to crash through with a national championship, thus insuring the financial sponsorship of an athletic club that she so desperately needed. Records of meets of this period show the significant line: "Vicki Draves—unattached."

Confidence and power were the vital missing factors. She had to work eight hours a day as a stenographer, then rush to her locker-tending job before she could work out. Coming up to meets, she was usually too weary to impress judges. And the complex dives demanded today wore her down. Weighing little more than 100 pounds, she lacked the strength of the average girl champ—huskies like Babe Didrikson, Helene Madison, Patty Berg, and Ann Curtis. After a stiff afternoon of leaping off the tower, smacking the water off-balance as she tried for mastery of the more difficult dives, she was often battered black-and-blue.

"What I lacked most, though, was confidence," she has told friends. "You can't feel apologetic and unwanted and beat anybody."

Fate took a hand and turned the tables in 1946. Lyle Draves, a handsome, sandy-haired young Pasadena, California, electrical engineer and former Iowa State and Far Western AAU diving champ is one of the most fanatical men on diving in the country. Few conversations can start around Draves without him switching to the subject of gainers, pikes, cutaways, jack-knives, and flying somersaults. The Athens Athletic Club of Oakland, in '46 hired Draves as coach, mostly to work with Zoe Ann Olsen, who had been lured West by the club. Before leaving Pasadena, Draves was tipped off by Sammy Lee, "While you're in the Bay Region, keep an eye out for Vicki. All she needs is some decent coaching."

Draves couldn't do a lot for Zoe Ann, who was well on her way to becoming one of the finest springboarders of all time. But he found in Vicki a girl with

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a crying need for a guiding hand.

It was a coach-pupil relationship at first. Under his steady guidance, she lost the tower-diving title to Helen Crlenkovich by only 2/100th of a point. Draves didn't need a blueprint to see that Vicki had been pushed around without reason. Romance bloomed and later in 1946 they were married in style at Glendale's Forest Lawn Church. Sammy Lee proudly strutted down the aisle to give away the bride. From that point on, Vicki's fortunes began to zoom upward.

As (Mrs.) Vicki Draves, she came off the tower at Shikamak, Indiana, in 1946 to win her first American title. She was still wet from the last leap when certain factions began agitating for removal of the tower event from national meets. "There's not enough interest in it," they argued spuriously.

The move was defeated. But, as it developed, Vicki didn't have to come soaring down from the rafters to make her rivals turn envy-green. Sure of herself now, well-handled, she started to win on the springboard. At Seattle, in the 1947 national indoor meet, she finished third behind Pat Elsener of San Francisco, who nosed out Zoe Ann Olsen. Next day, when they held an Olympic Games preview using the international-dive system, Vicki finished a surprise winner over both Zoe Ann and Pat.

Judges of AAU splashfests are picked for their neutrality and sound judgment of what each dive is worth in terms of points graduating from one (failed) to 10 (very good). However, nothing in the rules says that they have to be blind. When she turned 23 last year, the ripely mature Vicki's specifications were such that any gent with eyesight couldn't help but be impressed. "Hmph!" sniffed some elements. "She's getting points on looks, not ability."

Well, as Gypsy Rose Lee used to tell the boys in the front row at the burlesque, you can't go against nature. Vicki can't help it if her delicate curves cause strong men in the gallery to grow limp. Her almost-black hair frames an exceedingly pretty, piquant face. She has long lashes over those brown eyes and a golden-tan complexion that will never need an artist's re-touch brush

if she poses for the skin-cream ads. Her figure is the best in women's aquatics since Eleanor Holm and Esther Williams.

The tip-off that Vicki might ascend the diving throne once graced by such plank-treaders as Katie Rawls, Dorothy Poynton, Georgia Coleman, and Marjorie Gestring came in the April, 1948, nationals at Daytona Beach, Florida. For the first time in a national meet, she beat the high-bouncing Zoe Ann Olsen, whose five-foot rise off the board is unmatched anywhere. The two fought it out off the one-meter board, with Vicki winning by two points. Few cheers. Two days later, Zoe Ann nosed Vicki at three meters. Plenty of cheers!

BACK on the West Coast, Vicki followed up by defeating Zoe Ann in the Far Western AAU meet, this time at three meters. Action then moved to the Olympic regional trials at Los Angeles Swim Stadium, where before a huge crowd Vicki won the tower title over Juno Stover and Pat Elsener. But she slumped to third behind Zoe Ann and Pat on the springboard.

Vicki and Lyle Draves were two worried people when they caught the boat to London. In the final trials at Detroit, Vicki had won her tower specialty, but had finished seven points behind her nemesis, Zoe Ann, in springboard-leaping. "What an awful time to hit a slump," Vicki groaned to her husband.

"We all worked pretty hard getting ready," says Sammy Lee, "but Vicki was like a slave. I actually got sore at both of them. Lyle worked her six hours a day, broken down into three two-hour workouts. She'd run through her list of dives four times a day—that's 125 dives! And that doesn't count climbing 35 steps to the tower and ten to the springboard each time. I was sure she'd go stale."

Seven judges from as many nations did the scoring. Vicki took the lead on required springboard dives on the first day, then fell behind Zoe Ann on the second day of optional dives. The two California cuties—handsome blonde and striking brunette—were easily the class of the field. They came down to the last dive, the extra-tough back one and one-half somersault with layout,

with Vicki trailing. "You can do it, honey," Draves told his nervous wife.

Her only chance was to score a flashy eight to nine points. The crowd held its breath as the board went "thung-g-g" and the small, shapely figure arched high in the air, turning like a mechanical doll, then falling, and completing the final half-somersault. She hit the water "on the nose"—a perfect perpendicular entry.

Cards were raised, showing eight, eight and one-half, and nine. Vicki was the springboard diving champion of the world—by 51/100th of a point!

When she won the tower-diving two days later, the first double-diving queen in Olympic history, Vicki broke down and cried. Then she cabled the news home to her family. Her mother, sisters, and the father who was gone had shared the strain of the years of trying. Now it was all over.

The Olympics made a great change in the lives of the Draves. Lyle and Vicki are home-lovers, who'd like to relax in a lawn swing in the shade of the home they plan to build in the Pasadena hills.

"Compared to show business, we had it easy before," sighs Vicki. "This is a constant spin, from morning to night. I'm in the water so much that my hair will turn green one of these days."

She has typical, American-wife plans. "We're going to stay with this one more year. Then we're going to build a home and never go near a swimming pool, except to splash around and have fun."

Vicki casts a wistful eye at her tiny niece and namesake, who travels with the show. "And we'd like to raise three or four like her."

The cruel years she spent throwing herself off diving boards, trying not to hear the back-of-the-hand whispers, are only an unpleasant memory now. She has never struck back, never made an accusation. She would be the last to point out that her triumph is even richer than most people realize. It is sweet irony that the name which she was forced to change spelled "victory" from the very start. *Manalo* in Filipino derives from the same word—"victory"—as does *Victoria* in English. Put 'em together and what do you get? Double Victory!

— ■ —

One for the Book

(— FROM PAGE 33) even more popular than it was here? With Dr. B. F. Roller (a first-rate surgeon, by the way, and one of the early American college wrestlers to join the professionals), he invaded the Continent. He matched Roller with Stanislaus Zbyszko in Vienna and when Zbyszko, one of the really great matmen, rather easily defeated Roller, Curley signed him. With Zbyszko as his chief card, he promoted matches and tournaments in Vienna and other cities. He brought the Pole back to this country and matched him with Gotch, who beat him. He promoted the second Gotch-Hackenschmidt match in Chicago—an event of tremendous interest, for Gotch had won the world title in the first match as The Lion hurled cries of "Foul!" against him. Gotch won again and Curley was the top man in wrestling. He had the champion, didn't he? And in those benighted days there was only one champion, not six or a dozen as now.

That was in 1911 and Jack really

spread himself. He launched tours for Gotch. He corraled as many other leading wrestlers as he could. He practically commuted to Europe and back—there were no planes flying the ocean then, remember, and he had to take the boats—but he kept the boats hustling. He put on a match between Zbyszko and Gama, greatest of the Indian wrestlers, in London.

"Gama," Curley used to say, "was the best wrestler I ever saw. I wish I could have brought him to this country, but he refused to come."

He conducted tournaments in Paris where, as in London, Vienna, and the other capitals of Europe, he had become as well known as he was in this country, if not better. Everything was gold that he touched—or became golden as he touched it—and then his friend, the Archduke Ferdinand, was knocked off at Sarajevo and his dominions beyond the seas crashed about his head.

Meanwhile, either directly or indirectly, he had influenced most of the good European wrestlers to come to this country and, when they were called to their homelands for military

service, the sport here suffered a crippling blow. Most of the older American heroes had faded from the scene and the younger ones, such as Joe Stecher, Earl Caddock, and the new Strangler Lewis, whose square name was Robert Fredericks, were just moving up. Curley found little to interest him in wrestling now and, for that matter, little profit. This was the situation that led him to join the quest for a white man who could beat Jack Johnson and, having found him in Jess Willard, to put the two of them into the ring in Havana.

With that out of the way, Curley returned to New York, this time to stay. This would be, roughly, in the early Summer of 1915. He had, or thought he had, a piece of the new heavyweight boxing champion. Having paid both fighters and taken care of all the expenses incidental to the engagement in Havana—some day I'll tell you the story of that, which also is one for the book—he had squared things with his backers, too, and had less than \$5,000 left for himself. That's where the piece of Willard figured so importantly in his

plans. Then Willard walked out on him.

Never one to sit still when there was a dollar to be made—and he had to keep making dollars because he could spend them faster than he could make them—Jack picked up fighters here and there, bankrolled or openly promoted fights in New Jersey and elsewhere, and so, in some fashion, got along. At least, he paid the rent for his suite of offices on Broadway and his apartment on Riverside Drive. Then, more or less suddenly, this nation was in the war. Things got tougher.

It must have been one lonely, dreary day in the Fall of 1917, when Jack sat among his files and his framed pictures of past glories in his office on Broadway and suddenly was hit in the head with an inspiration. How about wrestling? Caddock, by now the champion, was in the Army, and Stecher, from whom he had won the title, was in the Navy. But Strangler Lewis and Dr. Roller were on the loose. So were a handful of European wrestlers who were too old or too stubborn to go back across the seas to be shot at.

More important, prize-fighting had been outlawed in New York State, this being the intermission between the repeal of the Frawley Law and the coming of the legislation that was to bear the name of Jimmy Walker.

"—!" Jack Curley must have said, leaping from his chair. "What have I been waiting for? The town is loaded with guys whose pockets are filled with money, guys who like to see other guys knocking each other around. They can't see a fight here. They have to go to Newark or Jersey City or some place like that. And what kind of fights do they see? Why not see how they like wrestling?"

He rounded up his wrestlers, Lewis and Roller and the left-over Frenchmen, Belgians, Hollanders, Greeks, Romanians, Russians, and Finns. He hired the Lexington Opera House and, introducing an old European custom, announced a tournament. The winner would meet . . . well, as I recall it, Jack never did say whom the winner would meet. But it didn't seem to make any difference. Maybe the response to his advertising and publicity didn't surprise him. But it surprised everyone else. The Opera House was jammed.

He gave them a show, too. He always did, wherever he was in action. The packed house; the curtain rising on an empty but brilliantly lighted stage; the orchestra opening with a grand slam; the muscle men being called out, one by one, to take their bows and form a semicircle, facing the audience like a troupe of trained bears; the playing of the national anthem; then the tussling. The tournament lasted for weeks, since no contestant, no matter how often he was defeated, was eliminated. Everybody wanted to see it and almost everybody did. The Strangler's headlock became the talk of the town. When at last it ended, with Lewis being declared the winner, Curley had half a dozen cards ready-made.

The war over, Caddock, who had served with distinction in France, returned to this country, was discharged from the Army and, on reaching his farm in Iowa, announced his retirement. Stecher, now out of the Navy, promptly claimed the title. So did Lewis. A third claim was filed by Stanislaus Zbyszko, who had gone home to fight in the Polish army, had been captured by the Germans, and but recently had been released from a prison camp. Now, accompanied by his

younger brother, Wladek, he was back in America.

Stecher, "The Boy in Overalls," became extremely popular in New York and Curley had a great vision—to lure Caddock out of retirement and throw him and Stecher on a mat in Madison Square Garden and let Lewis and Zbyszko take turns at the winner. Caddock didn't lure easily. He had marched and fought all over the Western Front and the peace and quiet of his farm appealed to him and he was of no mind to leave it. But Curley was persuasive. Besides, he had greater incentives to offer than Caddock ever had before.

Wrestling was on the big time and booming. There was no telling how much Caddock and Stecher would draw in New York, nor how much Caddock could make after that if he defended his title against the Nebraska farm-boy whose steel-spring legs made him the scissors king. Moreover, as Curley kept hammering home to him, he had beaten Stecher once. Why couldn't he do it again? Earl finally succumbed.

There would be other big wrestling shows in New York after this one, but there wouldn't ever be another like it. This was Curley at his best, this promotion of Caddock and Stecher early in 1920. The ballyhoo had been terrific and now, on the night of the match, the old Garden—the one that really was on Madison Square—bulged with the crowd, while thousands milled about outside, waiting to hear the result.

The motif of the show was martial. Bands blared, shrilled, and hammered. Stecher was escorted to the ring by a detail of sailors, Caddock by a squad of soldiers—foot soldiers like himself, who had fought across the fields of France. The ring was a riot of flags. There were, of course, no neutrals in the house, even in the press rows, where newspapermen sat and argued, before the match began, over the merits of the rivals. And, of course, if you were a Navy guy, you were for Stecher—if an Army guy, for Caddock. There were times when the cops had to work fast to keep the Army and Navy apart.

The excitement mounted as the men wrestled. Stecher, bigger, heavier, and the stronger of the two, seemed to hold an edge almost from the beginning. But Caddock, in the manner of a clever boxer fending off a dynamic puncher, slipped out of punishing holds, applied grips of his own, and when they were broken, set other snares for his opponent. He was wonderful to watch and yet you would have known, looking on, that in the end Stecher's superior strength must prevail. And so it did, but only at the end of two

hours and five minutes.

Am I naive in believing that this, and many major matches that followed it, were on the level? It must seem so, in the light of what has happened in the years between. Yet I have no more reason now for believing otherwise than I did that night in the Garden. Caddock, between the match in which he had won the championship from Stecher and that in which he lost it back to him, had taken a beating in France, including a gassing at the Hindenburg Line. It is entirely possible that he had not fully regained the stamina and quick, darting strength that enabled him to offset Stecher's natural advantages the first time.

There was another reason why it seemed logical to believe that Stecher won his title honestly—and honestly defended it. It goes back to the observation made by the late Col. E. R. Bradley in the days when he was the most famous gambler in America. Asked if he conducted an honest game at his plush establishment at Palm Beach, he said: "Certainly. With the percentages running in my favor, I don't have to cheat."

The percentage was with Curley and all who wrestled for him. Boxing still was outlawed in New York and wrestling was enjoying a tremendous vogue, made possible by a public that believed in its honesty. To have tampered with it then would have been stupid.

Exactly when the change was made and the script rewritten, I am not prepared to say, nor is a timetable important here. This is not a history of wrestling, but part of the story of a man. But the last years of Curley's life were years of frustration, for his hold on the sport had been weakened by those who were jealous of him and, because he trusted them, were in a position to betray him—and did. Combinations were formed against him, and each had its own champion, and where once there had been some dignity to wrestling—as there had been when this century was new—now there was chaos and fakery.

At the end, Jack was a lonely man in his office on Broadway. From the wreck of the structure he had wrought, he had salvaged only a group of wrestlers who were unwilling to leave him or were unwanted elsewhere and whose manners and morals were no better, if no worse, than those in the rival bands. When he talked of wrestling, it was of the sport as he had known it in the past and as he talked he made the giants of the better days come to life again.

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93

A Couple of Cleveland Ends

(—→ FROM PAGE 23) when the Rice Institute star set a world's record of 13.7 in the 120-yard high hurdles.

Lavelli played part of one season as a sophomore at Ohio State in 1942 before he was sidelined by an injury in the Southern California game. It was his only experience as an end before joining the Browns. In high school at Hudson, Ohio, 25 miles from Cleveland, he had been a quarterback and a passer of local renown. His transfer to the opposite end of the aerial route was ordered by Brown when Dante was an Ohio State freshman.

"I was a freshman halfback," he explains, "but Paul saw something in my stride that suggested I ought to be an end. I think my steps weren't short and choppy enough to suit his idea of how a halfback should run. He moved me to an end and I'm glad he did."

THE war put an end to Lavelli's collegiate career. As a sergeant leading a rifle platoon in some of the most rugged fighting in Belgium, France, and Germany, he lived through three football-less years if you except a tough variety of the game which he and a few army buddies occasionally played with a canteen for a ball. After his discharge in December, 1945, he returned to Ohio State, but not to the Buckeye gridiron. Instead, he joined the Browns and, with teammate Lou (The Toe) Groza, attended college in the off-season. He earned his degree in Physical Education last March.

When Lavelli reported to the first Browns' training camp, he found himself in competition with four other candidates for the offensive right end job. One was an experienced professional. Two had made nationwide reputations while playing with service teams after distinguished college careers. The fourth was John Yonakor, six feet four, 225 pounds, and a former Notre Dame star who was known as one of the finest pass receivers ever to wear the Irish uniform.

The unknown Lavelli chased three rivals out of camp and made a defensive end of Yonakor.

Speedie first attracted Brown's attention as defensive end when he played with the Fort Warren army team against Brown's Great Lakes eleven. The Bluejackets won by a comfortable margin, but they wouldn't have scored to this day if they had depended upon gains around the wing guarded by the lanky soldier from Utah.

When, shortly thereafter, an emissary from the Cleveland Browns approached him in San Francisco, Mac recalled numerous newspaper stories and magazine articles he had read as a school-boy about a high school team in Ohio that had cleaned up all opposition from coast to coast. He knew Paul Brown had been the power behind that Massillon eleven, and when he was told that Brown was going to organize and coach the Cleveland entry in the new professional league, he decided that that was where his football future lay.

The offer from the Browns represented Speedie's third flirtation with pro teams. He was an army private, stationed at a base in Texas, shortly after his graduation at Utah, when he was paid a personal visit by Fred Mandel, owner of the Detroit Lions. "Mandel shoved a contract for \$2,800 under my nose and told me that if I signed it I would be the second highest-paid lineman in the National

League," Mac recalls. "That looked like a bale of dough to me and I asked him for a pen. He went right on talking and pretty soon I asked him again for the pen. After a while, I was practically begging him for the pen, but he must have changed his mind. He said we might as well wait till the war was over, and folded the contract and left. I never heard from him again."

While at Fort Warren, Speedie played against the El Toro Marines, one of the more rugged West Coast service outfits, who went, almost as a unit, to the Chicago Rockets at war's end. "I was a T-quarterback the day we played El Toro," he relates, "and the way they swarmed over me convinced me that they'd surely be the best in the new league. They wanted me, too, but by that time I was a lieutenant and had a little more money and wasn't so anxious to sign. The way the Rockets turned out, I'm mighty glad I didn't. By the time the Browns reached me, they were talking what looked like



real money, not the kind Mandel offered a poverty-ridden private."

As inevitably as pass-snatching ends are compared with Hutson, Speedie and Lavelli are forever being compared with each other. Brown declines to take sides. "They've got different styles and different techniques," he concedes, "but each is supreme in his own way. I think Lavelli has the strongest hands I've ever seen. When he goes up for a pass and a defender goes up with him, you can be sure Dante will have the ball when they come down. Nobody can ever take it away from him once he gets his hands on it."

"Speedie is perhaps a little more instinctive pass receiver, and a little more deceptive. He's so tall that when he's running at top speed he seems to be gliding easily. His natural ability to change pace and his great speed when he turns it on make it almost impossible to guard him with less than three men. I believe Lavelli does more conscious thinking about his movements than Mac does. He plans his faking, whereas Speedie seems to do his instinctively. They've got two things in common—they can catch anything they can touch, and after they've caught it, they both run like halfbacks."

Apart from sure hands and fast feet, a pass receiver's most potent asset is his ability to fake defenders out of position. Lavelli rates a poker face the

most vital element in faking. "Pass defenders watch a receiver's face," he explains, "and he can't let his expression tell whether he's downfield to catch a pass or merely to decoy the opposition away from the man who is supposed to catch it. I've schooled myself to keep my movements and my facial expression the same whether the play calls for Graham to throw to me or to Mac or to one of the halfbacks."

Speedie and Lavelli compose a mutual admiration society that probably had its birth in the discovery that each is more effective when teamed with the other. When injuries have forced one or the other out of the lineup, the surviving member of the pair always has found the defense centered on him in embarrassing concentration.

"I figure either of us can get away from two defenders," Lavelli says, "but it's a little tough to get away from three. And I've found that's what I usually have to do when Mac isn't in the game."

True to the tradition that basketball players make the best pass receivers, "those two track stars" both were college hardwood performers. Lavelli was a sufficiently gifted first-baseman to receive a trial from the Detroit Tigers while he was still in high school. "They wanted to send me to one of their farm teams," he says, "but I wanted to go to college."

Dante is a first cousin to Tony Lavelli, former Yale basketball star. Their fathers, the brothers Lavelli, came to this country from Italy together. "My Dad just kept going West until he came to Hudson," Dante explains. "Tony's father stopped in Massachusetts."

The famous cousins are better acquainted than might be expected of relatives so widely separated geographically. "We've done quite a lot of visiting back and forth since we were small kids," the football Lavelli says. "I used to box with Tony and his brother Eddie down in our basement. But the last time I saw him, he looked too big."

Tony is an accomplished accordionist, now performing professionally, but Dante confesses that his musical career never progressed beyond the point where he played the bass drum in the Hudson High School band.

Speedie and Lavelli both think more or less vaguely that they would like to coach when their playing days are over. At 26, Dante believes he is good for several more seasons. At 29, Speedie's expectancy of football life is somewhat shorter. Neither has slowed appreciably after four seasons of pro football. Lavelli, in fact, was clocked at the Browns' training camp this year in the fastest time he has yet registered.

Immediately after earning his degree from Ohio State last Spring, Dante was married to Joy Wright, a lovely Cleveland girl whose knowledge of sports, gained while a student at Denison University, is a source of constant amazement to her husband. The Lavellis recently bought a new house in Rocky River, a Cleveland suburb.

SPEEDIE'S eminence as an all-around athletic performer was gained in the face of an early handicap that would have caused the average boy to dismiss from his mind forever any hope of active participation in sports.

A bone deficiency in babyhood left him, at the age of eight, with a left leg that was two inches shorter than the right. It was then that doctors recommended a steel brace that extended from his hip to his ankle. Each

week for four years, the orthopedist would adjust a screw that stretched the leg. Mac's fierce determination to walk and run as other boys did predisposed him to an athletic career while he was still an invalid.

Within four years after the removal of the brace, he was named an all-city halfback and all-city basketball center at South High School in Salt Lake City. Later, he won All-Rocky Mountain Conference honors as an end at Utah, but his major interest was track. He ran one 9.8 100-yard dash and consistently did the century in 10 seconds or under. It was good enough to win in many a dual meet and good enough for second place in the Rocky Mountain Conference meet.

But as a hurdler, the only man who beat him was Wolcott. Speedie holds the conference record of 23.2 in the 120-yard low hurdles and is co-holder of the 120-yard high hurdle mark of 14.4. His fastest time in the highs never was clocked. It was made the day he pushed Wolcott to the world's record.

"I don't suppose I would ever have been ambitious enough to excel at any sport if I hadn't been a cripple as a kid," Mac says. "I spent so much time eating my heart out because I couldn't play normally that when they took the brace off and I found I had legs that matched, it was like turning a frisky colt out to pasture after a year in a box stall. I had such a backlog of athletic ambition that I wanted to play football, basketball, and track all at one time."

In college, Speedie played only one year of varsity basketball. It's a major sport at Utah and practice begins with the opening of the collegiate year in September. Inasmuch as he plunged into track as soon as football season was over, there was no time left for the hardwood floor.

Mac majored in geology at Utah, hoping to go into oil research. After 50 months in the army, however, he found that such strides had been made in his chosen field that it would have been necessary for him to go back to college for at least two years. By that time he was married (to the former Evelyn Excell, whom he met while in the army), a baby was on the way, and the desirability of eating immediately sent him into professional football. The baby turned out to be Mike, now three.

Among the distinctions he has won is that of having scored the first touchdown in the All-America Conference. It was on a pass from quarterback Cliff Lewis in a 44-0 victory over the

Miami Seahawks that opened the 1946 season. That game still sticks in Mac's mind as the top thrill of his career. "I didn't know whether I was good enough to play with the big boys or not," he explains. "I've never got over the feeling of happiness that hit me when I found I was."

To him, as well as to Lavelli, there is no doubt as to the kind of football that has given them the most fun—high school, college, or pro. They'll take the professional brand.

The big difference, as they see it, is that in the pro game every member of the squad is in the game every minute. "In college," says Speedie, "when you're taken out of a game you pick out a seat on the bench and wait until you're sent in again. When you come out of a pro game, you find that everybody on the bench has been watching with the eye of a student. A substitute guard may have noticed some little peculiarity in the pass defense that can help you. But to me the biggest help of all comes from Dick Gallagher (the Browns' end coach). He sees everything, and when he comes up with a suggestion, I know it's going to work."

"You can say that again," Lavelli agrees.

With such operatives as Lavelli and Speedie in the lineup, the Browns have become so potent, and so accustomed to success, that their coach, Paul Brown, was tremendously upset when they lost to the San Francisco 49ers, 56-28, in October for their first defeat in 29 league starts going back to 1947. Paul hinted darkly that some of the boys would be fired out of hand if they didn't stop such backsliding. But he could hardly have been talking about his two ends. Speedie scored two touchdowns in that bruising contest, while Lavelli scored one. They racked up three of the four touchdowns the Cleveland club scored that day.

When the National League Cleveland Rams deserted the Ohio city in favor of the more salubrious climate of Los Angeles after the war, representatives of the club were heard to mutter darkly that Cleveland would never support a big-league pro football club. Along with such others as Graham, Motley, Jones, and Rymkus, the firm of Speedie and Lavelli has proved this to be a gross canard.

Apparently, Cleveland needed nothing but a winner—and Lavelli and Speedie know the formula. You could, in fact, be excused for thinking that they invented it.

— ■ —

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WHEN IN DOUBT—FIRE THE MANAGER!

CLARK GRIFFITH, the silver-haired patriarch of the Washington Senators, studied the final standing of the American League early in October and discovered that his ball club had finished a strong eighth, outdistancing all competition for the spot by rolling up the whopping total of 104 defeats.

"We've got to make a change," he announced, grimly—and promptly tied a can to his manager, an amateur magician and one-time Senator star named Joe Kuhel.

Asked for a quote to express his feelings in the matter, Mr. Kuhel remarked with some heat—"You can't make chicken salad out of chicken feathers."

It is about time, we think, that someone publicly condemned the practice of "curing" a last-place ball club by firing its manager. We confess to a certain feeling of sympathy for the deposed Mr. Kuhel, who was unable to pull enough rabbits out of his hat to make pennant contenders out of the Washington humpty-dumpties. But we deplore the habit more because it constitutes a fraud against the ticket-buying public. It is obviously cheaper to hold a press conference and put the boot to your manager than it is to secure some winning ballplayers for him.

When the regular season ends and the fortunate cities with championship teams get ready for the gaiety and hoopla of the World Series, the ill-favored communities at the bottom of the baseball heap begin to grouse and gripe about their lot in life. It is inevitable that word of this lowered morale should reach the ears (not to mention the eyes) of the proud owner. Stung to the quick by the suggestion that he is unwilling, either because of ignorance or thrift, to do anything to improve his stumbling, dispirited, undernourished ball club, he swings into action. Phones buzz, telegrams are sent, contracts are examined, there is much excitement. And what is the result of all this commotion?

The manager is fired.

At first, the sullen fans are inclined to rebel. Quite possibly, they liked the poor guy. Maybe they had been hoping that the brass hat in the ivory tower would renew his contract and bury him under new talent, thus giving him every chance to make good. But they sigh and decide that the big boss knows best. They sit back to await developments, to study the influx of fresh young players marked for stardom.

Nothing happens. They begin to get restless. Then something does happen. It seems this last-place ball club had one noteworthy performer, a skilled and courageous pitcher who won a hatful of games despite the incompetence of his teammates.

He is sold, generally to the Boston Red Sox, for \$250,000.

Don't laugh. This pattern has been followed all too often by the owners of second-division clubs. Which is why those clubs never breathe the air of the first division. It is a cynical pattern, based on the theory that baseball is only a business and should be handled like any other business. Keep your overhead as low as you can and charge all you can get for your product. But it is not in keeping with the spirit of the game as it is understood by its supporters.

Firing the manager is so easy. Rebuilding a weakened ball club is so hard. But the first course, more often than not, is a bluff and a deceit. The second is the one that the fans want to see adopted.

THERE have been few major-league seasons which better illustrated the palpable injustice of the manager-firing technique than the one just completed. The victorious managers, Casey Stengel of the New York Yankees and Barney Shotton of the Brooklyn Dodgers, are old hands at managing who only recently have known the heady feeling that comes from association with top-flight talent. Stengel was fired some years ago, by both the Dodgers and the Boston Braves, for the sin of managing losing teams. Shotton was bounced by the Phillies back in the days when they were a perennial N. L. doormat.

In 1949, the same Stengel was acclaimed as Manager of the Year, a full-fledged genius of the dugout.

In three years with the Brooks, Shotton won two National League pennants.

We do not expect that anyone will take our advice, but it would do a lot to restore our faith in human nature if just one second-division owner would leave his manager alone and expend his energies patching up his no-good ball club.

Come to think of it, there is one owner with large experience at finishing in the second division who has learned to give his manager every chance. But only one.

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